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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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Joseph Wood Krutch

(1893-1970)

Joseph Wood Krutch began writing his column in 1955. The column has appeared in every issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR since that date. By far the most popular feature of the magazine, it gained an extraordinarily large following.

As I am sure many of you already know, Mr. Krutch died in May of this year. The present issue, we are sad to note, contains his final installment of IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO. Very few of us minded his saying so, and all of us wish that he could have continued doing just that.

Skeptical of the benefits of technology, a fierce fighter for conservation and for an intelligent approach to the problems of ecology, Joseph Wood Krutch has been, for many years, a lone but resonant voice, and we are proud to have given him this platform from which to speak. I shall leave the eloquent presentation of his qualities and accomplishments to Jacques Barzun, in the following essay, his introduction of Mr. Krutch as recipient of the 1967 Emerson-Thoreau Medal awarded by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

I shall close by saying, out of deep affection for this extraordinary man, that I have found nothing more characteristic of him than the final sentence in this last installment of IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO. Its tone is optimistic and anticipative of a continued happy conversation with his audience. And this was, I think, a central reason for the great hold he had upon so many readers. No matter how troubled or ominous what he had to say to them, it was always said in this personal and informal way.

HIRAM HAYDN

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An Uncommon Carrier of Truth

JACQUES BARZUN

The public has a rather imperfect idea of what constitutes the prizes of literature. People think chiefly of the awards most talked about, most productive of recriminations. And they believe that when someone is tagged with one of the famous names along the great gamut from N to P, American literature or world literature has been permanently enriched. We know that it is not so. More than half the winners of every such honor present posterity with the double enigma of who they were and why the juries picked them. Deep down we know that the true literary prize is not the medal or the citation; it is, first, the rounding out of a body of work, and second, it is the doing of work that embodies at once the author's own character and the character of truth. To achieve this is extraordinarily rare. To be sure that it has been achieved is very difficult. The best judges can be misled by popularity, by subject matter, by genre. It is easy, for example, to suppose that poetry is somehow more quintessentially literature than prose; or the novel more than the essay. And in any genre it is hard to do what Pascal required when he said that in literature one must find not an author but a man.

In bestowing the Emerson-Thoreau award, this Academy must take its chances like every other group of judges. But I am confident that I am speaking its mind when I say that by the definition that I have sketched, Joseph Wood Krutch belongs to literature and has won its prize. He won it by producing a body of work that shows us a man not a maker of books, a character unmistakable although not eccentric, and a power of observation and thought that taken together give us the stuff of truth. We merely acknowledge these facts in giving Joseph Wood Krutch an award that bears the name of two other intrinsic prize-winners, one of whom was at his death a writer hardly known and indeed hardly published.

But what must strike everyone at this presentation is its extraordinary fitness. Not merely the kind of literary achievement, but its very substance brings together Joseph Wood Krutch's work and that of our New England masters. An intense study of man, a passionate reading of nature, a clear sense of the likenesses and the differences between man and nature—these are the common elements on which these three viewers of fact rear their structures of thought. And, I need hardly add, they go to work with the same conviction that the simplest, trimmest English words can say the truest and profoundest things.

Forgive me if I insist that this likeness is not a superficial one based on the obvious parallel between Joseph Wood Krutch in the desert watching lizards and Thoreau and Emerson in Walden and Concord watching loons and snakes. Let me explain. One of the most endearing confessions in literature is that of George Bernard Shaw after he had said that a book called *The Servile State,* by his friends Belloc and the younger Chesterton, was but a rehash of Herbert Spencer's well-known argument *The Man vs. The State.* Belloc and Chesterton protested, "You can't have read our book." "Oh, yes, I have," replied Shaw. "It's Spencer I haven't read." Well, I am better off than Shaw. I have had the pleasure recently of refreshing in my mind's eye these three vivid presences: Emerson and Thoreau and Krutch, the last of whom I have been reading all my adult life, from *The Modern Temper* to the quarterly es-

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says in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, and I invite you to discover for yourselves the delightful comparisons and contrasts among these masters: they are all antideterminists, although alive to necessity when she looms; they believe that men make institutions and that attitudes matter; they believe that emotion and choice are real, not delusion—hence, that man is responsible for his acts and has a duty to perfect himself.

A hundred years ago, shortly after Thoreau's death, Emerson, reading his friend's journal, writes in his own: "I find the same spirit that is in me, but he takes a step beyond and illustrates by excellent images that which I should have conveyed by a sleepy generality." It is always so when one passes from one's own writing to the next most congenial mind. The freshness comes from a character that cannot help being other. And that is what one experiences in pursuing the Emerson-Thoreau-Krutch tradition.

But, where in our living friend and contemporary do we find these nuggets of character and truth? And how did he come by them? The list of his writings is long and his biography is full. I must content myself with the main heads. Born in Knoxville in 1893 and educated at the University of Tennessee, Joseph Wood Krutch obtained his Ph.D. in Literature at Columbia University in 1923 with a book on Restoration comedy that is still in print. He had begun teaching at Columbia in 1917 and been made a Traveling Fellow two years later. When he returned, he resumed teaching and began writing drama reviews for the *Nation,* by which his literary reputation was soon made. The biography of Edgar Allan Poe in 1926, *The Modern Temper* in 1929, *Five Masters* in 1930 showed that here was an interpreter of the times in whom modernity was balanced by extensive learning and inborn wisdom.

As professor of English in Columbia College for fourteen years, Krutch left his mark on some of the best literary minds in the pre- and postwar generations. He was meanwhile working at the superb synthesis of his *Samuel Johnson,* which appeared in 1934, and at the congenial portrait of Thoreau in 1948. In 1952, he gave up teaching in the City for a new career as naturalist in Arizona. Distance from publishers' row and the Algonquin Hotel only increased his visible size. On Forty-fourth Street, he may sometimes have felt that he was a voice in the desert. In Tucson, he became the voice *of* the desert.

The desert, its look and feel and meaning, is transfixed in the series of works that begins in 1954 with *The Measure of Man,* goes on to the *Voice of the Desert* the following year, and ends after half a dozen other books (including *The Forgotten Peninsula* in 1961) that bring us to the present.

In that present, again like his unsought masters of one hundred years ago, in the distraught and debilitating present, Joseph Wood Krutch maintains a poise in no sense due to insensitivity. The contemplation of nature is no doubt sustaining, but it needs something to sustain. And that something is the capacity for weighing the worth of things. Such power breeds modesty first, then calm. In 1865 Emerson writes: "Beware of the minor key. Despair, whining, low spirits only betray the fact that the man has been living in a low circle of the sense and of the understanding. These are exhaustible. And he has exhausted them. He looks back and bewails them." And only a little earlier Thoreau, the identifier of quiet desperation, had written: "However mean your life is, meet it and live it. Do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not as bad as you are."

And when we ask how Joseph Wood Krutch, in an epoch of whining and hard names, has managed to make literature out of observing the ever-unsuitable present, one can answer with another phrase of Emerson's, a phrase that marks the difference between the maker of books and the writer who is also a man. Says Emerson: "Culture is one thing. Varnish another."

Mr. President, I present to you Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In Edgar Allan Poe's first detective story, his M. Dupin reads the mind of a companion, not by telepathy, but simply by following a supposedly inevitable train of association, which has been running during fifteen minutes of silence. A generation later Sherlock Holmes dismissed the trick with an "Elementary, my dear Watson" and added, "In my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow."

Of course, the trick wouldn't really work. It is merely one example of a way in which a writer of fiction can make his creatures as lucky or (in Thomas Hardy's case, for example) as unlucky as he likes. There are, to be sure, a few associations so nearly inevitable that they can be depended upon, like those involved in the gag that consists in trapping your victim into exhibiting "a dirty mind" when there is also an equally obvious innocent response. But most free associations are so generally free from every thing except the synapses of the associator that what would be inevitable for one person would be hardly possible for another.

Now how, you may be polite enough to wonder, did I ever come to start a column with these less than world-shaking thoughts. Well, if you have so little to do at the moment that you are willing to follow my mental processes you will see that—Poe and Holmes notwithstanding—they are so closely dependent upon my own interests, upon the things I happen to know, and possibly upon sheer chance, that no one else could have followed them. I doubt that any other individual in the world would have been led, as I was, from the manuscript of a learned study of the life and works of the English herbalist John Gerard to Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale,* the science of genetics, birth control, Catholic theology, Laplace, Saint Augustine, Calvin, Chaucer, Omar Khayyám, Professor P. W. Bridgman, James Thurber, Mark Van Doren, and my reasons for having come to live in Arizona. The train, which neither Dupin nor Holmes could have followed, went like this:

The author of the learned study mentions that Gerard had read Holinshed's *Chronicles* and that in it there is an account of recent successful experiments in plant breeding. The next step was one that would be frequently taken by any person whose interests are literary rather than historical. Holinshed suggests Shakespeare, and, in this particular context, plant breeding would be not unlikely to suggest the debate between Perdita and Polixenes about what Perdita, in most unladylike fashion, says that some call "nature's bastards." Years ago Leslie Hotson demonstrated the possibility that "the quills upon the fretful porpentine" were probably suggested by a coat of arms carved over the gateway of a nobleman's estate near Stratford. Now I wondered if Hohnshed, to whom Shakespeare owed so much, had started him off on a famous passage:

Perdita: Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them . . .
For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Polixenes: Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean:
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

It is readily understandable—although by no means inevitable—that, having got this far, one should go on to birth control and theology since the Catholic church calls the most effective methods of control "unnatural," and, like Perdita, is unconvinced by the argument that seems to many

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as unanswerable in one case as the other, namely, that "Nature is made better by no means/But nature makes that mean." Aren't the sulfa drugs just as unnatural as what has now come to be known, not simply as a pill, but The Pill?

I do not know much theology, Roman Catholic or Protestant, but I do remember having picked up somewhere a statement that seems to explain how an attitude that seems to me and most of my contemporaries so unreasonable, can be stubbornly defended by theologians in terms of a theology said in this instance to be derived from reason rather than from revelation.

Nature, so I read (and I hope that this is correct), is defined in Thomistic theology in a manner totally different from that current in Shakespeare's day, as it is in ours. The nature of a thing, so it was said, is the purpose for which it is intended. The purpose of sexual activity is procreation, and therefore anything that defeats that purpose is unnatural—but in a sense that no one who rejects teleology as the master key to everything can possibly understand. And I wonder how many Catholics who still oppose birth control could muster this argument, which is probably the only one that can make their position defensible even though it is inconsistent with the only definition of nature that they probably consciously or unconsciously approve.

Now it is here that Laplace comes in. At the very beginning of this discourse, I said that I, unlike Dupin and Holmes, do not believe that such a train of association is so really inevitable that an outsider could predict what it would be. But a more interesting question (to me, at least) is this: Was that train inevitable for the particular organism I happen to be, even though neither any outsider nor even I myself could have known in advance what it would be? If one knew the whole history of my heredity and the totality of my experience, would it then be seen to be inevitable that precisely these associations and no others would be made? This question not unexpectedly suggests Laplace and his thesis that if we could know everything about the universe at any given moment, past or present, then we would be able to deduce everything that ever had happened and everything that ever will happen. "With earth's first clay they did the last man knead and there of the last harvest sowed the seed." And that, of course, is also Calvinism. I am much in the position of Chaucer's teller of the *Nun's Priest's Tale* who confessed concerning the question of free will, "I cannot sift it to the husks/As can the holy doctor Augustine." But although I can not quite see how strict determinism either could or could not prevail, I opt, like William James, for a universe that is not blocked and not explodable in terms of billiard balls or playing card houses.

Also, I find it interesting that theology, philosophy and physics, if honestly pursued, must face the question each in its own terms, and that the question is therefore one of those eternal ones that will always be asked even if never answered—except, of course, by those who are satisfied (as I do not see how anybody can be) by simply dismissing it as "meaningless" and merely a good subject for verbal analysis.

Laplace was probably untroubled by what seemed to the medieval mind the harder problem, "Does God's foreknowledge necessarily imply that the choices that a man will seem to make are actually already made?" But he arrived at the same problem by a different route, and the fact that all straight roads do lead sooner or later to it convinces me that it is far from meaningless and that a philosophy that refuses to consider it is simply one that refuses to philosophize.

It has been argued—truly enough, I think—that in favor of existentialism it can at least be said that it does consider this and other "eternal questions," which modern excuses for not philosophizing do not. But to me its answer seems the most improbable ever given. I simply do not see how man can be part of a nature that is everywhere else determined, and yet somehow be completely free. If nature made him unique, then nature is capable of uniqueness. It is possible to imagine that it was determined before the beginning of time that a creature free from this determination should be created. And I think

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it very typical of modern thought that existentialism, having rebestowed freedom upon us, should then insist that there is nothing outside ourselves that is other than indifferent to the use we choose to make of our ability to choose.

To some of us, modern physics seems to hint that the mysterious behavior of the unpredictable atom might suggest a way out from the dilemmas of strict determinism. But most physicists seem to refuse to accept the hint. I believe that Niels Bohr explicitly stated that the principle of indeterminism in physics is in no way relevant to the question of human free will. Even Einstein, whom one thinks of as tender rather than tough-minded, stubbornly insisted, in opposition to most other contemporary physicists, upon his conviction that the laws of nature really are laws in the sense that they always work and are not, as the widely prevalent opinion now holds, merely statistical probabilities and hence may be violated in an individual instance.

But the question must be considered still open when so distinguished a physical scientist as the late P. W. Bridgman could reverse himself after a lifetime spent on the deterministic side of the argument. Laplace, he said flatly, was wrong and so was his own colleague, B. F. Skinner, with whom he had formerly agreed. Even, he insisted, if we could know every detail of the physical state of the universe at a given moment, there would still be unpredictable things that might happen and that would make it, therefore, impossible for us to read back to the dawn of creation or forward to the last day of reckoning.

This line of reasoning now only reminds me of Paul _____ and of a conversation I once had with him after we had participated together in a conference. I had introduced the indeterminist principle to support my argument in defense of free will, but privately and confidentially he warned me, "Don't ever rest your argument upon the current pronouncements of the scientists. They are too unreliable. They change their most conclusive convictions too often and tomorrow may cut the ground out from under you. Philosophical and metaphysical convictions should be supported only by philosophical and metaphysical arguments. They can be depended upon to last!"

Now all this talk about faith and free will brings me back to the consideration of my own train of associations. Granted that it is not one whose inevitabilities, if they exist at all, are inevitable only in my case and could not be predicted in the mind of anyone else. But, even so, a related problem suggests itself. If I followed my own train long enough would it ultimately lead by a series of logical associations to every fact I ever knew and every notion I ever had and every memory stored in my brain? Is the situation rather like that of twenty-five monkeys banging away at some twenty-five typewriters until inevitably in the course of time chance would compel them to write out letter-perfect all the classics of literature and science?

This question reminds me of James Thurber—at least, I believe that it was he* —who once wrote a piece about a skeptic who provided six chimpanzees with typewriters in order to prove that nothing would come of it, but who was dumbfounded one day when he looked over the shoulder of one of the monkeys and read:

> Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden.

Thurber, in turn, reminds me that I met him once or twice at the house of Mark Van Doren in Cornwall, Connecticut, where I myself once had a house. Mark's name suggests so many associations that I quickly cut them off. But Connecticut suggests the reasons that led me to abandon it for Arizona and also suggests conservation and thus again the problem of overpopulation and Catholic opposition to birth control. I no doubt broke out of this circle in time, but I am going to stop this discourse right now.

And if I do come upon a subject I want to write about in some other quarterly installment, I promise not to say anything concerning the train of associations that led me to it.

* Ed. note: It was Russell Maloney.

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the scholar cornered

The Governance of Universities in the Cities of Man

KENNETH B. CLARK

Each human being is a special, precious and indeed sacred phenomenon that a civilized society must respect and conserve as uniquely representative of the awesomeness and mystery of humanity itself. The most awesome and mysterious component of a human being is intelligence, which is the basis of civilization; in my view, therefore, it is the obligation of a civilized society to seek to preserve itself by nurturing, training and disciplining human intelligence so that it can be constructively used. The overriding contemporary reality of the ability of man to destroy all life on earth, even now that a few men have pranced on the moon, reveals beyond debate that the chief danger confronting man comes from the products of trained human intelligence isolated from a deep and controlling moral sense.

If these premises are as valid as I believe, then the obligations, the responsibilities, the goals, the objectives and the governance of universities must be determined by them.

For the problems of the efficiency of our educational institutions now emerge in the stark and terrifying terms of the determinants of survival of the human species, and, consequently, the goals and purposes of colleges and universities can no longer, in the light of contemporary realities, be defined in terms of an elitist, snobbish preparation of a few for a specialized role of clergyman, scholar, or economic or governmental potentate. The days when education, and particularly higher education, could be perceived, organized and governed as if it were a luxury to be reserved for the privileged, or for those who aspired to the status of advantaged desperation, have abruptly ended. But little warning was given to the educational institutions, which were left with their assumptions, goals, practices and governing structures suddenly archaic.

Essentially our institutions of higher education, even in allegedly democratic America, have as their models feudal, isolated baronies. Some even seem like bastions within whose walls only would-be intellectual, social and economic aristocrats are permitted to enter and partake of the feast of scholarly detachment. Given the persistence and deification of this detached definition of scholarship and the purposes of education, it is easy to understand how some insightful observers, both within and outside the academic community, could look upon colleges and universities as indifferent, insensitive or even cruel as the institutions prided themselves and sought to make a virtue of their pursuit of truth and beauty in the face of the flagrant injustices, ignorance and filth that afflicted the masses of their fellow human beings.

With the rise in the popularity of verbal democracy, and with increasing evidence of the potential and actual successes of a somewhat more democratic approach to secondary and higher education in Amer-

KENNETH B. CLARK is president of the Metropolitan Applied Research Center, Inc., and professor of psychology at the City College of New York. His work on the effect of segregation on children was cited by the United States Supreme Court in its 1954 decision on school desegregation. Dr. Clark's books include *Prejudice and Your Child* and the prize-winning *Dark Ghetto*. He is a member of the Editorial Board of the SCHOLAR.

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ica, American colleges and universities, particularly the public and land grant colleges, did become more effective social instruments in facilitating the upward economic mobility of the children of working class and immigrant groups. The first significant breach in the walls of educational elitism came with this early-twentieth-century development. But my biased perspective tells me that this initial victory toward the democratization of American higher education did not lead to total victory—did not result in hordes of the underprivileged breaking through or storming the walls of the citadels of learning. There remained up to the present the rather formidable barriers of the traditional; the aura of snobbish intellectual elitism; the short memories, the insensitivity, the egocentricity of the previously deprived who themselves benefited from the limited democratization of higher education—and many of whom became intense adversaries, and agents of exclusion, of the presently deprived. There still remain serious blockages to the legitimate educational aspirations of millions of lower status individuals.

To remove these remaining barriers is now the obligation of colleges and universities— if they are to survive, and to help a democratic society to survive. It will not be easy to complete the job of democratizing American education, and at the same time maintain and increase the integrity and validity of education, and conserve, train, discipline and, above all, increase the supply of the precious resource of human intelligence. But this must be done.

Colleges and universities that are serious in undertaking this most difficult task must demonstrate their seriousness by resisting all temptations to engage in gimmickery, in superficial, flamboyant and "public relations" types of programs. Probably the chief test of the seriousness of new programs will be the difficulty of implementing them and the amount of resistance from a variety of traditional and vested interest groups. In spite of or because of these difficulties, serious programs must be planned carefully and pursued vigilantly and with the flexibility that differentiates blind dogmatism from a respect for experience and evidence.

It is my considered judgment that any college or university that dares to assume the role of contributing to the task of completing the democratization of American education should not do so lightly, but must be prepared to accept the risks inherent in planning and implementing a program of reorganization of the structure of the institution. I do not say this lightly because, as a social psychologist, I am aware that institutions and bureaucracies do not change easily; and educational institutions, for some reasons at present not clearly understood, but I believe inherently perverse, seem particularly resistant to change. But they must change if they are to survive.

Many of the necessary changes are already on their way, probably accelerated by the nonnegotiable demands of black, Puerto Rican and a minority of dissident white students who refuse to be outdone or outshouted by their lower status peers. For example, college presidents are no longer perceived to be omnipotent or omniscient; collectively and individually, faculty members are no longer beyond overt criticism by students; and boards of trustees are no longer invisible collections of gremlins.

Thus, the fundamental structure, authority and prestige pattern of higher educational institutions have been challenged irrevocably. Amidst the babel of sometimes silly student questions, some probing questions have been asked by a critical minority of the present generation of students about the purposes, the function and therefore, inevitably, the governance of our universities. They must be answered, not just in words or rationalization, but by demonstrations of increased efficiency and social sensitivity. These are the kinds of questions that, once asked, will not go away until they are satisfactorily answered. To delay answering is to invite or to accept stagnation and to reveal an institutional emptiness.

This is not to say that all of the suggestions and demands for changes in the policies and governance of colleges and universities are of equal value or will lead to adaptive and more constructive roles for

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these institutions. Some of these demands, particularly the nonnegotiable ones, are on their face frivolous or reflections of generalized adolescent hostility or perverse humor. For example, I do not believe that students should be permitted to determine the nature or substance of the curricula. I do not see that this would in itself insure "relevance," sensitivity, or an understanding of the complexities and imponderables inherent in man's search for morally and intellectually acceptable solutions to the difficult problems inherent in the human predicament. If students were competent to play such a role seriously, then they should not be students. If students knew before embarking on the challenging and exciting path of seeking an education what was and what was not relevant—what should and should not be read or discussed —then they would have demonstrated either a level of *a priori* genius that would in fact make education unnecessary, or a type of closed-minded dogmatism that would make education impossible.

I do believe, however, that the demand by some students for a radical reformation of admissions policies is a serious, adaptive and constructive contribution to the eventual reorganization and democratization and, therefore, increased effectiveness of our colleges and universities. I am proud of the fact that the City University of New York has taken the lead in planning and seeking to implement a daring and truly radical open admissions program that will significantly increase the number of lower status and minority group students in our four- and two-year colleges. This program can be used as a model of seriousness, and seen as a forerunner of the even more fundamental changes in university structure, procedures and governance that must come if this program is to succeed.

To be successful this open admissions program must provide the means and personnel whereby the massive educational retardation resulting from the first twelve years of inferior public education is compensated for within the first two years of college; and it must prepare students for a single standard of academic performance on the collegiate or specific vocational educational level. It must contribute additional dimensions of depth, quality, and a sense of man's responsibility for his fellowman as inherent in the meaning of "being educated." The program cannot be administered in ways that intensify superficial differences among human beings; it cannot be condescending or sentimental or guilt-laden. The educational, social stability and pragmatic imperatives must be the dominant guidelines by which the program is operated and evaluated.

There should be developed, as an integral part of the open admissions program, a university-wide tutorial or student educational cooperative program. In it, students in our city colleges should be given systematic responsibility for helping their fellow students obtain academic competence. The student tutors should be given academic credit for this work and, as additional incentives, graduate fellowships and stipends could or should be granted to the consistently successful tutors.

This tutoring program could be developed as a supplement to or as a practicum of existing departmental honors programs, and should be supervised and periodically evaluated by appropriate academic departments or groups of departments. In addition, opportunities should be made available to open admissions students—in fact they should be encouraged—to join the ranks of tutors as quickly as possible.

Such a program would alleviate any rational basis to the fear that open admissions would dilute the academic standards of our city colleges of the City University. It would increase the academic competence of previously educationally disadvantaged students. Moreover, it would mobilize, channel and use constructively the intellectual and empathic needs of all students and thereby meet their expressed desires to be socially and morally relevant to an important educational and urban problem of our times.

Above all, such a program would add an important and now missing dimension to contemporary higher education, infusing into the educational process the sense of

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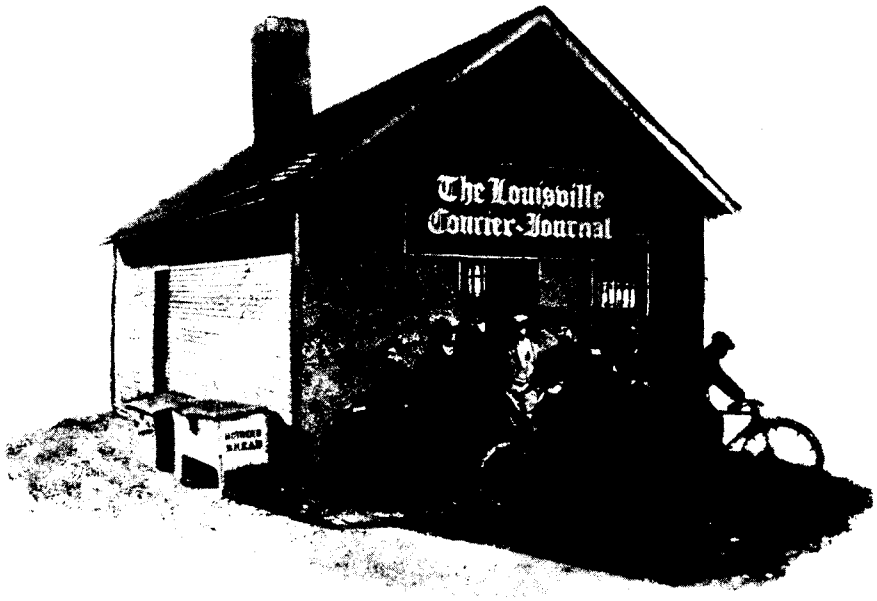

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social responsibility, of the obligation of human beings to use superior human intelligence and economic and educational advantages as a social trust, empathically, rather than as a competitive weapon.

This dimension, which I believe to be the chief determinant of whether human intelligence and education are to be dangerously and incredibly destructive or the means whereby man has the time to build more just and rational cities worthy of man, has thus far been missing in our concept of higher education. We have organized our educational institutions to encourage competitiveness and cheating and superficiality among even our better students.

So far American colleges and universities in their desire to demonstrate social sensitivity have addressed themselves to developing programs for the disadvantaged minorities. These programs are unfortunately necessary, given the bankruptcy of racially isolated and inferior public schools to which these students were condemned. They *must* continue and they *must* be expanded, but I feel compelled to offer two more problems or challenges that should be faced and solved by our restructured colleges and universities even as they struggle with their present problems and programs for the disadvantaged.

First, no matter how effective and serious are the present compensatory programs for the disadvantaged minorities, they will not be successful in solving the basic problem of educational injustices in America so long as the criminal inefficiency of elementary and secondary public education for these lower status children is permitted to continue. Racially isolated public schools in the North and South continue to spawn hundreds of thousands of functional illiterates each year. It does not seem to matter whether these children drop out of school or continue. They are, educationally, casualties either way.

Colleges and universities must reorganize themselves and modify their governance structure so that they can intervene directly to improve dramatically and rapidly the quality and efficiency of education for these children. They must find the way to move into these schools in a supervisory, "accountability" and evaluative role. They must demand that elementary and secondary public schools cease being educational disaster areas and produce human beings who will no longer need special compensatory programs on the collegiate or job training level. If colleges and universities do not find the courage to accept and pursue this challenge, then I am afraid that it will not matter what changes are made in the apparatus of governance or how many students or minority members are added to the board of trustees—they will not be relevant to the critical determinative factor in the survival of our cities and our civilization.

Second, special programs must be developed to help two types of white students. The white students from less privileged backgrounds and the more privileged whites from affluent families must be helped to broaden their perspective of man away from the constricted racist view of their parents and peers.

The anxieties and insecurities of blue collar and white collar whites are important factors in their insistence upon holding on to the irrationalities, the superstitions, the random hostilities and cruelties of racism. Colleges and universities must assume the specific task of educating these young people so that they will be free of this important form of moral and ethical disadvantage. The survival of our cities—certainly our development of cities worthy of man—might depend as much upon educational programs for disadvantaged whites as upon increasing programs of educational opportunities for disadvantaged minorities.

Young economically privileged whites have also been ignored. Ethically neglected and glutted by insensitive affluence, they have been the victims of indifference disguised as permissiveness, and robbed of a sense of identity and personal worth and integrity by the moral equivocation and inconsistencies of their successful parents and peers. These young people have been crying for help. In their desperation they have imitated the outward symbols of dress, speech and music of the most deprived seg-

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ment of our society, the blacks, and they have been ignored and at times stigmatized or beaten as if they were black.

Our colleges and universities must develop serious and realistic programs to salvage the more strident rebellious minority and the morally empty accommodating majority. This too must be done, and soon, if we are to have cities worthy of human beings.

Let me suggest that it is consistent with this analysis to conclude that a sensitive minority of American youth—college students and ghetto casualties—are urgently trying to tell us that equivocation in the face of flagrant or subtle social injustices is no longer tolerable for them. A positive sense of their own being and human worth is being eroded by a cloying, spiritually empty affluence and by remediable deprivation. In the futility of their confrontations, or through experience, they will find that drugs and cults and romantic escapes into hedonism and even justifiable and random rage will not be enough. Their anguished and at times seemingly incoherent cries have the basic coherence of insisting that the demands of colleges that are adaptive and the demands of cities worthy of the grandeur of man are basically the same.

Both must fill the void within and increase the positives of the human predicament by giving our young people values worth believing in and worth living for. Our colleges must help our cities become symbols of respect for man and concrete monuments of the inviolable sense of human dignity. Our colleges must transfer the monies, the brains and the prestige previously associated with space and war research to research on how man can live in peace and justice with his fellowman, how the urban environment can be transformed into a thing of beauty and tranquillity, and how the masses of human beings can come to understand that love and kindness and justice and empathy are the necessary parameters of human intelligence and the imperatives of social stability and the survival of the human species.

Obtaining the answers to these problems will be the test of the effectiveness of governance of our universities and will determine whether we will or will not have cities for man.

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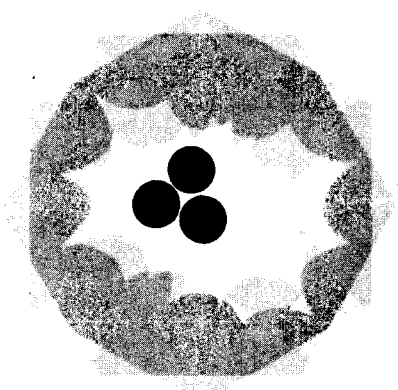

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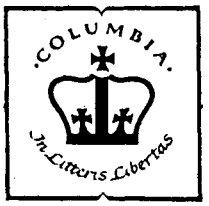

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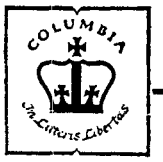

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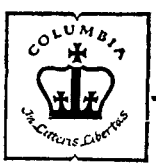

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From *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh*

(September 21-October 18, 1938)

Wednesday, September 21

KENNEDY[1] INVITED ANNE AND I FOR LUNCH AT 1:15—14 Princess Gate. It is a typical fall day in London, with a misty rain falling and coal smoke in the air.

Lunch with Ambassador and Mrs. Kennedy. (Before lunch we were introduced to six of their children.) Talked with Ambassador Kennedy for an hour after lunch. We discussed the crisis and the aviation and general military situation in Europe. Everyone in embassy is extremely worried. Hitler is apparently ready to invade Czechoslovakia and has his divisions on the border. Hitler told Chamberlain [according to Kennedy] that he (Hitler) would risk a world war if necessary. Kennedy says England is ready to fight, even though not prepared. Chamberlain realizes the disastrous effects of a war with Germany at this time and is making every effort to avoid one. English opinion (Kennedy) is pushing him toward war.

[1] Joseph P. Kennedy, U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, 1937-40.

✪ This extract* from *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* covers something less than a month in 1938. Of the book, just published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., William Jovanovich writes in his introduction: "The *Journals* are presented to the general reader as the personal record of what one American, a singular and most remarkable American, thought and said and did during the seven years when tens of millions of people died violently at the hands of their fellow men." The journals were written in small leather-bound books. "In preparing the text for publication," Mr. Jovanovich says, "Lindbergh's main concerns were these chiefly: that the text of the entries should not be rewritten in any way; that the main alteration of the text should be a cutting that would make it more readable—and short enough to fit into a single volume. These prescriptions have been met. Not even the occasional instance of infelicitous syntax or usage has been corrected or improved, although spelling and punctuation have been put right where necessary."

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It is a terrible situation. The English are in no shape for war. They do not realize what they are confronted with. They have always before had a fleet between themselves and their enemy, and they can't realize the change aviation has made. I am afraid this is the beginning of the end of England as a great power. She may be a "hornets' nest" but she is no longer a "lion's den."

Phoned Lady Astor at Sandwich. She invited us to come there this week or to Cliveden next week. Very much worried about situation.

Anne and I returned to the hotel after lunch. Later I went to the embassy to see Herschel Johnson.[2] Spent half an hour talking to him. Then Kennedy came in and we talked together for another half hour. Chamberlain is going to meet Hitler again. If Hitler makes more demands, the feeling here is that England will declare war. God knows what the result will be. There is already great criticism of Chamberlain for making concessions to Hitler in regard to Czechoslovakia and the Sudeten territory.

Anne and I had supper alone at a Hungarian restaurant, then returned to hotel. I am writing a report for Kennedy on the military aviation situation in Europe.

Thursday, September 22

Finished draft of letter to Ambassador Kennedy. Had my letter[3] typed and left it with Herschel Johnson for Ambassador Kennedy. Conditions are becoming more and more critical. The Czech Cabinet has resigned.

Back to embassy in afternoon. Kennedy wants me to talk to some of the British officials.

Friday, September 23

English Intelligence thinks Russia might have had aircraft production up to 5,000 per year at one time, but they believe much lower

[2] Foreign service officer and counselor of the U. S. Embassy in London; he had been a member of Ambassador Dwight D. Morrow's staff in Mexico City.

[3] In essence, the letter stated that Germany's strength in military aviation was greater than that of all other European countries combined, and that the U. S. was the only country in the world capable of competing with Germany in aviation. Ambassador Kennedy cabled the substance of the report to the U. S. Secretary of State.

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now. A great drop recently, they say. They say Russian machine guns are excellent—fire up to 1,800 or 2,000 rounds per minute. English Intelligence believes speed of Russian planes is much slower than Russians claim (which is not unnatural). They say bomber probably does about 240 to 250 miles (Russians claim 270), and low-wing pursuit about 240 to 260 (Russians claim 300). English say latter has bad maneuverability.

Went to Morgan Grenfell this morning and cashed $500.00 check. It will be necessary to have an amount of ready money if trouble starts. Five hundred dollars will not go far, but it will be enough to travel on for a few days. People on streets are talking war. I hear bits of their conversation as I pass by.

There is an A.R.P. [Air Raid Precautions] gas mask station on Piccadilly, around the corner from our hotel. Makes one think, to see gas masks being fitted in the center of London.

Lunch at 1:00 at Carlton Grill with Sir Wilfrid Freeman.[4] We talk of production facilities here and on the Continent. Also about general situation. I accompany Sir Wilfrid to Adastral House and spend an hour or two talking to members of the Air Ministry. An English officer told me that their Intelligence was bad in regard to German aviation. Said it made a "chap think twice" when he knew he would have his head chopped off if he was caught.

Supper with Colonel and Mrs. Lee[5] at their home.

During supper, Colonel Lee received a message that Chamberlain and the entire English delegation were returning from Germany in the morning and that negotiations were broken off. (Press report, so not too reliable.)

Conditions are becoming worse. The English are in no condition to fight a war, but the average Englishman does not know it. If France and England attack Germany at this time, the result will be chaotic and may easily result in the destruction of democracy. I am afraid it may result in the destruction of European civilization.

[4] Air marshal in the R.A.F. and member of the Air Council for Research and Development.

[5] Colonel Raymond L. Lee, military attaché for air in the U. S. Embassy in London, 1935-38.

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Saturday, September 24

News somewhat worse this morning. Chamberlain flying back to England. Czechs mobilizing. France taking firmer stand. What will the French do? Attack on the old Western front? Bulletins say French have called 900,000 men to colors. German ultimatum to Czechoslovakia reported.

News seems a little better tonight. The fact that the German troops have not yet entered Czechoslovakia is an encouraging sign to me. I still think there is a reasonable chance that we will not have war this year. Hitler is in a unique position. No one is going to start fighting before he does. Consequently, he can bluff about as he wishes without danger. He probably enjoys having the fate of the world in his hands, especially after the way the world treated Germany after the war. I cannot blame him too much for making France and England worry a bit, but I cannot believe he will throw Europe into a major war over the present situation. It would take a madman to do that. Hitler is a mystic and a fanatic, but his actions and results in the past do not lead me to believe he is insane.

Sunday, September 25

I walked down to Piccadilly Circus. A number of Mosley's[6] men and women were distributing antiwar handbills, and there was to be a parade.

About 5:00 Anne and I went to Hyde Park. There was the usual group of religious speakers. In addition, the Communists were holding a demonstration—red banners, speeches, and a parade headed by a band and escorted by bored and good-humored bobbies. A banner at the head carried the inscription "Stand by the Czechs."

Anne went back to the hotel, and I took a bus to Hammersmith, where Mosley was to hold a meeting at 7:00. To get to the Mosley meeting I had to pass through a Communist meeting two or three blocks away. The Mosley meeting was much larger (both were street meetings, and the speakers stood on top of light trucks

[6] Sir Oswald Mosley, who in 1932 organized the British Union of Fascists, modeled upon the German and Italian fascist parties, and conducted street meetings and campaigns.

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containing amplifiers). The street was jammed for nearly a block. I listened to Mosley for a few minutes. He was speaking against war with Czechoslovakia, and his statements were not too intelligent. However, Mosley's meeting, and even his speech, was of a much higher quality than that of the Communists. It always seems that the Fascist group is better than the Communist group. Communism seems to draw the worst of men.

Not much definite war news today. Mostly Cabinet meetings and statements by various people in various countries. Nothing at all satisfying. Conditions look very bad. Seems to depend on Hitler. I can't believe he wants to start a general European war, but I wish I felt surer.

Monday, September 26

Czechoslovakian frontiers closed. Hitler submitted six-point proposal, which would end Czechoslovakia as a menace to Germany and open it to German military and economic invasion. Opinion is hardening in England and France. No tendency apparent for more concessions. All depends on Hitler at the moment.

Colonel Lee says trenches are being dug in Hyde Park.

Anne and I were invited to spend the night with Lord and Lady Astor at Cliveden. We packed a few of our things into a roll, and took the 6:08 from Paddington. (Sandbags are being placed around the doors and windows of a number of buildings in London.)

Arrived at Cliveden shortly before dinner. Lord and Lady Astor were there. Also Mr. Tom Jones,[7] several members of the Astor family, and two or three other guests. Everyone greatly depressed. It was as though war had already begun. Lord Astor and Mr. Jones felt it was necessary for England to fight if Germany moves into Czechoslovakia. Lady Astor against war at this time. Also her son. I argue that it is necessary to take stock of armaments before jumping into a war. There was no use talking. Sentiment was too high. Except for Lady Astor and her son, the spirit of the "Light Brigade" had taken hold. Again, the English are ready to fight for their principles, throwing all judgment to the winds and,

[7] Confidant of Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald, and Stanley Baldwin, Thomas Jones was Deputy Secretary to the British Cabinet in 1938.

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in a sense, discarding the more important issues of European civilization itself. Again, they are ready to move too late. Argument must wait for a calmer time. Fortunately, there are a few days left. There is still some hope. I believe it is still possible to avoid a war at this time. And with more time, there is more hope. It is amazing to have seen the lack of willingness in England to make the preparations necessary for war and now to see how ready people are to enter one.

Hitler spoke at 8:00, and we all went into the parlor to hear him. Lord Astor and his son and I and two German boys who were visiting remained to hear all of the speech. The German boys took notes and translated the important points. Hitler held his audience in his hand. They were ready to cheer at the slightest opportunity and at anything he said. Hitler started slowly, but ranted and snarled at times. Huge cheering after he finished. He spoke over an hour in all. Was introduced by Goebbels. Speech seemed to leave considerable hope that war may be avoided. Many people in England expected Hitler to declare war during his speech (i.e., to say that German troops were marching into Czechoslovakia, as he did when they moved into Austria last March). Hitler has certainly "left the door open" for the time being at least.

Supper after his speech ended. The tension was somewhat relieved. There was again the willingness to consider the armament situation and possible alternatives to declaring war. Whereas before Hitler's speech there was no use talking about these things.

Anne and I slept in the "Tapestry" Room. Beautiful view from window in the morning. Night fog just clearing and bend in Thames just visible. Same room we had on last visit.

Tuesday, September 27

Breakfast with Lord Astor, Mr. Tom Jones, Lord Astor's son, and Anne at 9:00. More hopeful atmosphere this morning. Lord Astor wanted me to talk to some of his friends in London. He tried to make appointments by phone, but could not get through. All lines busy. So we drove to his London residence (4 St. James's Square).

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Trenches were being dug in most of the parks and open places we passed. There were lines of people waiting to get into the A.R.P. centers we passed by, for a gas mask fitting. While I was waiting at 4 St. James's Square, two cars drove by with loudspeakers, telling everyone to go to the nearest A.R.P. station for a gas mask fitting. I phoned the Army & Navy store and asked if they sold gas masks. Reply was "Yes, but we are sold out and can't fill an order for at least six weeks."

Lunch with Mr. Tom Jones and a group of his friends at 16 Queen Anne's Gate. We discussed the general situation after lunch. People are being very badly misled in regard to Great Britain's military position. Baldwin[8] seems to be as much responsible for the situation as anyone.

Back to 4 St. James's Square after lunch. Leave in Lord Astor's car for a 4:30 appointment with Lloyd George[9] at his home in Surrey (Bron-y-de Churt).

Lloyd George was in the parlor and met me as I came in the door—active, very white medium-long hair. Obviously not an Englishman. He poured tea. There was a typical Welsh tea table, filled with cakes. We talked over the question of war and armament. He felt war now unavoidable. I tried to convince him that it must at least be postponed. He spoke of the weakness of the present government and the series of mistakes which had been made. In the latter discourse he went back to 1918. Lloyd George spoke several times of the "prestige of democracy" and said he doubted it could stand another retreat after Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, etc. He suggested that a war now might end by a quick victory for Germany in Czechoslovakia before France and England could really get started fighting. If that happened, he thought the English and French people would not be willing to fight to get Czechoslovakia back. His reasoning did not seem to me very clear in regard to this and several other points he made. I told him I did not see how democratic prestige would gain much from an unsuccessful war.

[8] Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of England three times: 1923-24; 1924-29; 1935-37.

[9] David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England and First Lord of the Treasury, 1916-22.

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Lloyd George spoke of his confidence in Eden and Churchill and lack of confidence in Chamberlain.

Lloyd George said Beneš[10] was responsible for a lot of the trouble Czechoslovakia was in. Said that the Czech borders were not drawn right in the first place. Said he was writing about this, but might not publish the book if war came. Said there was less justification for the present Hungarian border than for the Sudeten border.

Lloyd George spoke of the lack of leaders in present-day democracies. Said the Nazi system was just as bad as the Russian system. He does not seem to recognize any difference to England between an alliance with European Germany and Asiatic Russia. He apparently does not worry about the effect of Asia on European civilization.

Lloyd George mentioned several times his feeling that war could not any longer be stopped. Said Hitler was a strong man and not in any way bluffing, or even trading. Said the same of Mussolini.

Left Lloyd George's home about 6:00. Drove to Guildford, and took train to London.

Took train to Taplow and taxi to Cliveden. Everyone depressed. Seems less hope every hour. Hitler is actually mad if he starts a general war under these circumstances. No one can win anything worth having. The best blood of Europe will be dead when it is over. The last war took more than we could afford to lose.

Wednesday, September 28

Kept waking up at intervals during the night, thinking about England being bombed.

Took the 9:55 for London and went direct to American Embassy. Anne remained at Cliveden and came in later with Lady Astor.

There was a line of people in front of the embassy. Learned later that they were waiting for visas. Went to see Herschel Johnson. The shipment of United States Army gas masks had just ar-

[10] Eduard Beneš, President of Czechoslovakia, 1935-38. After the Munich Pact Beneš resigned and went into exile.

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rived. Herschel arranged for me to get two. Ambassador Kennedy came in for a moment and said, "You may not need them. There's some good news coming in." But there was no time to talk or to find out what the "news" was.

Returned to hotel and adjusted and tested my mask. Then Anne came in and said Lady Astor was waiting downstairs, and had asked us for lunch at her son's home.

Anne and I walked to No. 4 St. James's Square and drove with Lord Astor to "Bill" Astor's[11] home (Upper Grosvenor Street). Lunch was rather hurried because of the meeting of Parliament at 3:00. The editor of the *Times* was there (Dawson).[12] Also, several members of the Astor family.

Returned to hotel after lunch. Anne and I practiced putting on and packing away the gas masks. Packing takes longest. Putting them on is quite simple after the original adjustments are made.

Headlines on press billboards say Hitler, Mussolini, and Chamberlain are to meet in Munich. If true, must have been the news Ambassador Kennedy had. Lady Astor just called Anne. It is true, and war is *probably* avoided for the time being, at least. Am not surprised, but very much relieved.

Called Mr. Tom Jones. Anne and I drove to his home and spent half an hour talking to him. We talked, of course, of the turn of events away from war. Discussed whether England would wake up after the experience she has gone through. If she does not wake up now, there is no hope. Tom Jones has worked for a better relationship between England and Germany, but has had very little support from the English government. It seems to me that Baldwin and Eden are responsible for many of the present difficulties.

Thursday, September 29

Went to see Ambassador Kennedy at 11:15. Everything is looking better, and Kennedy has taken a large part in bringing about the conference between Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini, and Dala-

[11] The Honorable William Astor, eldest son of 2nd Viscount Astor, Parliamentary Secretary to the Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

[12] Geoffrey Dawson, once with the British Colonial Office, had been editor of the London *Times* since 1923.

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dier. The English like him and are saying that we have at last sent a real man to represent us. I have not heard any criticism of the fact that he is an Irish Catholic. Kennedy has been very active during the last few days. He had several American cruisers sent to England simply for effect on Germany. He went to see Chamberlain one day on business, and then went back a second time for no reason at all except to have it known that the American Ambassador went twice on the same day to see the Prime Minister about the crisis.

Just before lunch I had a phone call from the embassy asking me to call Ambassador Bullitt[13] in Paris and to use a government pre-emptory call to get through (the lines have been jammed lately). Got through in about ten minutes. Bullitt asked me to be in Paris for a conference tomorrow morning. Asked us to stay in embassy with him in room I occupied in 1927. (I have not been in it since.)

Friday, September 30

Arrived Paris 10:00 A.M. Train was comfortable, but lots of starting and stopping during the night. Ambassador Bullitt's secretary met us at the station and drove with us to the American Embassy. Ambassador Bullitt was at the door when we arrived and took us to our rooms. Seems very strange to be in the room I had in 1927, when Herrick[14] invited me to stay in the embassy, and to gradually remember some of the old surroundings—the court in front, the staircase, the corner parlor. The rooms have been changed a great deal, but there are still many familiar things. There is a brass plate on the bed I slept in eleven years ago. Agnes Herrick had it put on.

Ambassador Bullitt told me that he asked me to come to Paris to take part in a conference in regard to the establishment of factories in Canada to supply military aircraft to France. His idea is that since France is not able to build sufficient planes to supply her needs, she should purchase them from America. The Neutrality

[13] William C. Bullitt, American diplomat, and Ambassador to France, 1936-41.

[14] Myron T. Herrick, U. S. Ambassador to France when Lindbergh arrived in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, 1927.

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Act[15] makes it impossible for a foreign country to rely on buying planes direct from the United States. Yet the United States is the only country except Germany capable of producing first-class aircraft in large quantity. Consequently, according to Bullitt (the idea is not new), factories should be built in Canada, just across the border. These factories could be supplied with machines and tools from the United States and could manufacture aircraft of American design without hindrance from the Neutrality Act in time of war.

Bullitt has already talked to the Minister of Air, Guy la Chambre, about the idea. He wants me to take part in organizing the plan and factories. How like old times! Everyone getting wonderful ideas about aviation enterprises, which they think it would be advisable for me to spend my life carrying on. This plan is not without merit, however (unlike many). The complications are numerous; but there would be great advantage, from a military standpoint, to having an aircraft supply based in Canada out of range of enemy bombardment.

Bullitt had taken M. Monnet[16] into his confidence, and M. Monnet was waiting at the embassy when we arrived. Ambassador Bullitt had invited the Minister of Air for lunch. He wanted to talk the plan over with M. Monnet and me before the Minister arrived.

I listened to Bullitt and Monnet, but felt it inadvisable to state my own feeling at that time. Besides, the plan was so new that I wanted time to think about it alone. My immediate reaction was that while it is of great importance for England and France to build up their military strength, especially in the air, there are more immediate and pressing problems. These consist of, first, the

[15] Passed by the U. S. Congress and signed by President Roosevelt in August, 1935. Its purpose was to keep the U. S. out of war by banning shipments of war materials to belligerents.

[16] Jean Monnet, French banker, political economist. In World War I he served with Dwight W. Morrow on the Allied Maritime Transport Council to secure war materials, foodstuffs, and shipping facilities for the Allies. From 1919 to 1923 he was Deputy Secretary General of the League of Nations; in 1939 chairman of the Franco-British Economic Co-ordination Committee. During World War II he helped to co-ordinate the Allied war effort and was a member of the British Supply Council in Washington from 1940 to 1943. He was responsible for the Monnet Plan in 1947 and in 1955 the European Common Market.

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need for a different spirit among the people and, second, the absolute necessity of a changed attitude toward Germany if a disastrous war is to be avoided in the future.

Strength is necessary for character and for survival, but strength cannot be bought by gold, except temporarily, and with the danger of bringing greater demoralization at a later date. Strength is an inherent quality in a people. No amount of foreign aircraft will give France the security she wishes. It is to be found only in her own people. It would be better not to spend great sums in buying aircraft in America but to use the money in France in an attempt to bring back life to a corrupt and demoralized nation. The purchase of aircraft abroad would be second only to the hiring of soldiers—the last act of a dying nation. Those who talk of buying foreign aircraft are looking only at the superficial problems of Europe. It is men we need, not machines; leaders, not factories.

Lunch with Bullitt, G. la Chambre, and M. Monnet. We discuss the plan. How is it to be financed, how organized, how is the problem of English and metric measurement to be overcome? I raised the problems of the different systems of measurement because the Minister of Air said he wanted to build a factory in France similar to the one which would be built in Canada. The question of systems of measurement sounds like a detail at first, but it is of great and fundamental importance. Machinery built to work in inches could not be used in France without serious difficulty.

M. Monnet and I discuss a production potential of 10,000 planes per year in Canada. Bullitt says it should be 50,000. Present American production facilities are probably in the vicinity of 2,000 planes per year. (I have made no survey and so am not sure.)

After lunch Monnet and I talk for a short time and then decide to meet again in an hour. (I suggest this so that I can be alone for a time to think.)

After lunch I began to talk to M. Monnet about the underlying problems France is facing. I told him I felt a crisis would come which would be but little affected by the production of aircraft in Canada. I told him I doubted that democracy of the present type could last much longer in France. I told him that the expenditure of large sums of money in buying arms abroad would only hasten

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an internal collapse, with the resulting loss of the system of government which the foreign arms were to protect. France is in a very serious political and financial condition as it is.

We met again about 4:15, and went to the Ministry of Air at 5:00 P.M., for another conference with G. la Chambre.

After the conference we returned to the embassy, and Anne, Ambassador Bullitt, and I went to M. Monnet's home for dinner. (Mrs. Monnet and Anne had been together during the afternoon.) Just before leaving the embassy, Ambassador Bullitt had a phone call from the Polish Ambassador, saying that Poland had sent an ultimatum to Czechoslovakia and was ready to march into Teschen if the Czechs did not accept. Another war in the offing, but no one seems to be able to take it seriously, except the Polish Ambassador, of course.

Bullitt looks about all in. Everyone has been under a great strain during the last few days.

Spent the night in my 1927 room and bed.

Saturday, October 1

M. Monnet arrived at 9:45, and we left for the Air Ministry. Conference all morning with la Chambre and M. Hoppenot.[17] Discuss number of planes needed, number necessary to build in Canada, types, cost of factories, etc., etc.

The French estimates of German production facilities indicate that Germany can build 24,000 planes per year. French Intelligence places the existing German air fleet at 6,000 modern planes, with an additional number of older models, bringing the total to possibly 8,000 or 9,000. The 6,000 modern planes include about 1,500 fighters and 2,000 bombers on the line, ready for flight; and about 1,500 planes (of both types) in reserve.

The French are now building about forty-five planes per month, of all service types (bombing, pursuit, and observation). The French officers feel that within one year the rate of production in France can be brought to 5,000 or 6,000 per year. (This seems too optimistic to me, in view of internal conditions in France.) We

[17] Roger Hoppenot, economist and government finance official.

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estimated that the production rate in England might be 10,000 per year at the end of one year. England has approximately 2,000 service planes, of which probably 700, including all types, are of modern design.

This left a deficit of approximately 10,000 planes per year, at the end of one year, comparing the combined, hoped-for production capacity of France (5,000) and England (10,000) to the estimated present production capacity of Germany (24,000). (It also leaves Italy out of the picture.) In view of this rough estimate, the talk at our conference centered on a Canadian production capacity of 10,000 planes per year.

I brought up the fact that, in the first place, it would not be possible to establish a production capacity of 10,000 planes per year in Canada within twelve months and that, in the second place, even with an eventual production capacity of 25,000 planes per year, the result would only equal Germany's present estimated capacity and took for granted the improbability that Germany (who has done the most in the past) would stand by and do nothing while all this French and English activity was going on.

The French officers also raised the question of how to obtain 1,000 foreign bombers by July 1, 1939. (They feel it necessary to have at least this number.) Obviously it would not be possible to build factories in Canada and start to produce by next July, to say nothing of producing 1,000 bombers. Therefore, if any bombers are to be obtained from the United States by July, 1939, they must be purchased from existing factories. But the total production capacity in the United States is not large, measured by present European standards.

The American Army and Navy are absorbing most of our present production capacity, and the airlines (domestic companies and Pan American) are absorbing a large part of the capacity not taken by military orders. Also, there have been many foreign orders for both military and commercial planes. The recent British order for 200 twin-engine Lockheeds and 200 North American trainers has given both companies about all they can handle for the time being. The French order for 200 (or 300?) Curtiss pursuit planes (P-36) has taken up the excess Curtiss production facilities. I understand that the French have also taken an option on about 200

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additional P-36 planes. When this situation is taken into account, it is obvious that the United States cannot produce a large additional number of military aircraft between now and next July. (I learned at the Air Ministry that some time ago Italy offered to sell military aircraft to France.)

I suggested that France purchase some bombers from Germany. Of course, this astounded everyone at the table, but it was accepted with more calmness than I expected (after the first laugh, when they took the suggestion as a joke). However, the conversation soon returned to Canada.

I intend to carry this idea further. It is possible that an arrangement might be made between France and Germany for the purchase of German aircraft by France. It is also possible that many problems might be solved by such a procedure. I believe this would depend very largely upon Germany's future intentions and the attitude of France and England in regard to them. A purchase of aircraft from Germany might be to the interest of everyone concerned. It would start a little trade between the countries taking part, it would be in the direction of a limitation of armament, and it would relieve Germany from part of the cost of her air fleet. It would ease the general European problem.

On the other hand, if France and England simply continue to arm in competition with Germany, we are moving in the direction of a general war in the future. There is nothing to gain by war for either side. War is sometimes necessary, but under present conditions in Europe it would be disastrous. Europe must not be divided against itself.

(English military authorities estimate that the proper protection of England against bombing raids would require 5,000 searchlights, 12,000 antiaircraft guns, and 100,000 men. At present there is a great shortage.)

The conference ended about noon.

At 3:00 we drove to Villacoublay,[18] where I was shown the latest types of French military aircraft.

I flew the new Moran 406 fighter for about twenty minutes (860 h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine; low-wing full-cantilever monoplane;

[18] An aerodrome situated west of Paris and east of Versailles.

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retracting wheels; wing flaps; 487 kilometers top speed at 4,000 meters; landing speed about 124 kilometers; single cockpit; sliding hatch; metal construction; fuel for two hours at cruising).

It is the first time I have flown one of the fast modern fighters. The flight was more interesting because of the difference between French and American controls and gauges. For instance, the French throttle works in the opposite direction from the American. These things make it necessary to think about every move one makes and require a more mechanical type of flying until one gets used to them.

The plane handled well in the air and was easy to land. The second time I came in for a landing, however, the wing flaps would not go down more than part way, so I went around the field again. Neither could I get them down on my next approach, although I worked the control handle several times (they work by compressed air). I climbed up a few hundred feet and found that the flaps would go down properly if pressure on the control lever was continued long enough.

The various types of planes were flown for me—both bombing and fighting models of the latest design. In addition to the Moran 406 fighter, there was a smaller Moran fighter, built around a Renault in-line, air-cooled engine of 400 to 500 h.p. It makes a top of 460 kilometers per hour, they say. (Clean plane but a little small for a modern fighter.)

There was also a twin-engine pursuit plane, which carried two cannon shooting forward (three cockpit, low-wing type). This was built by Potez.

The French designs are reasonably good, but they are hampered by the lack of engines of high horsepower. This is partly due to being behind in engine design, and partly to the fact that it seems impossible for them to get the best quality of gasoline in sufficient quantity to permit the use of the type of engines we fly in the United States.

The most modern German bombers probably make about 500 kilometers top speed. Consequently, there is little object in building pursuit planes which make less than 550 kilometers. It would be desirable to have a still greater advantage in speed.

The most amazing fact, however, is that if war had come last

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week, France did not have a single modern pursuit plane ready for the defense of Paris! There was not, and is not, in France one fighting plane as fast as the latest German bombers! The French air fleet is almost nonexistent from the standpoint of a modern war. And many people in France and in England were advising their governments to declare war!

From Villacoublay I returned to la Chambre's office in the Air Ministry. M. Monnet was there, and we all again discussed the Canadian plan.

Monday, October 3

French Intelligence places the English August production at 180 service-type planes.

Short walk around grounds after breakfast. Another walk with Bullitt later; then drove to Paris with him, arriving at embassy house at 9:45. We discussed the Canadian plan on the way in. As is usually the case with such projects, the last draft is for a factory, or factories, located in Canada, capable of producing 1,500 planes and 4,000 engines per year with one shift, and capable of producing about 5,000 planes and equivalent engines with three shifts in wartime. This would constitute a valuable military reserve, but is not a figure which would impress Germany greatly.

(The road from Château de Saint-Firmine passes the monument which marks the nearest German approach to Paris during the last war. It is especially impressive under present circumstances.)

M. Monnet was waiting for us at the embassy house. He had finished a paper in French, outlining the "Canadian plan."

Bullitt and Monnet want me to go to the United States almost immediately to start inquiries and negotiations. I consider the present developments in Europe to be of the utmost importance and do not want to go away at this time. I replied that I was going to Germany next week and was not sure when I could go to the United States.

Monnet and I went to see la Chambre at the Air Ministry at about 10:30. After a conference there, we all returned to the embassy house. Ambassador Bullitt arrived soon after we did, and we

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talked together until Daladier came. Daladier (speaking always in French) told of his meeting with Chamberlain, Hitler, and Mussolini. He also spoke of Goering. Hitler had definite personal magnetism, he said. Goering was very amusing and had definite ability, according to Daladier's impression.

We had lunch at a small table which was carried into the parlor. The discussion continued. After lunch we began talking about the Canadian plan. M. Monnet translated some of the points for me, and I could follow part of the conversation. Daladier was interested and seemed to approve of the idea. He asked why it was that France, who had produced Blériot[19] and other famous fliers and designers, should have reached such a terrible condition in her aviation. Bullitt cited the fact that France has a separate Air Force and said he thought this an important factor. La Chambre spoke about the disastrous effect of the nationalization of the aviation industry, of the chaotic labor conditions which now exist in France, of the fact that the French have considered it sufficient to build a few prototypes without going into production on any of them. La Chambre is a good man, and French aviation should improve greatly under him.

The conversation turned to immediate needs and the impossibility of constructing factories quickly enough to produce aircraft for next summer. I suggested again the possibility of buying planes from Germany. This did not startle Daladier, and he apparently was entirely willing to consider the idea.

I told Daladier that the purchase of aircraft in Germany might help in the solution of other problems. It would lead to trade and an eventual arms-limitation agreement. I also told him that continued competition in building military aircraft would simply lead to the destruction of Europe at a later date. It would also lead to economic collapse.

The talk then turned to French politics, and when and how the Chamber should be dissolved. Daladier expects to call for a vote in the near future. The question of what issue to dissolve on was discussed. Should it be the necessity of a new financial policy, or the recent crisis? (Financial conditions in France are very bad, and

[19] Louis Blériot, French engineer and aviation pioneer, who built France's first airplane factory, and was the first to fly across the English Channel, in July, 1909.

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another more serious financial crisis has been predicted for a long time. Apparently it is now close.)

Daladier left with la Chambre at about 3:00. M. Monnet, Ambassador Bullitt, and I discussed plans. Bullitt had to leave for an engagement, and Monnet and I continued the discussion. It is all very well to get an idea such as this Canadian plan, but it is a complicated problem for someone to work out and put in actual operation. Bullitt and Monnet both think it is the most important step which can be made in the direction of peace in Europe. I cannot follow them in this argument at present, and feel a little resentful of their feeling I should give up my own plans for the winter and rush off to America on the next boat in order to begin work on their idea. As a matter of fact, it is Bullitt's idea, although he has convinced Monnet of its prime importance.

Bullitt told me that he suggested months ago the possibility of building factories across the Canadian border for the purpose of supplying France and England with military aircraft. Apparently, a few days before he telephoned to me in London, la Chambre told him that he wanted to talk to me about the condition of French aviation and what steps might be taken to improve it. La Chambre said he was anxious to talk to someone he could trust about the purchase of supplies in the United States.

I told Monnet that in addition to the personal problems involved, this project (Canadian) necessitated the greatest caution and consideration. In event of war, those who were responsible for the project would, of course, be given great credit. And, still much more important, would have made a great contribution to the French cause. Under any circumstances there would, of course, be political opposition in France, with the usual claims of graft and corruption. And, in a project involving the expenditure of between $50 million and $100 million (for factories, to say nothing of future operating costs), it would be almost impossible to avoid instances of graft, which would give strength to the charges. If there is no war, then the people who have taken part in the expenditure of large sums of French money abroad will be cursed by politicians and public alike, even though the existence of Canadian aircraft factories might be the factor which prevented war.

In other words, those who take part in the establishment of

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factories in Canada for the production of warplanes for France will be considered successful only in case a war is fought. Therefore, success would depend upon the destruction of European civilization.

In times of emergency, personal problems and desires must be given second consideration. However, the Canadian project involves great difficulties from my standpoint. We have no home in the United States, and if we went back there suddenly, there would be tremendous publicity with all the worry it involves. It would be extremely difficult for Anne and the children.

The children cannot very well stay on Illiec[20] this winter. I had planned on taking them to a European city for the winter and had considered Berlin. If I went to the United States on this Canadian project, there would be no opportunity to arrange for a winter home before going. Anne could do so, but it would be difficult for her alone, and our secretary, Miss Hutchison, has not enough experience to be of much help.

Also, the study I hope to make of Europe this winter will be impossible if I start work on the Canadian project. I don't know how much I can do here; but I feel that if anything can be done to avoid European war, it must be based upon an intimate understanding of conditions in Europe.

Tuesday, October 4

Walked to Eiffel Tower and back after breakfast. M. Monnet came for a conference about 10:30. I outlined some of the problems I saw in regard to the Canadian project. Ambassador Bullitt came about 12:00, and we talked to him for half an hour.

Colonel Fuller[21] called at the embassy house about 1:00, and I went with him to his apartment for lunch. We talked mostly of Germany's ambitions and of the possibility of European war developing as a result of them. Talked to Colonel Fuller about possibility of making a trip to Spain to study effect of their use of aviation.

[20] The largest of a number of small islands lying a short distance off the north coast of Brittany.

[21] Colonel Horace H. Fuller, military attaché and military attaché for air, U. S. Embassy, Paris.

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Returned to embassy house. M. Monnet came about 6:30. Ambassador Bullitt arrived about 7:15. Another conference. Then Monnet left. I am to meet him in Paris on Sunday, October 9. Told both Monnet and Bullitt that I wanted two or three days on the island to think over the Canadian project.

Dinner at embassy house with Ambassador Bullitt, M. Reynaud[22] (Minister of Justice), and Palewski, his Chief of Cabinet.[23] M. Blum[24] came in after dinner. Blum and Reynaud were extremely interested in the French and European aviation situation. Bullitt talked to them in French, which I could follow only in a few parts.

I leave for Calais on the 8:20 train in the morning and plan on flying to Illiec in the afternoon. Will be glad to get back, if only for a few days.

Wednesday, October 5

Arrived Calais station 11:45. The broken sky at Paris had changed to rain and low clouds. Stopped at a café to get some sandwiches (two big buns, one filled with cheese and one with ham).

Still raining hard when I took off. Ceiling about 150 meters. The cockpit leaks badly, and water streamed in over my clothes and maps. Very strong head winds. Rain stopped at times, and clouds broke to show clear sky above first layer. Soon after Dieppe, however, the sky became completely overcast, and I entered a storm area with turbulent air and heavy rain. Ceiling lowered, and wisps of fog appeared over the forests. Had to keep cockpit hatch open to see clearly, and my legs soon became soaked where leather coat did not cover. Engine ran perfectly on both magnetos.

South of Le Havre the rain increased, visibility lowered, and turbulence shook plane violently. Clouds lowered and storm ahead

[22] During the 1930's Paul Reynaud served as Minister of Colonies, Justice, and Finance. He became France's Premier in March, 1940, but resigned on June 15, 1940, rather than ask Germany for an armistice.

[23] Gaston Palewski was closely associated with Paul Reynaud for many years. He served as director of the Finance Minister's office when Reynaud was nominated to this post in 1938. During this period he was also a member of the French delegation to the Disarmament Conference in Geneva.

[24] Léon Blum, French socialist, statesman, and writer. Blum headed the Popular Front government from 1936 to 1937, but opposition to his fiscal measures forced his resignation in 1937. He was Vice Premier from 1937 to 1938, and briefly Premier in 1938.

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looked worse. Unable to see ahead more than 300 meters, and that vaguely. Turned back and started to follow the Seine to Rouen, but storm too bad. Followed back course, but storm had blown over route and conditions much worse.

Suddenly saw wireless tower ahead and slightly to one side. Was flying about even with the top of it. Circled to make sure there was only one tower and continued on back course.

Wireless tower reminded me of time, years ago (about 1928), when I was flying east through the Alleghenies in bad weather. I was alone in the Ryan monoplane which was presented to me by the Ryan Company after I had put the *Spirit of St. Louis* in the Smithsonian. (It was a terrible plane, with a blue plush cabin for four passengers. It was overloaded and had a rotten take-off. Not at all like the *Spirit of St. Louis.*)

I was following a river through a deep and narrow valley. The mountains on each side ran up into clouds. Suddenly, I saw a high-tension-line tower well up on the side of the mountain to my right. It was one of those oversize towers which are placed at each end of a long span of cable. A glance to the left showed another tower opposite. I could not see the span of wire between. No time to turn. I dove close as possible to the water. And the cables showed clearly a few feet above the plane as I passed under them.

Finally reached Dieppe and turned south along river valley (Varennes), but storm too bad. Turned north and struck coast at mouth of Somme. Followed Somme past Abbeville about ten miles, where weather improved rapidly. Then set course 177° magnetic to Le Bourget. Ceiling and visibility good over remainder of route. Slight rain at intervals.

Landed Le Bourget about 4:30. Put plane in hangar, gave instructions to mechanic for servicing, and took taxi to embassy house. Met Douglas MacArthur II[25] at embassy house and accepted his invitation for dinner. Drove to his apartment at 7:00. Mrs. MacArthur in bed. We talked to her for half an hour, then dinner. MacArthur drove me to station in time to catch the 10:00 train for Plouaret. Tried to get bed, but conductor started to put

[25] Douglas MacArthur II, foreign service officer with the U. S. Embassy in Paris in 1938 and 1944-48.

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me in with a woman! (Not at all attractive, either.) Decided to sit up, but found I could get second-class compartment for myself.

Thursday, October 6

Changed trains at Plouaret at 7:55. Arrived Lannion at 8:40. Miss Hutchison there to meet me with Ford. Drove to Buguélès, put car in garage, and walked across flats to Illiec (low tide). Anne and Thor[26] met us at the pine grove.

Rest of day dictating paper and letter in regard to Canadian plan. Mme. Carrel[27] came for a short visit in the afternoon. She had charge of evacuating a group of pregnant women from Paris at the time of the [Munich] crisis. Some of them had babies while on the train, she said.

Sixty copies of *Listen! the Wind* arrived a few days ago—the first we have seen. Anne and I signed some of them for mailing to our friends.

In between dictation I took several walks around the island and spent quarter of an hour with Anne and Jon gathering the few bits of driftwood which are washed up on the beaches. Jon and Land[28] are looking very well. Thor is rather thin, and I am trying to get him to eat a little dog biscuit with his meat. Skean[29] is, as usual, much too fat.

Friday, October 7

Most of day spent dictating and working on letter and outline concerning the Canadian plan. In the afternoon Anne, Jon, and I climbed the big rock on the northeast side of Illiec and sat for half an hour watching the waves dash over the rocks and shore. There has been a fairly strong wind all day. The islands are extremely beautiful when there is a storm. In fact, no weather seems disagreeable here.

This Canadian plan has taken a great deal of time. I grudge be-

[26] A German shepherd.

[27] Wife of Dr. Alexis Carrel. Anne-Marie de la Motte, widow of the Marquis de la Mairie, and a distinguished physician, met Dr. Carrel when they were both engaged in medical work. They were married in 1913.

[28] The Lindbergh sons, aged six years (Jon) and eight months (Land).

[29] A Scottie.

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ing kept away from Illiec, but conditions in Europe are so critical that it is necessary to do everything possible to try to make them better. I am hopelessly behind with letters, and can see no chance of catching up, as I must leave for Paris tomorrow night.

Jon is looking and feeling well. The last month has done him a great deal of good. Land is a sturdy, healthy baby. He walks all around the edges of his "pen."

Saturday, October 8

The nights on Illiec are wonderful. Last night the moon was nearly full, and the rocks had a weird, moonlike appearance. Our room (over the kitchen) is closest to the sea. We go to sleep and wake up with the sound of surf on the beach. The waves roll the stones around so that a harder, crunching sound is mixed in with the splash and roar of the breakers. The white spray on the distant rocks and the changing tide and light are beyond description.

Anne decided to go with me tonight instead of taking the morning train as she originally intended. The tide was low, so we walked across the flats. Low clouds covered the moon at intervals, bringing a light rain with them. Louis and Kerleau[30] went with us to help carry the baggage, and Miss Hutchison to drive the car back from the station. I enjoy these walks over the sea bottom, wet feet and all.

We drove to Plouaret and arrived just in time to catch the train. Apparently has been some change in the schedule. Not even time to buy tickets. Large crowd of people waiting for train, and considerable excitement at station. Train also crowded. Two women and three small children, with dozens of bundles and suitcases, came into the compartment with us. I helped stow their suitcases on racks, and wondered what the night would be like. These French trains do not seem to pay much attention to accommodations of comfort. I don't mind much sitting up all night, but I wish Anne could get a night's sleep. We will probably have full days in Germany.[31] The women and children left at the next station.

[30] Fishermen who worked for the Lindberghs on Illiec. Louis was the island's caretaker.

[31] Lindbergh was going to Germany to study recent developments in aviation.

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Sunday, October 9

Train arrived Paris at 7:10. We took a taxi to the Crillon and engaged a room for today and tonight. M. Monnet called for us at 1:30, and we had lunch at his apartment. After lunch M. Monnet and I discussed the Canadian plan and my decision not to go to the United States or to take an active part in its organization. To my surprise he agreed with my decision and with many of the points in the letter I wrote to him.

Détroyat[32] and his wife came at 5:00. We talked of French, German, and English aviation. Détroyat has flown the Spitfire. Says it is a difficult plane for an amateur. Take-off especially hard—too much torque, and plane tends to swing. Necessary to start slowly, with full opposite rudder. He says Spitfire makes 550 kilometers top speed, but only for five minutes. Normal top is 490 kilometers; about the same as the Morane (487). He says Spitfire is easy to land but, on the whole, does not handle as well as the Morane. Détroyat says he understands the new German Messerschmitt bomber (the 110) will make 600 kilometers at altitude.

Détroyat says that some of the "confidential" talks and conferences last week are already known by various people.

Détroyat drove me to M. Monnet's apartment at 6:00. M. Monnet and I went for a walk while we talked about the Canadian plan. Monnet is sailing for the United States this week and will see Bullitt and probably the President as soon as he arrives. He asked me whom in the aviation industry he could talk to in absolute confidence about that plan. It would be necessary, of course, to find someone with experience and good judgment. I suggested Guy Vaughan. Guy is completely honest and has great ability both as an executive and an engineer. He came up through Wright Aeronautical Corporation at Paterson, and is now president of Curtiss-Wright.

I suggested that Monnet also talk to Glenn Martin,[33] whom I do not know as well but in whom I have great confidence. Martin has built some of the world's best aircraft and is one of the oldest manufacturers in the business.

[32] Michel Détroyat, one of the French aviators who rescued Lindbergh from the crowd at Le Bourget Aerodrome, Paris, in 1927. He was classed among the most skillful test and acrobatic pilots.

[33] Early aircraft pioneer and president of Glenn L. Martin Co. of Baltimore.

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M. Roger Hoppenot came at 8:00. We had dinner in the apartment (M. and Mme. Monnet, M. Hoppenot, Anne, and I). After dinner Monnet, Hoppenot, and I talked about the Canadian plan for fifteen minutes. I was again surprised by the fact that Hoppenot agreed it was best for me not to take part in the survey. I had expected strong criticism from both Monnet and Hoppenot.

Anne and I took a taxi back to the hotel. I wrote letters of introduction for Monnet to Guy Vaughan and Glenn Martin. We went to bed early due to the previous night on the train and a day's flying [to Berlin] ahead.

Monday, October 10

Raining. Called weather bureau at Le Bourget to get route report. Weather very bad between Paris and Berlin. (Anne does the telephoning about weather—in French.) Weather will be better in afternoon, about 1:00 or 2:00. The Strasbourg route is closed, with fog on all the German mountains, but we might get through by flying to Calais and along the coast to Holland, then to Berlin via Hanover.

We packed and took taxi to Le Bourget. Took off about 2:30. There is so much red tape and clearance formalities in Europe that much of the time saved in flying is lost in routine details at aerodromes. I miss the old barnstorming hayfields, where it was only necessary to take the ropes off the wings, start the engine, and take off—provided you had done a thorough job servicing the plane on the previous afternoon. At least one was not loaded down with logbooks, carnets, and rules.

At first we planned on landing at Brussels, but as we approached the city the clouds lowered, and there was a heavy haze. Turned north again and finally landed at Rotterdam for the night. Telephoned Smith[34] in Berlin. He said my telegram, sent from the Crillon at noon, did not arrive in Berlin until 5:00, and that he and a number of German officers had gone to the aerodrome to meet us. He was very good-humored about it. Said also that Colonel Faymonville[35] was greatly worried because of a story which had

[34] Lieutenant Colonel Truman Smith, military attaché and military attaché for air with the U. S. Embassy in Berlin, 1935-39.

[35] Lieutenant Colonel Philip R. Faymonville, military attaché, U. S. Embassy, Moscow.

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come out in London, quoting me about Russia in an uncomplimentary way.

I telephoned Colonel Lee in London to find out about this. Lee told me that a "scurrilous" weekly, with only a private circulation, had come out with a statement to the effect that I had stated that 1) Russian aviation was in a chaotic condition; 2) I had been invited to be the chief of the Russian Civil Air Fleet; 3) the German air fleet could whip the Russian, French and English air fleets combined. This may not be the exact phraseology, but Lee said it was close. He said the Russians probably wouldn't know the difference between the standing of the sheet that printed the story and the *Times*.

These statements, according to the sheet, were made by me to Lloyd George, and at Cliveden, and at Transport House. I have, of course, made none of these statements. However, I have said that I consider the weakness of Russian military aviation to lie in inefficiency and bad organization. I have also said that the German Air Force was stronger than that of all other European nations combined. These two statements are probably strong enough to annoy the Russians as much as the ones quoted. The story about my being asked to be chief of Russian civil aviation has no basis whatever.

Lee said that Faymonville was greatly upset by the story because it had been reprinted by papers in Moscow. Lee is sending a copy of Faymonville's telegram airmail to Colonel Smith in Berlin. I shall take no action until I see it.

Tuesday, October 11

Clear sky outside. Telegrams began arriving from various press organizations asking me to comment on statements I am reported as having made about Russia. No comment, of course. Fatal to begin denying press reports.

Anne and I had breakfast in our rooms. There was a small crowd waiting for us in the hotel lobby, including reporters and photographers. As usual, refused all interviews. I phoned Truman Smith and arranged to land at Tempelhof at 2:00 G.M.T. (3:00 Central European).

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Took off 10:36 G.M.T. Weather was good, with an overcast sky and light haze along most of route. Landed Tempelhof at 3:00 G.M.T. Met by Colonel and Mrs. Smith, Major and Mrs. Vanaman,[36] and various German officers. Field was well controlled. Drove to Colonel Smith's apartment. Light lunch. Drove to American Embassy (house) at 5:00 for tea with Ambassador and Mrs. Wilson.[37]

Ambassador Wilson, Colonel Smith, Major Vanaman, and I drove to Potsdam to attend the dinner at the Neue Palais at 7:00. The palace is ordinarily used as a museum. Dinner in huge room, lit by thousands of candles. Sat next to General Milch[38] and talked about Germany's plans in the air. Many people there whom I knew: Détroyat, Sikorsky,[39] Tomlinson,[40] and most of the German aviation group.

Milch is an able and intelligent officer. We talked of possible arms agreement in the future (Germany, England, France). He said that Germany had to settle the Sudeten question this year, because it could not have been done without war next year.

Wednesday, October 12

Went for a drive through Berlin and nearby country in the afternoon. Berlin has greatly changed since we were here a year ago. Much more activity of every kind: buildings going up, great increase in traffic, store windows more attractive. In fact, Berlin has lost the air of tenseness I noticed in 1936 and now has the appearance of a healthy, busy, modern city (if the word "healthy" can be applied to a modern city).

Dinner at Haus der Flieger. Hundreds of people. Seemed that

[36] Colonel Arthur Vanaman, military attaché for air with the U. S. Embassy in Berlin. In 1942 he became a brigadier general.

[37] Hugh R. Wilson, U. S. Ambassador to Germany. In 1937 he had been Assistant Secretary of State.

[38] Erhard Milch. Inspector-General of the Luftwaffe and State Secretary.

[39] Igor Sikorsky, Russian-born scientist, aviation pioneer, and aeronautical engineer. He built and flew the first multiengined airplane in Russia before coming to the U. S. in 1919. He organized the Sikorsky Engineering Corp. in 1925, and thereafter developed various types of aircraft, among them multiengined amphibians, flying boats, and the first successful helicopter in the Western Hemisphere. The Sikorsky organization eventually became a branch of United Aircraft Corp.

[40] Daniel W. "Tommy" Tomlinson, naval officer and test and aerobatic pilot; later vice president in charge of engineering with Trans World Airlines.

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everyone in German aviation was present. Sat between Frau von Gronau[41] and Mme. Liotta (wife of Italian air attaché).[42] Anne sat next to General Milch. After dinner Anne danced several times.

It is difficult to write during and after these long days. It seems that the best time to keep a record is during the days when there is the least to write about. On the fullest days, and the most interesting, you are too tired to write well. It would be better to wait until the next morning, but there is usually something else which must be done then. If one is to be accurate, it is necessary to put down events soon after they happen. Possibly this is an explanation of the fact that the most active people seldom are able to write well. A clear mind is essential for writing. And one's mind cannot be the clearest at the end of many hours of activity.

Thursday, October 13

Vanaman and I went to the Haus der Flieger for lunch with the officers of Lufthansa. I sat between [Carl von] Gablenz and [Martin] Wronsky. We talked of landplanes *v.* flying boats and the development of transatlantic airlines. Gablenz believes that the landplane will be the type eventually used for flying between Europe and America (as I do). Wronsky has been won over to landplanes, although he was originally a supporter of flying boats. He and I had an argument over this problem in Berlin in 1936. (Of course, all of us believe in the use of flying boats during the developmental stages of the transatlantic routes.)

Sikorsky and Tomlinson also attended the lunch. Sikorsky, of course, believes in the future of the big flying boat. He is one of the world's best aircraft designers and one of the most interesting men I have ever met. He and I talked at length about conditions in Russia. He cannot go back. He was last there in 1918.

Friday, October 14

Talked to Dr. Focke[43] about his helicopter development. Talked

[41] Wife of Hans Wolfgang von Gronau, president of the German Aero Club, 1934-38; German air attaché in Tokyo and Manchuria, 1939-45.

[42] General Liotta d'Aurelio.

[43] Henrich Focke, German aeronautical engineer, who did pioneering work with helicopters.

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to C. G. Grey[44] about future transoceanic flying, etc. General Udet[45] came in for a time after lunch. We are doing comparatively little from a social standpoint, yet I am already tired of lunches, teas, and dinners. I like to see and talk to interesting people, but it is best to select carefully and to see not too many in one week. Too much contact with people dulls the edge of appreciation.

Saturday, October 15

Invited Sikorsky to lunch at Hotel Esplanade and took Anne and Kay Smith[46] to meet him. I have wanted Anne to meet Sikorsky for years. We talked first of aviation (flying boats, helicopters, transatlantic flying, etc.), then of Russia. Sikorsky expects the present system to break down, "maybe in one year, maybe in a generation." I think he is right. Conditions in Russia are too bad to continue indefinitely, and the present system cannot work. It kills ability, and that is fatal to the system which causes it. Sikorsky estimates the executions which have taken place in Russia since the war to be in the millions and claims that between 30 and 40 million people have been killed directly or indirectly as a result of the Revolution. Says he knows of one concentration camp where about one hundred people are being executed each day at the present time. He did not state the source of this information.

Anne and I attended a tea at 6:00, given by Ambassador and Mrs. Hugh Wilson at the American Embassy (house). We both dislike this type of thing, but the Smiths had accepted the invitation for us before we arrived. Due to the [Munich] crisis, I was not able to make detailed arrangements for our visit by mail. However, Mrs. Wilson was extremely considerate, and the function was much less difficult than most I have attended in the past. There were probably 150 guests.

Dinner (stag) at Major Vanaman's apartment. Probably twenty men attended, including Truman Smith, Sikorsky, Tomlinson,

[44] English writer and editor of aviation publications.

[45] Ernst Udet, a leading World War I German ace. In 1938 he was chief of the Technical Bureau of the German Air Force. He developed the dive-bombing technique used with success by the Germans in World War II. In 1940 he was promoted to general.

[46] Mrs. Truman Smith.

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Merkel,[47] von Massow (Richthofen squadron), and Wendland. Talk covered everything from conditions in Russia to pursuit tactics. Von Massow told me: "I know one fellow—I won't say who—that shot down four Martin bombers in twenty minutes with a Messerschmitt 109 (fighter)."

"Martins, or copies of Martins?" I asked him.

"Copies of Martins," he replied. Copies of Martins are the Russian bombers used in Spain by the "government" side. Von Massow disappeared for two or three months recently, and it may be that he was fighting with the Franco forces in Spain. Possibly the "fellow" he referred to is himself.

Sunday, October 16

Kay and Truman Smith, Anne, and I drove to palace built for Frederick the Great by his father at Rheinsberg. Walked around the grounds, then had lunch at a small hotel in the village. We were recognized by the German people there, but they were very nice and caused us no trouble. Returned to apartment in late afternoon.

Dinner at British Embassy, at invitation of Sir Nevile Henderson.[48] About twelve or fifteen people at dinner, including Belgian and Italian Ambassadors, the British military attaché, Colonel MacFarlane,[49] one of the S.S. leaders and his wife, and several members of the British Embassy. Talked to Colonel MacFarlane about British-German relationships, military aviation, etc. Ambassador Henderson asked me about the German aviation development and said he hoped I would do all I could to make the people in England realize the quality and magnitude of the aviation program in Germany. He said they did not believe him when he described it.

Monday, October 17

Drove to Heinkel factory at Oranienburg. Ambassador Wilson, Vanaman, Wendland, and I made up the party. The Ambassador

[47] Otto Merkel, an officer with Lufthansa Airlines.
[48] British Ambassador to Germany.
[49] Colonel F. N. MacFarlane, military attaché in the British Embassy in Berlin.

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had expressed a desire to visit one of the modern German aircraft factories.

We arrived at the factory about 10:00 A.M. and spent the rest of the morning going through the works. This is a modern factory, nicely designed and built, with great attention given to the welfare of the workmen. The factory consists of a number of separate buildings, laid out to minimize the effect of an air attack. Each building has its "bomb proof." These shelters are well built and are equipped for a gas attack.

The factory is now producing Heinkel 111 bombers. Present production is probably in the vicinity of two per day. Apparently this is with only one shift. One of the newest types was demonstrated for us, and I was permitted to get into the cockpit of one on the ground. The pilot is completely enclosed in normal flight and looks forward through the nose of the plane and *under* the instrument board. This makes the nose of the bomber an almost perfect streamline, as there is no windshield. For flying in bad weather the pilot's seat, together with the controls, can be pumped up so that he can see out over the top of the bomber. (A hatch opens above the pilot, and a small windshield folds up, giving the advantage of an open cockpit when it is desired.) This is an excellent light bomber. Undoubtedly one of the best in existence.

An interesting and important feature of the factory (and the German system) is the apprentice school, where young boys are trained to be workmen. After a course of four years these boys are said to be often better workmen than the older and more experienced men. We had lunch at the factory with the officers. Then drove to the aerodrome where a Focke-Wulf 200 (four-engine, low-wing monoplane—same type that flew to the United States a few weeks ago) was waiting to take us to Tempelhof.

"Tommy" Tomlinson went with us in the Focke-Wulf. He had been at the Heinkel factory with another party, and joined us after lunch. Tomlinson and I flew the plane for about ten minutes each, testing its stability and flying characteristics on various combinations of engines.

After landing at Tempelhof, Tomlinson, Merkel (who had been with us in the flight in the Focke-Wulf 200), Wendland, and I

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waited for the JU-90 to arrive from Vienna. The JU-90 is the latest and largest Junkers transport (four-engine, forty-passenger, all-metal, low-wing monoplane). Arrangements had been made for us to fly it after it arrived. The JU-90, however, was late, and did not land until after the field lights had been turned on. By the time the passengers had disembarked and the details completed, night had set in. However, we took off anyway, and the German pilot climbed the plane over the lights of Berlin. I was in the co-pilot's seat for the take-off. After reaching an altitude of about 1,500 feet, the pilot proceeded to demonstrate the stability characteristics of the plane. Then I flew it for about five minutes. After trying out the controls in banking and climbing, I turned my place over to Tomlinson. (Tomlinson has tested most of the recent American designs of large land transport planes.)

I stood at the back of the cockpit while Tomlinson flew. After making several minor tests of the controls, he put the plane into a left bank (not very steep) and kept pulling the stick back. Suddenly, he appeared to be shaking the stick violently. I learned later that Tomlinson was trying to stop this movement of the stick, but it seemed at first as though he were doing it intentionally. After several seconds, during which the entire plane was shaking, the German pilot asked Colonel Wendland to tell Tomlinson to stop shaking the control column. It was only then we discovered that Tomlinson had nothing to do with the vibration. It stopped immediately, however, as soon as the German pilot throttled down the engines. Tomlinson got by far the greatest thrill from all this, because none of the rest of us realized what was happening until it was nearly over.

It seems that the vibration was caused by the design of the flettner system. This is being changed in the new JU-90's. The difficulty would not have arisen in ordinary flying, but I do not think a plane with such a dangerous characteristic should be flown with passengers. All this time we were flying about 500 meters over Berlin. There were probably ten or fifteen people in the cabin, including Mr. Merkel, who, of course, knew something was wrong. We made a few more maneuvers, with the German pilot flying, then returned to Tempelhof.

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Tuesday, October 18

Drove to Junkers engine factory at Magdeburg with Détroyat, Vanaman, and Colonel Wendland. This is a large engine factory, now changing over from the manufacture of the Junkers 210 engine to the 211 engine. The factory also makes airplane propellers and many of its own machine tools, including propeller-cutting machines. We saw six of these machines in operation, each of which cuts two propellers at one time. The factory is well equipped with modern machine tools. The engines were assembled on tracks, and there were two assembly lines. One of the officers told me that the engines moved forward every sixty-five minutes (i.e., the No. 210 engines). This would make a production of nearly two Junkers 210 engines per working hour. The factory was equipped with twenty-four test stands (two groups of twelve stands each). The factory was nicely built and laid out. Like the Heinkel plant at Oranienburg, it had a well-equipped apprentice school.

After inspecting this factory, we drove to the airport and flew in a JU-52 to Dessau. (The JU-52's we have been using are Air Ministry planes, specially assigned to take us on the trips we make.)

We had lunch in the Junkers factory at Dessau with Dr. [Heinrich] Koppenberg and various officers of the company. After lunch we went through part of the factory. There were three JU-90's under construction. One of them was being fitted with twin-row Pratt & Whitney engines. I was told that this plane was going on foreign service. We spent quarter of an hour inspecting the JU-90 construction. We also saw a number of Junkers 87 dive bombers being assembled, and there were about fifteen of these planes on the field outside the factory. Also a number of JU-86 bombers. The Junkers Dessau factory, like all the others I have visited, is filled with work and is producing planes rapidly.

This was my second visit to the Junkers Dessau factory. The first was during 1936. Visited the factory museum on both occasions. It gives a wonderful history of the Junkers developments.

From Dessau we flew back to Berlin.

Attended a men's dinner at the American Embassy in the evening. Ambassador and Mrs. Wilson were at the Embassy when I arrived. Mrs. Wilson left before the dinner. The guests included

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Marshal Goering, General Milch, General Udet, the Italian Ambassador, the Belgian Ambassador, Dr. Heinkel,[50] Dr. Messerschmitt,[51] Colonel Smith, Major Vanaman, the American naval attachés, Minister Baeumker,[52] and various other German officers and members of the American Embassy. There were two tables. Ambassador Wilson sat at the head of one and I at the head of the other.

Marshal Goering, of course, was the last to arrive. I was standing in the back of the room. He shook hands with everyone. I noticed that he had a red box and some papers in his hand. When he came to me, he shook hands, handed me the box and papers, and spoke a few sentences in German. I found that he had presented me with the German Eagle, one of the highest German decorations, "by order of der Führer."

At dinner I talked to General Milch about many of the infinite subjects connected with aviation. He asked me why we did not spend the winter in Berlin. I told him that we had been considering it. (Anne and I have talked frequently about staying in Berlin this winter. It would be an excellent base—extremely interesting.)

After dinner we left the dining room and broke up into small groups. I spent most of the first half hour trying to explain to the Italian Ambassador that I could not accept an invitation he had extended for dinner because I was going on a trip arranged by the Air Ministry, which could not be canceled.

Later in the evening Goering came over and suggested that we go into the next room and talk. Ambassador Wilson went with us to interpret. Goering seems a little less stout than when I last saw him. We sat down in the corner. Goering's first question was about the trip Anne and I made to Russia in August and September. Ambassador Wilson interpreted the question and my answer, and then (wisely) jumped up and, turning to the nearest member of the embassy, who spoke German, said, "Mr. Geist[53] can interpret better than I can. Let him take my place." (Or words to this effect.) This

[50] Ernst Heinkel, who in 1929 founded the Heinkel-Flugzeugwerke in Warnemünde, which produced bombers.

[51] Dr. Willy E. Messerschmitt, chief aviation designer and director of Bayerische Flugzeugwerke, later called Messerschmitt-A.G., in Augsburg from 1927 to 1945. His Me-109 held the speed record for landplanes in 1937, and the world speed record in 1939. He designed the jet-propelled Me-262.

[52] Adolf Baeumker, chief of the air research division of the German Air Ministry.

[53] Raymond H. Geist, diplomatic officer in the U. S. Embassy, Berlin.

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move placed us in the center of both internal and external politics. Ambassador Wilson left, because to take part in a conversation between Goering and me about Russia would place him in an extremely embarrassing position. He asked Geist to take his place only because he (Geist) was standing nearby.

Goering asked why we had gone to Russia; what the hotels were like; whether many Russians stayed in the hotels; how the Russian cities compared to other cities; and many other questions. I talked to him frankly about what we saw in Russia and the impressions we had during our trip. I told him that Anne and I were treated with the utmost hospitality by the Russians and that we met many very likable people among them; that we went to Russia to see what the conditions were and that we found our trip extremely interesting; that the Russian hotels were not as good as those in other countries; that the cities were hardly comparable to the cities of Germany, France, and England, because the life and atmosphere was entirely different; that I did not think the conditions now existing in Russia are at all good; and that the people did not seem to me to be well fed and happy.

After talking about Russia, Goering turned the conversation to aviation, to Germany's plans and accomplishments. He spoke of the performances of present military planes and of the quantity of production. He said the new Junkers 88 bomber (which no one we know has seen) is far ahead of anything else built, and that he would arrange that it be shown to me. Goering said the Junkers 88 did 500 kilometers per hour and that it was not "a magazine figure," but an actual speed of 500 kilometers. He said they expected to have a plane which would make 800 kilometers per hour in the near future (at critical altitude).

Goering spoke of the apprentice schools in connection with the factories in Germany and of the system of retraining workers from overcrowded industries. He spoke at length on the ability of a man to attack any problem, regardless of his previous experience. Said there was too much tendency to think a man had to be a specialist before he could understand a problem, while the actual fact was that a specialist is often the worst man to put in charge. Goering referred to his own experience in German financial problems. Said that at one time he knew so little about finance that he couldn't

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even keep his own pocketbook filled. Goering said he told Hitler he would be willing to take on any problem in Germany except the religious problem, but that he did not know how to solve the religious problem.

During all of this conversation Goering sat in a large armchair in the corner of the room. He spoke at length, then sat back and frequently closed his eyes while the translation was going on. Then he would speak again. He was wearing a blue Air Corps uniform which, I was told later, was of a new design. Some of the air officers (German) were laughing because they had never seen it before. Apparently, Goering has the habit of turning up unexpectedly in new uniforms. The last time I saw him, two years ago, he was wearing a uniform of white and gold.

I remained for a few minutes after Goering left, then returned with Colonel Smith to his apartment.

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Down & Back

JOHN BERRYMAN

It is supernal what a youth can take
& barely notice or be bothered by
which to an older man would spell ruin.
Over Atherton I almost lost not only my mind

but my physical well-being!
night on night till 4 till 5 a. m.
intertangled breathless, sweating, on a verge
six or seven nerve-destroying hours

Sometimes a foul dawn saw me totter home
Mental my torment too all that fierce time
she 'loved' me; but she wouldn't quite sleep with me
although each instant brought a burning chance

she suddenly might! O yes: it hung in the air
her livingroom was thick with it like smoke
both of us smelt it
blood sludges from a martini

This was during vacation, then my God
she went back to Northampton
& only wrote once or twice a day
in that prize-winning penmanship

I went back to the world sore & chagrined
with a hanging head & no interest
in anything.
I think it was then I flunked my 18th Century

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I wrote a strong exam, but since it was Mark
a personal friend, I had to add a note
saying of the 42 books in the bloody course
I'd only read 17.
He liked my candour
(he wrote) & had enjoyed the exam
but had no option except to give me F in the course—

costing my scholarship. The Dean was nice
but thought the College & I should part company
at least for a term, to give me "time to think"
& regroup my forces (if I'd any left).

A *jolt*. And almost worse, I had let Mark down.
I set about to fix the second thing.
I paged the whole century through for five monk's months
keeping an encyclopedic notebook.

I made among other things an abridgement of Locke's *Essay*
down to some hundred pages
preserving all his points & skeleton
but chopping away superfluous exposition.

Mark thought it ought to be published
but we found out there was one in print already.
Anyway he changed my grade retroactively & talked to the Dean.
My scholarship was restored, the Prodigal Son
welcomed with crimson joy.

✪ JOHN BERRYMAN's most recent poem, *The Dream Songs*, won the Pulitzer Prize, the Bollingen Award, and the National Book Award. "Down & Back" will appear in his *Love & Fame*, a collection of lyrics which Farrar, Straus and Giroux will bring out this month.

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The Bourgeois Interior

Why the most maligned characteristic of the Modern Age may yet be seen as its most precious asset

JOHN LUKACS

THE MODERN AGE, and Modern History are now misnomers. They were farsighted misnomers centuries ago, when they were coined and put into intellectual currency by our ancestors who were overoptimistic in this regard; they took the growing and sprouting landscape of new trees for a perennial forest opening up around them. They are shortsighted misnomers now. Some time in the future the now closing period of history will receive another name. This giving of names is the kind of an intellectual exercise that ought not preoccupy us at this time. Yet I must say something about a principal characteristic of this so-called Modern Age that is still with us because of its protean manifestations, many of which will, I am sure, survive into the new Dark Ages or whatever comes next.

I am thinking of the bourgeois spirit. In writing about this, one must break through a very large intellectual obstacle. "Bourgeois" and "bourgeoisie" are not English words. (From my experience with examination papers I suspect that probably the majority of the three hundred million people whose native language is English cannot spell them without one mistake or two.) The reason for this is that the phenomenon of a bourgeoisie was largely peculiar to the continent of Europe. In England and in the United States large middle classes have existed: and the term "bourgeois" has been considered as if it were their French equivalent. But this virtual equation of bourgeois and middle class has been wrong. They were not, and are not, the same things. Every society has a class that is situated in the middle, between the upper and the lower classes. Not every society had, or has, a bourgeoisie. The ex-

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istence of a middle class is a universal, a sociological phenomenon. The existence of the bourgeois, on the other hand, has been a particular phenomenon, a historical reality.

The difficulties of the word "bourgeois" have been compounded by its reputation. For more than a century now it has been a bad word: it suggested not only "middle-class" but also "unimaginative," "pedestrian," "philistine." There was a romantic and an aesthetic element in this attribution of vileness to the bourgeois. The self-professed artist, sometime after 1820, especially in France, claimed to be an aristocrat of the spirit, and even the brummagem aristocracy of the bohemians professed to be the very antipole of the bourgeoisie. Ridiculed by aristocrats as well as by radicals, during the nineteenth century the bourgeois were hated by the extreme Right and Left alike.

This nineteenth-century, sometimes snobbish, and later Marxist, usage of the term was, in reality, narrow and inaccurate. Marx equated, in effect, the bourgeois with the capitalist spirit. He was wrong. Anti-Marxists, such as the German social thinker Werner Sombart, in his monumental *Der Bourgeois* (1913), made the same mistake, from a different angle; so did the social historian Groethuysen twenty-five years later. They did not consider sufficiently that one could be a bourgeois without being a capitalist, which was true of many people in the rising professions; or that, conversely, one could be a capitalist without being a bourgeois; that in many instances rich people were excluded from the ranks of the bourgeois for all kinds of reasons. In America Charles A. Beard wrote that the United States has only one large class, "the petty bourgeoisie—despite proletarian and plutocratic elements which cannot come under that classification . . . the American ideal most widely expressed is the *embourgeoisement* of the whole society—a universality of comfort, convenience, security, leisure, standard possessions of food, clothing and shelter." Standard possessions of food, clothing and shelter? These are middle-class aspirations, not bourgeois ones. The philosopher Berdyaev, in *The Bourgeois Mind* (1934), again equated the middle class with the bourgeois: the bourgeois mind, he wrote, is both materialist and smug, "self-satisfaction is one of [its] characteristic traits." This is nearly nonsense. The principal criticisms one might level

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against the bourgeois mind are its caution, its calculation, its cowardice, its seeking refuge in conformism: the kind of thoughtless self-satisfaction of which Berdyaev wrote was more characteristic of the European aristocracies than of the bourgeoisie.

After the Second World War certain discriminating writers, especially in France, recognized that the meaning of "bourgeois" was not so simple, after all. In his *Histoire des Français,* Pierre Gaxotte suggested, in passing, that it meant something more than a social class. Jean Dutourd, in one of his aphoristic essays, in *Le fond et la forme,* had some rather intelligent things to say about the term "bourgeois":

> It is one of those ambiguous and inconstant terms that change at every turn of history. In spite of Molière's mockeries that anticipate Flaubert's, the word means something different at the time of the Fronde and under Louis XV, during the reign of Robespierre and of Napoleon III, for the Communards of 1871 and for the surrealists under the reign of André Breton. . . .
>
> . . . Flaubert himself, so violently anti-bourgeois, heartily approved the suppression of the Commune, regretting only that too few of the workers had been executed . . .
>
> . . . In our days the bourgeois have abdicated. In fact the bourgeois democracies of the second half of the twentieth century are socialist. To apply their old discredited name to them is nothing but hypocritical propaganda.

In a thoughtful book, *Métamorphose du bourgeois* (1967), Professor Jacques Ellul has tried to come to terms with this fluidity of meaning. "The bourgeois is Proteus himself," he writes. "A grotesque weakling and a man of iron, an imbecile and a powerful executive, a cold-hearted egotist and a founder of philanthropies, a Milquetoast and an adventurer, a lecher and a family man. . . . who is the bourgeois?" The question evokes the most extreme and contradictory answers. "Was there ever an enterprise greater than the Industrial Revolution? . . . Strangely enough, we admire that revolution and we despise the bourgeois who invented it and put it into effect." He goes to a fashionable contemporary dictionary where he finds that "bourgeois," "thinking bourgeois," "seeming bourgeois" are defined as "vulgar." This dictionary (the *Robert*) uses certain selective citations to buttress its point. Flaubert:

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"I call a bourgeois anyone who thinks low" ("*. . . quiconque pense bassement*"). Gide: " . . . there are bourgeois workers and bourgeois nobles. I recognize the bourgeois not by his habits and not by his social level but by the level of his thinking. The bourgeois . . . hates everything that he cannot understand." This is not much help.

Professor Ellul is quite right when he criticizes these hopeless "definitions." He, too, insists that the institution of private property is not necessarily characteristic of the bourgeoisie. Yet his book, too, is unsatisfactory on an important point. Obsessed as he is with the Protean and changing forms of the "bourgeois," Ellul in effect equates him throughout with "modern man."

Bourgeois: modern. Let me now try to sort out what I have in mind.

Instead of the Modern Age we *could* speak of the Bourgeois Age. Those who talk of the age of aristocracy before the First World War, or before the War of American Independence, do not know what they are talking about. The aristocracies may have kept their social, and in certain countries their political, leadership, but by the eighteenth century in most of Europe the prevailing ways of thought were bourgeois. A sociography of the principal thinkers, writers, artists, poets, inventors of the last three hundred years would show that their vast majority came from a bourgeois background—no matter how many of them may have attacked the bourgeoisie.

The mathematicability of reality, the cult of reason, free trade, liberalism, the abolition of slavery, of censorship, the contractual idea of the state, constitutionalism, individualism, socialism, nationalism, internationalism—these were not aristocratic ideas. For bourgeois means something more than a social class: it means certain rights and privileges, certain aspirations, a certain way of thinking even more than of living. Note that I write "ways of thinking" rather than "frames of mind": for the bourgeois standards and habits of thought were constantly changing; and what was characteristic of them was not their fixity *but the way in which they changed.* (Had the aristocracies had their way there would have been little change.) The bourgeois spirit—and this is

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its least admirable characteristic—has been too conformist, not sufficiently independent. The bourgeoisie tried to conform to the powers that prevailed. With a few inspiring exceptions the European aristocracies during the entire Modern Age have done the same: they, perhaps even more than the aspiring bourgeoisie, knew how to adapt themselves to new rulers, new powers, new times; they did this a trifle more gracefully than most of the bourgeois: that was all.

There was a difference nonetheless. The aristocracies would conform indifferently. The bourgeois would conform with a kind of nervous energy. The behavior of the former conformed more than had their minds. The minds of the latter conformed as much as had their behavior. (The idea-mongering philosophers and writers of the nineteenth century, including Dostoevski, missed this: obsessed with their ideological discovery of what ideas can do to men, they overlooked the more complex problem of what men can do to ideas.)

The Middle Ages were marked by the domination of aristocracies; but during the Modern Age democracy was not yet dominant. True, the ideas of popular government became more current and finally respectable: but democratic standards were not wholly translated into practice, not even in the English-speaking nations, until literally our very times. Typical of the bourgeois era was the coexistence of democratic ideas with aristocratic standards. The half-thousand years from about 1450 to 1950 were no longer an age of aristocracy and not yet one of democracy; in many places of the Western world it would not be altogether wrong to designate them as The Bourgeois Age.

Free citizens: this was the original aspiration of a bourgeoisie whose emergence, in Europe, long preceded that of capitalism. "The first mention of the word [bourgeois] occurs in France in 1007" (Henri Pirenne). It had nothing to do with capital; it had very much to do with the city. *"Bourgeois," "Bürger,"* "burgher," *"borghese"* meant city-dweller. For the European city as it grew during the Middle Ages was different from the Greek *polis* and the Roman *urbs* as well as from the modern American city. It had walls that provided for security. They made for a sharp physical

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separation of the city from the surrounding countryside. This lasted for hundreds of years. There was a definite distinction of citizen from countryman. It was a privilege to belong to the community of the city. *"Stadtluft macht frei,"* some Germans were wont to say: the city air makes you free. This was true at least in a metaphorical sense. Citizenship meant a real community, not an artificial one. The otherwise rich Russian language, for example, has no word that is the equivalent of bourgeois: the nearest word is "city-dweller," devoid of the implications of civic and political rights, of an urban community, of permanence of residence. But Russian cities, with few exceptions, had no walls separating them from the surrounding land. The walled portion of the city, like the Kremlin in Moscow, was there to keep the rulers apart from the rest of the people, as in China.

In England, too, with few exceptions (and, of course, in America), cities had no walls. In the English-speaking countries the rights acquired by the gentry, by the yeomanry, by the merchants, by these developing classes in the middle of the social structure were not predominantly urban. On the other hand the controlled confluence of democracy and aristocracy was the special strength of English civilization: the social attraction of certain aristocratic standards marked the prevalence of an English kind of civility that, except perhaps for a brief period, could not be properly called bourgeois, while it was certainly patrician.

The great achievements of European civilization during the last half-thousand years were predominantly patrician in their inspiration, urbane in their manners, urban in their spirit. This kind of urban civilization, with its liberties, had little in common with those of ancient Athens or Rome and not much in common with the liberties that had been extracted by the nobility from their weak kings during the Middle Ages. This kind of "urbanization" was different, too, from the external spreading of cities with the subsequent disappearance of all distinctions between city and country, the enormous suburbanization of everything that has set in during the twentieth century and that people who should, but don't, know better, mistakenly call the "urbanization" of the world. The monstrous conglomerations of a Tokyo or a Los Angeles are not at all urban in the traditional sense. They have

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much to do with the enormous swelling of a middle class; they have little to do with the bourgeois spirit. In a country such as Japan we can speak of a swelling middle class, we can even speak of the swelling of capitalism, but not of a bourgeoisie in the older European sense, just as the "Westernization" of Japan (as also of many other countries) means, simply, Americanization.

The transition from an aristocratic to a democratic era, or the increasing admixture of aristocracy with democracy, explains the bourgeois spirit only in part. The Greeks and the Romans experienced the former without ever being bourgeois. Their thinking was different from that of our closer ancestors. Their consciousness was different, as their aspirations were different. The bourgeois kind of "urbanization" was a later phase in the evolution of human consciousness; it marked the beginning of the "internalization" of the human condition.

Free: and also secure: these were marks of the bourgeois spirit. Not for nothing did satirical draftsmen and writers depict the bourgeois wearing a nightcap, tucking himself under a large comforter on a rainy or wintry night. When we think of a bourgeois scene, we seldom think of nature outdoors; we usually think of something that is human, comfortable, cozy. We seldom think of a bright glittering morning; we think of an afternoon or evening. It is thus true that the bourgeois epoch was the long autumn afternoon of Western civilization, following, say, the glorious dawn of Antiquity and the glorious noon of the Renaissance. This is what thinkers such as Spengler tell us, insisting even that there were bourgeois colors, such as brown. But there is something else that Spengler did not understand: the increasing "interiority" of the bourgeois era was involved with the increasing "internalization" of the human condition in the West.

All of its spiritual aspirations notwithstanding, the medieval civilization was strongly external, "all things in life were of a proud or cruel publicity" (Huizinga). The bourgeois era of European civilization, on the contrary, was marked by the internal deepening of human consciousness of which Erasmus, Montaigne, and even disillusioned aristocrats such as La Rochefoucauld were early prime examples. As the exploration of the external world

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accelerated, at the same time our ancestors became more and more aware of the interior landscape of their minds.

Words such as *self-love, self-confidence, self-command, self-esteem, self-knowledge, self-pity;* other words such as *disposition, character, ego, egoism, conscience, melancholy, apathy, agitation, embarrassment, sensible, sentimental* appeared in English or French in their modern sense only two or three hundred years ago. And as their appearance marked the emergence of something new in the minds of peoples, something new appeared, too, in their daily lives. As the self-consciousness of medieval people was spare, the interiors of their houses were bare, including the halls of nobles and of kings. The interior furniture of houses appeared together with the interior furniture of minds.

There are many potential illustrations of this. One may suffice, from the extraordinary book of our contemporary French historian Philippe Ariès, translated into English under the title *Centuries of Childhood.* He reminds us that in paintings before the end of the fifteenth century interior scenes are extremely rare.

But from that century on, they become increasingly common. The gospel-writer, hitherto placed in a timeless setting, becomes a scribe at his desk, with a quill and an erasing-knife in his hand. At first he is placed in front of an ordinary ornamental curtain, but finally he is shown in a room where there are shelves lined with books: we have come from the gospel-writer to the author in his room, to Froissart writing a dedication in a book. In the illustrations to the text of Terence in the Palace of the Doges, there are women working and spinning in their rooms with their maidservants, or lying in bed, not always by themselves. We are shown kitchens and inn rooms. Love scenes and conversations are henceforth set in the enclosed space of a room.

The theme of child-birth makes its appearance, the birth of the Virgin providing the pretext. Maidservants, old women and midwives are shown bustling round St. Ann's bed. The theme of death appears too: death in the bedchamber, with the dying man fighting for his life.

The growing practice of depicting rooms corresponds to a new emotional tendency henceforth directed towards the intimacy of private life. Exterior scenes do not disappear—they develop into the landscape—but interior scenes become more common and more original, and they typify genre painting during the whole of its existence. Private life, thrust into the background in the Middle Ages, invades iconography in the sixteenth and above all in the seventeenth century: Dutch

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and Flemish painting and French engraving show the extraordinary strength of this hitherto inconsistent or neglected concept.

Even in the richest and noblest houses before the seventeenth century there were hardly any rooms that served for specific purposes, since the notion of privacy scarcely existed. Much of the furniture, including even beds and tables, was collapsible and, therefore, portable. "In the same rooms where they ate, people slept, danced, worked and received visitors" (Ariès). In the seventeenth century this was beginning to change. The collapsible beds, for example, became permanent pieces of furniture, even though for a while the bedroom remained a public room, but the beds were now curtained off. (Later the bedroom became *the* private room: the only room in the house to be called not *salle* but *chambre, camera.)*

What is involved here is far more important than the history of furniture: it involves the history of the family and of the home. Domesticity, privacy, comfort, the concept of the home and of the family: these are, literally, principal achievements of the Bourgeois Age. How wrong it is to believe, for example, that the German insistence on the patriarchal family, surviving into the twentieth century, was medieval in inspiration! The idea of the family in the Middle Ages was much weaker than we are accustomed to think. In any event, it was much different from ours. In the Middle Ages the lives of children were separated from those of their parents; this practice endured for a long time, especially among the aristocracy and among the poor. The idea that children were full-fledged human beings, that they were entitled to a kind of protected equality within the family, this, too, was the result of the bourgeois spirit. By the seventeenth century it ceased to be customary to entrust children to strangers. As Ariès puts it: "This return of the children to the home was a great event: it gave the seventeenth-century family its principal characteristic, which distinguished it from the medieval family. The child became an indispensable element of everyday life, and his parents worried about his education, his career, his future. He was not yet the pivot of the whole system, but he had become a much more important character."

It was only then that, through the bourgeois insistence on pri-

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vacy, the family became the most important unit of society. Not thus in the admittedly Christian Middle Ages when the idea of the house or the home was still weak. "The concept of the home is another aspect of the concept of the family." Between the eighteenth century and 1950, "the concept of the family hardly changed at all." It grew: it extended further and further through society. As late as a century and a half ago medieval habits of family life, including the absence of the children from the home, still prevailed among the poor of many a nation. But finally family life "embraced nearly the whole of society, to such an extent that people have forgotten its. . . . [largely bourgeois] origins" (Ariès).

The family: the home. If we, in our situation, have any kind of nostalgia at all, it is for this: for the security, and for the freedom, of the bourgeois age, for its *inner* security, and for its *inner* freedom, for a kind of life that some of us have once known and that others among us can still imagine . . . The very word *nostalgia* in Greek meant, literally, homesickness, a painful longing for a place like home, for something that we have once known. Thus we ought to abandon our superficial and sentimental (and, therefore, false) nostalgia for the chivalry of the Middle Ages, because that is a nostalgia for a world that we have not known: it represents an interest in a past that is ideal, not real—unlike our occasional longing for some of the verities of the Bourgeois Age, still so familiar to us.

How curious this is! At the end of the Modern Age millions of people have become attracted to bourgeois things. Certain bourgeois scenes have now become idyllic to our minds. This would have surprised the Romantics: they would have revolted against the very notion of it. And yet it was they, the Romantics, who, having made a breakthrough in the direction of consciousness, provided for the development of this rich and still interiority, all of their aristocratic and neomedieval pretensions notwithstanding. The bourgeois were once the deadly enemies of the Romantics. Or, rather, they seemed to be. Now we know that the Romantics were bourgeois, and that the bourgeois were Romantics, to a considerable extent, far more than we (and, of course, than they themselves) were accustomed to think. These are not abstract or literary spec-

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ulations: we can understand them historically. The zenith of Romanticism was the period around 1820. That was the beginning of the bourgeois zenith of the Modern Age, too, before the enormous smoky swelling of cities, before the revolutions of 1848, before even in eastern America Jacksonian democracy set in. Characteristic of the architecture and of the furniture before the 1830s was a kind of patrician, rather than aristocratic, elegance, something that evokes in us a real nostalgia: for we could live in those rooms ourselves, as we could not in the glittering, coldly magnificent rooms of the eighteenth century. Not only the rooms and the houses, but the landscapes of the period around 1820 breathe a kind of comfort to which we instantly respond because, to some extent, they are still familiar and comprehensible for us. The idyllic component is real, not merely arcadian. Perhaps this interior stillness reflected a momentary state of high equilibrium, the peak achievement of an age. The spirit, even more than the style, of bourgeois interiority suffused the landscape, and it penetrated the minds of millions even in countries and places where a bourgeois class hardly existed at all.

Here is an example: *"Stille Nacht,"* "Silent Night," the song that is probably known by more people in the world than any other. It was composed by a village priest in 1818, in the Austrian Tyrol. At that time the Tyrol was one of the more backward mountain provinces of the still largely feudal Hapsburg Empire. The common ways of life in the Tyrol of 1818 were close to those of the seventeenth century. The Tyroleans wore the clothes of the past, their towns were isolated, apart; they would not encounter many bourgeois even in the somnolent provincial capital of Innsbruck where the *Bürger* were few, mostly artisans, members of guilds, a few teachers, a few bureaucrats. Even now the childlike simplicity of *"Stille Nacht"* suggests to us a pastoral (if not *the* pastoral) scene: the village church in a mountain valley, the snow, the silent night. Even people who know little history associate it with a faraway, feudal and pastoral, premodern past.

And yet the success, indeed, the spirit of *"Stille Nacht"* was not feudal, it was bourgeois. For our cult of Christmas is a bourgeois phenomenon, more recent than we are inclined to think. During the Middle Ages, and for centuries afterwards, the principal holy

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event of the year was Easter, not Christmas, in accord with the Christian theology of the supremacy of the Resurrection, Christ becoming God being an event even greater than His coming to earth. This habit lasted for a long time in Russia, Spain, Ireland, nations that have been touched but little by bourgeois humanism. In Puritan New England, too, and in many places in Scotland Christmas Day was an ordinary work day as late as a century and a half ago. But during the nineteenth century the cult of Christmas began to spread. Eventually Christmas became associated with commercialism and with publicity, much of which reflected the prevailing need of most people for the kind of sentimentalism that Oscar Wilde, wittily and quite correctly, designated as the Bank Holiday of cynicism.

And yet there is more to this. Christmas has an element of interiority that Easter does not have. Beyond the growth of middle-class sentimentality, beyond the transitory revival of the respectability of religion that occurred during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, this evolution of the cult of Christmas in the lives of people reflected the evolution of "internalization." The growing cult of Christmas was involved with the rise in the cult of the child, indeed, with that of the family, whose origins, as we have seen, were less feudal than they were bourgeois. The central figure of the child, God coming to Earth, the giving of gifts, the element of peace and warmth in the middle of winter—this modern cult of Christmas responded to some of the deepest aspirations of the bourgeois spirit. So did "Silent Night." In some ways, this song, like the words of Goethe's *Wanderers Nachtlied,* marks the zenith of the Bourgeois Age, expressing the sense of a sublime equilibrium, a sublime stillness. Of all Christmas songs *"Stille Nacht"* is the simplest and the most childlike; it is not a song for a great choir, it has little of the baroque in it that marks most of our carols even now. Perhaps this was why it had such an attraction for the bourgeois of the world, this *Biedermeier* melody (for it is far more *Biedermeier* than folkish) to which the *Bürger* of Vienna, including Protestants and Jews, responded instantly. It traveled thereafter across frontiers and oceans. In the 1950s the Eastern European Communist governments gave up their struggle against the cult of Christmas. In Tokyo "Kurisumasu" became the greatest

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feature in the annual program of department stores. I believe that "Silent Night" will be sung one hundred years from now. And thus this final paradox; the most massive survival of a religious cult has been the product of the bourgeois spirit.

We have seen that it is wrong to confuse bourgeois with middle-class, for the latter term is sociological, not historical. It is also static, not dynamic. The Bourgeois Age was marked by aspirations, by social ambitions. During the Middle Ages ambition flourished only within the aristocracy, but the Bourgeois Age not only introduced social mobility, it made a virtue of it: nobody should rest satisfied with his lot; he should always think of bettering it. For a while "this eagerness to rise in the world" was mixed with the spirit of the Renaissance; it pretended to fulfill something of a heroic ideal. But after the seventeenth century it became involved with the propagation of education. In any event, even after the somewhat compromised heroic ideal was passing, the desire to rise in the world remained strong. The ambitious men and women and adolescents within the new middle classes emulate successful people within their own group. The aspiring bourgeois emulated the classes that still stood above them.

In one sense this led to a social selfishness that was the worst characteristic of the bourgeoisie. In the Middle Ages "people lived in a state of contrast; high birth or great wealth rubbed shoulders with poverty, vice with virtue, scandal with devotion. Despite its shrill contrasts, this medley of colours caused no surprise." But "there came a time when the [bourgeois] could no longer bear the pressure of the multitude or the contact of the lower class." Instead, they cultivated, selfishly, their "homes designed for privacy, in new districts kept free from all lower-class contamination" (Ariès). This kind of narrow selfishness revolted sensitive people; it still repels us. There gleams a kind of naked selfishness in some of the faces of handsome and successful people, surviving in photographs of an Edwardian Ascot or of the Avenue des Acacias around 1910 that is unappealing, as it reflects a kind of superficial rigidity that may mask something that is either decomposing or already hollow. Certain satirists would capture this better than social thinkers or political philosophers. "Saki" would

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record "a garden party in full swing, with smart frocks and smart conversation, fashionable refreshments and fashionable music, and a fevered undercurrent of social strivings and snubbings." The large-spirited and amused Wilde would write of the late-Victorian English bourgeoisie, with "their strange mixture of romance and finance." It is true, of course, that our very sensitivity to such faults of human nature has been the result of our own evolution: we have become more self-conscious of such things, more introspective and, therefore, more critical.

But in another sense the bourgeois aspirations sprang often from a conscious emulation not merely of aristocratic habits but of the classic virtues. These virtues included not only moderation and prudence and a kind of humanism that was cautious in its demophilism; they included the cult of justice, of temperance and of reason. Such patrician standards of culture and of responsibility were the sources of some of the finest achievements in the civilization of the Bourgeois Age. This is why we should no longer abide by the narrow and distorted Marxist usage of the word bourgeois: we should recall, instead, its more spacious sense, including its precapitalist suggestion of a free urban citizenry. Beyond this, we should extend its reputation. During the last one hundred years this word has penetrated the vocabularies and the conscious minds of the English-speaking peoples of the world: and it is high time to grant it not only citizenship but to nominate it to a respectable office in the building of the English language, which, besides being a means of communication, is a historical building, a living structure of a people's past that has much to say to the present.

But, then, our languages are beginning to reflect this. In the United States, for example, the reputation of "bourgeois" has lately started to rise, at least among cultivated people. Thus the stock of words rises and falls through the years. Their histories are our histories; they both reflect and create the prevailing tendencies of consciousness that are the deepest matters in the histories of peoples. In this stock exchange within our minds "modern" has been falling, "bourgeois" has been rising: a small trend, but probably not without some significance.

If I could select but one painting by a master of the past five

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hundred years, for the purpose of illustrating their historical aura, I would probably choose a Dutch or a French master, of the seventeenth or of the late nineteenth centuries, near the beginning or near the close of the age: a Vermeer or a Rembrandt, a Monet, a Pissarro or a Sisley—very different painters who, nevertheless, have one thing in common. Their works exemplify the rich interior lives of our ancestors. By this I do not merely mean their subjects, the rooms painted by Vermeer: this rich interiority shimmers through the trees of Monet. What unites them is their preoccupation with illumination, the attempt of their genius to paint not so much what exists around us as what is visible to us, their understanding of this deepening human recognition that the sense of reality exists within. Their enlightenment is of an interior, not an exterior, nature. Their masterworks embody a human condition to which the word "modern" is too vague and too thin to be properly applicable at all.

This interiority that we are attempting to cultivate and to preserve (for it is a living thing, which cannot be preserved unless it is cultivated) is our bourgeois heritage. It is not merely a cherished image out of the past, a rich knickknack, an heirloom. It is the most precious heritage of the Western civilization of the last five hundred years.

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Youth: A "New" Stage of Life

KENNETH KENISTON

BEFORE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, adolescence was rarely included as a stage in the life cycle. Early life began with infancy and was followed by a period of childhood that lasted until around puberty, which occurred several years later than it does today. After puberty, most young men and women simply entered some form of apprenticeship for the adult world. Not until 1904, when G. Stanley Hall published his monumental work, *Adolescence: Its Psychology and Its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education,* was this further preadult stage widely recognized. Hall's work went through many editions and was much popularized; "adolescence" became a household word. Hall's classic description of the *sturm und drang,* turbulence, ambivalence, dangers and possibilities of adolescence has since been echoed in almost every discussion of this stage of life.

But it would be incorrect to say that Hall "discovered" adolescence. On the contrary, from the start of the nineteenth century, there was increasing discussion of the "problem" of those past puberty but not yet adult. They were the street gang members and delinquents who made up what one nineteenth-century writer termed the new "dangerous classes"; they were also the recruits to the new public secondary schools being opened by the thousands in the late nineteenth century. And once Hall had clearly defined adolescence, it was possible to look back in history to discover men

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and women who had shown the hallmarks of this stage long before it was identified and named.

Nonetheless, Hall was clearly reflecting a gradual change in the nature of human development, brought about by the massive transformations of American society in the decades after the Civil War. During these decades, the "working family," where children labored alongside parents in fields and factories, began to disappear; rising industrial productivity created new economic surpluses that allowed millions of teenagers to remain outside the labor force. America changed from a rural agrarian society to an urban industrial society, and this new industrial society demanded on a mass scale not only the rudimentary literacy taught in elementary schools, but higher skills that could only be guaranteed through secondary education. What Hall's concept of adolescence reflected, then, was a real change in the human experience, a change intimately tied to the new kind of industrial society that was emerging in America and Europe.

Today, Hall's concept of adolescence is unshakably enshrined in our view of human life. To be sure, the precise nature of adolescence still remains controversial. Some observers believe that Hall, like most psychoanalytic observers, vastly overestimated the inevitability of turbulence, rebellion and upheaval in this stage of life. But whatever the exact definition of adolescence, no one today doubts its existence. A stage of life that barely existed a century ago is now universally accepted as an inherent part of the human condition.

In the seven decades since Hall made adolescence a household word, American society has once again transformed itself. From the industrial era of the turn of the century, we have moved into a new era without an agreed-upon name—it has been called post-industrial, technological, postmodern, the age of mass consumption, the technetronic age. And a new generation, the first born in this new era of postwar affluence, television and the Bomb, raised in the cities and suburbs of America, socially and economically secure, is now coming to maturity. Since 1900, the average amount of education received by children has increased by more than six years. In 1900, only 6.4 percent of young Americans completed high school, while today almost eighty percent do, and more than

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half of them begin college. In 1900, there were only 238,000 college students: in 1970, there are more than seven million, with ten million projected for 1980.

These social transformations are reflected in new public anxieties. The "problem of youth," "the now generation," "troubled youth," "student dissent" and "the youth revolt" are topics of extraordinary concern to most Americans. No longer is our anxiety focused primarily upon the teenager, upon the adolescent of Hall's day. Today we are nervous about new "dangerous classes"—those young men and women of college and graduate school age who can't seem to "settle down" the way their parents did, who refuse to consider themselves adult, and who often vehemently challenge the existing social order. "Campus unrest," according to a June, 1970, Gallup Poll, was considered the nation's *main* problem.

The factors that have brought this new group into existence parallel in many ways the factors that produced adolescence: rising prosperity, the further prolongation of education, the enormously high educational demands of a postindustrial society. And behind these measurable changes lie other trends less quantitative but even more important: a rate of social change so rapid that it threatens to make obsolete all institutions, values, methodologies and technologies within the lifetime of each generation; a technology that has created not only prosperity and longevity, but power to destroy the planet, whether through warfare or violation of nature's balance; a world of extraordinarily complex social organization, instantaneous communication and constant revolution. The "new" young men and young women emerging today both reflect and react against these trends.

But if we search among the concepts of psychology for a word to describe these young men and women, we find none that is adequate. Characteristically, they are referred to as "late-adolescents-and-young-adults"—a phrase whose very mouth-filling awkwardness attests to its inadequacy. Those who see in youthful behavior the remnants of childhood immaturity naturally incline toward the concept of "adolescence" in describing the unsettled twenty-four-year-old, for this word makes it easier to interpret his objections to war, racism, pollution or imperialism as "nothing but" delayed adolescent rebellion. To those who are more hopeful about today's

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youth, "young adulthood" seems a more flattering phrase, for it suggests that maturity, responsibility and rationality lie behind the unease and unrest of many contemporary youths.

But in the end, neither label seems fully adequate. The twenty-four-year-old seeker, political activist or graduate student often turns out to have been *through* a period of adolescent rebellion ten years before, to be all too formed in his views, to have a stable sense of himself, and to be much farther along in his psychological development than his fourteen-year-old high school brother. Yet he differs just as sharply from "young adults" of age twenty-four whose place in society is settled, who are married and perhaps parents, and who are fully committed to an occupation. What characterizes a growing minority of postadolescents today is that they have not settled the questions whose answers once defined adulthood: questions of relationship to the existing society, questions of vocation, questions of social role and life-style.

Faced with this dilemma, some writers have fallen back on the concept of "protracted" or "stretched" adolescence—a concept with psychoanalytic origins that suggests that those who find it hard to "settle down" have "failed" the adolescent developmental task of abandoning narcissistic fantasies and juvenile dreams of glory. Thus, one remedy for "protracted adolescence" might be some form of therapy that would enable the young to reconcile themselves to abilities and a world that are rather less than they had hoped. Another interpretation of youthful unease blames society, not the individual, for the "prolongation of adolescence." It argues that youthful unrest springs from the unwillingness of contemporary society to allow young men and women, especially students, to exercise the adult powers of which they are biologically and intellectually capable. According to this view, the solution would be to allow young people to "enter adulthood" and do "real work in the real world" at an earlier age.

Yet neither of these interpretations seems quite to the point. For while some young men and women are indeed victims of the psychological malady of "stretched adolescence," many others are less impelled by juvenile grandiosity than by a rather accurate analysis of the perils and injustices of the world in which they live. And plunging youth into the "adult world" at an earlier age would run

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directly counter to the wishes of most youths, who view adulthood with all of the enthusiasm of a condemned man for the guillotine. Far from seeking the adult prerogatives of their parents, they vehemently demand a virtually indefinite prolongation of their nonadult state.

If neither "adolescence" nor "early adulthood" quite describes the young men and women who so disturb American society today, what can we call them? My answer is to propose that *we are witnessing today the emergence on a mass scale of a previously unrecognized stage of life,* a stage that intervenes between adolescence and adulthood. I propose to call this stage of life the stage of *youth,* assigning to this venerable but vague term a new and specific meaning. Like Hall's "adolescence," "youth" is in no absolute sense new: indeed, once having defined this stage of life, we can study its historical emergence, locating individuals and groups who have had a "youth" in the past. But what is "new" is that this stage of life is today being entered not by tiny minorities of unusually creative or unusually disturbed young men and women, but by millions of young people in the advanced nations of the world.

To explain how it is possible for "new" stages of life to emerge under changed historical conditions would require a lengthy excursion into the theory of psychological development. It should suffice here to emphasize that the direction and extent of human development—indeed the entire nature of the human life cycle—is by no means predetermined by man's biological constitution. Instead, psychological development results from a complex interplay of constitutional givens (including the rates and phases of biological maturation) and the changing familial, social, educational, economic and political conditions that constitute the matrix in which children develop. Human development can be obstructed by the absence of the necessary matrix, just as it can be stimulated by other kinds of environments. Some social and historical conditions demonstrably slow, retard or block development, while others stimulate, speed and encourage it. A prolongation and extension of development, then, including the emergence of "new" stages of life, can result from altered social, economic and historical conditions.

Like all stages, youth is a stage of transition rather than of com-

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pletion or accomplishment. To begin to define youth involves three related tasks. First, we need to describe the major *themes* or issues that dominate consciousness, development and behavior during this stage. But human development rarely if ever proceeds on all fronts simultaneously: instead, we must think of development as consisting of a series of sectors or "developmental lines," each of which may be in or out of phase with the others. Thus we must also describe the more specific *transformations* or changes in thought and behavior that can be observed in each of several "lines" of development (moral, sexual, intellectual, interpersonal, and so on) during youth. Finally, we can try to make clear what youth is *not*. What follows is a preliminary sketch of some of the themes and transformations that seem crucial to defining youth as a stage of life.

Major Themes in Youth

Perhaps the central conscious issue during youth is the *tension between self and society*. In adolescence, young men and women tend to accept their society's definitions of them as rebels, truants, conformists, athletes or achievers. But in youth, the relationship between socially assigned labels and the "real self" becomes more problematic, and constitutes a focus of central concern. The awareness of actual or potential conflict, disparity, lack of congruence between what one is (one's identity, values, integrity) and the resources and demands of the existing society increases. The adolescent is struggling to define who he is; the youth begins to sense who he is and thus to recognize the possibility of conflict and disparity between his emerging selfhood and his social order.

In youth, *pervasive ambivalence* toward both self and society is the rule: the question of how the two can be made more congruent is often experienced as a central problem of youth. This ambivalence is not the same as definitive rejection of society, nor does it necessarily lead to political activism. For ambivalence may also entail intense self-rejection, including major efforts at self-transformation employing the methodologies of personal transformation that are culturally available in any historical era: monasticism, meditation, psychoanalysis, prayer, hallucinogenic drugs, hard work, religious conversion, introspection, and so forth. In youth,

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then, the potential and ambivalent conflicts between autonomous selfhood and social involvement—between the maintenance of personal integrity and the achievement of effectiveness in society—are fully experienced for the first time.

The effort to reconcile and accommodate these two poles involves a characteristic stance vis-à-vis both self and world, perhaps best described by the concept of the *wary probe*. For the youthful relationship to the social order consists not merely in the experimentation more characteristic of adolescence, but with now more serious forays into the adult world, through which its vulnerability, strength, integrity and possibilities are assayed. Adolescent experimentation is more concerned with self-definition than are the probes of youth, which may lead to more lasting commitments. This testing, exacting, challenging attitude may be applied to all representatives and aspects of the existing social order, sometimes in anger and expectation of disappointment, sometimes in the urgent hope of finding honor, fidelity and decency in society, and often in both anger and hope. With regard to the self, too, there is constant self-probing in search of strength, weakness, vulnerability and resiliency, constant self-scrutiny designed to test the individual's capacity to withstand or use what his society would make of him, ask of him, and allow him.

Phenomenologically, youth is a time of alternating *estrangement and omnipotentiality*. The estrangement of youth entails feelings of isolation, unreality, absurdity, and disconnectedness from the interpersonal, social and phenomenological world. Such feelings are probably more intense during youth than in any other period of life. In part they spring from the actual disengagement of youth from society; in part they grow out of the psychological sense of incongruence between self and world. Much of the psychopathology of youth involves such feelings, experienced as the depersonalization of the self or the derealization of the world.

Omnipotentiality is the opposite but secretly related pole of estrangement. It is the feeling of absolute freedom, of living in a world of pure possibilities, of being able to change or achieve anything. There may be times when complete self-transformation seems possible, when the self is experienced as putty in one's own hands. At other times, or for other youths, it is the nonself that

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becomes totally malleable; then one feels capable of totally transforming another's life, or creating a new society with no roots whatsoever in the mire of the past. Omnipotentiality and estrangement are obviously related: the same sense of freedom and possibility that may come from casting off old inhibitions, values and constraints may also lead directly to a feeling of absurdity, disconnectedness and estrangement.

Another characteristic of youth is the *refusal of socialization* and acculturation. In keeping with the intense and wary probing of youth, the individual characteristically begins to become aware of the deep effects upon his personality of his society and his culture. At times he may attempt to break out of his prescribed roles, out of his culture, out of history, and even out of his own skin. Youth is a time, then, when earlier socialization and acculturation is self-critically analyzed, and massive efforts may be made to uproot the now alien traces of historicity, social membership and culture. Needless to say, these efforts are invariably accomplished within a social, cultural and historical context, using historically available methods. Youth's relationship to history is therefore paradoxical. Although it may try to reject history altogether, youth does so in a way defined by its historical era, and these rejections may even come to define that era.

In youth we also observe the emergence of *youth-specific identities* and roles. These contrast both with the more ephemeral enthusiasms of the adolescent and with the more established commitments of the adult. They may last for months, years or a decade, and they inspire deep commitment in those who adopt them. Yet they are inherently temporary and specific to youth: today's youthful hippies, radicals and seekers recognize full well that, however reluctantly, they will eventually become older; and that aging itself will change their status. Some such youth-specific identities may provide the foundation for later commitments; but others must be viewed in retrospect as experiments that failed or as probes of the existing society that achieved their purpose, which was to permit the individual to move on in other directions.

Another special issue during youth is the enormous value placed upon change, transformation and *movement*, and the consequent abhorrence of *stasis*. To change, to stay on the road, to re-

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tain a sense of inner development and/or outer momentum is essential to many youths' sense of active vitality. The psychological problems of youth are experienced as most overwhelming when they seem to block change: thus, youth grows panicky when confronted with the feeling of "getting nowhere," of "being stuck in a rut," or of "not moving."

At times the focus of change may be upon the self, and the goal is then to *be moved.* Thus, during youth we see the most strenuous, self-conscious and even frenzied efforts at self-transformation, using whatever religious, cultural, therapeutic or chemical means are available. At other times, the goal may be to create movement in the outer world, to *move others:* then we may see efforts at social and political change that in other stages of life rarely possess the same single-minded determination. And on other occasions, the goal is to *move through* the world, and we witness a frantic geographic restlessness, wild swings of upward or downward social mobility, or a compelling psychological need to identify with the highest and the lowest, the most distant and apparently alien.

The need for movement and terror of stasis often are a part of a heightened *valuation of development* itself, however development may be defined by the individual and his culture. In all stages of life, of course, all individuals often wish to change in specific ways: to become more witty, more attractive, more sociable or wealthier. But in youth, specific changes are often subsumed in the devotion to change itself—to "keep putting myself through the changes," "not to bail out," "to keep moving." This valuation of change need not be fully conscious. Indeed it often surfaces only in its inverse form, as the panic or depression that accompanies a sense of "being caught in a rut," "getting nowhere," "not being able to change." But for other youths, change becomes a conscious goal in itself, and elaborate ideologies of the techniques of transformation and the *telos* of human life may be developed.

In youth, as in all other stages of life, *the fear of death* takes a special form. For the infant, to be deprived of maternal support, responsiveness and care is not to exist; for the four-year-old, nonbeing means loss of body intactness (dismemberment, mutilation, castration); for the adolescent, to cease to be is to fall apart, to frag-

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ment, splinter, or diffuse into nothingness. For the youth, however, to lose one's essential vitality is merely *to stop*. For some, even self-inflicted death or psychosis may seem preferable to loss of movement; and suicidal attempts in youth often spring from the failure of efforts to change and the resulting sense of being forever trapped in an unmoving present.

The youthful *view of adulthood* is strongly affected by these feelings. Compared to youth, adulthood has traditionally been a stage of slower transformation, when, as Erik H. Erikson has noted, the relative developmental stability of parents enables them to nurture the rapid growth of their children. This adult deceleration of personal change is often seen from a youthful vantage point as concretely embodied in apparently unchanging parents. It leads frequently to the conscious identification of adulthood with stasis, and to its unconscious equation with death or nonbeing. Although greatly magnified today by the specific political disillusionments of many youths with the "older generation," the adulthood = stasis (= death) equation is inherent in the youthful situation itself. The desire to prolong youth indefinitely springs not only from an accurate perception of the real disadvantages of adult status in any historical era, but from the less conscious and less accurate assumption that to "grow up" is in some ultimate sense to cease to be really alive.

Finally, youths tend to band together with other youths in *youthful counter-cultures,* characterized by their deliberate cultural distance from the existing social order, but *not* always by active political or other opposition to it. It is a mistake to identify youth as a developmental stage with any one social group, role or organization. But youth *is* a time when solidarity with other youths is especially important, whether the solidarity be achieved in pairs, small groups, or formal organizations. And the groups dominated by those in this stage of life reflect not only the special configurations of each historical era, but also the shared developmental positions and problems of youth. Much of what has traditionally been referred to as "youth culture" is, in the terms here used, adolescent culture; but there are also groups, societies and associations that are truly youthful. In our own time, with the enormous increase in the number of those who are entering youth as a stage

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of life, the variety and importance of these youthful counter-cultures is steadily growing.

This compressed summary of themes in youth is schematic and interpretive. It omits many of the qualifications necessary to a fuller discussion, and it neglects the enormous complexity of development in any one person in favor of a highly schematic account. Specifically, for example, I do not discuss the ways the infantile, the childish, the adolescent and the truly youthful interact in all real lives. And perhaps most important, my account is highly interpretive, in that it points to themes that underlie diverse acts and feelings, to issues and tensions that unite the often scattered experiences of real individuals. The themes, issues and conflicts here discussed are rarely conscious as such; indeed, if they all were fully conscious, there would probably be something seriously awry. Different youths experience each of the issues here considered with different intensity. What is a central conflict for one may be peripheral or unimportant for another. These remarks, then, should be taken as a first effort to summarize some of the underlying issues that characterize youth as an ideal type.

Transformations of Youth

A second way of describing youth is by attempting to trace out the various psychological and interpersonal transformations that may occur during this stage. Once again, only the most preliminary sketch of youthful development can be attempted here. Somewhat arbitrarily, I will distinguish between development in several sectors or areas of life, here noting only that, in fact, changes in one sector invariably interact with those in other sectors.

In pointing to the *self-society relationship* as a central issue in youth, I also mean to suggest its importance as an area of potential change. The late adolescent is only beginning to challenge his society's definition of him, only starting to compare his emerging sense of himself with his culture's possibilities and with the temptations and opportunities offered by his environment. Adolescent struggles for emancipation from external familial control and internal dependency on the family take a variety of forms, including displacement of the conflict onto other "authority figures." But in adolescence itself, the "real" focus of conflict is on the family and

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all of its internal psychic residues. In youth, however, the "real" focus begins to shift: increasingly, the family becomes more paradigmatic of society than vice versa. As relatively greater emancipation from the family is achieved, the tension between self and society, with ambivalent probing of both, comes to constitute a major area of developmental "work" and change. Through this work, young people can sometimes arrive at a synthesis whereby both self and society are affirmed, in the sense that the autonomous reality, relatedness yet separateness of both, is firmly established.

There is no adequate term to describe this "resolution" of the tension between self and society, but C. G. Jung's concept of *"individuation"* comes close. For Jung, the individuated man is a man who acknowledges and can cope with social reality, whether accepting it or opposing it with revolutionary fervor. But he can do this without feeling his central selfhood overwhelmed. Even when most fully engaged in social role and societal action, he can preserve a sense of himself as intact, whole, and distinct from society. Thus the "resolution" of the self-society tension in no way necessarily entails "adjusting" to the society, much less "selling out"—although many youths see it this way. On the contrary, individuation refers partly to a psychological process whereby self and society are differentiated internally. But the actual conflicts between men and women and their societies remain, and indeed may become even more intense.

The meaning of individuation may be clarified by considering the special dangers of youth, which can be defined as extremes of *alienation, whether from self or from society*. At one extreme is that total alienation from self that involves abject submission to society, "joining the rat race," "selling out." Here, society is affirmed but selfhood denied. The other extreme is a total alienation from society that leads not so much to the rejection of society, as to its existence being ignored, denied and blocked out. The result is a kind of self-absorption, an enforced interiority and subjectivity, in which only the self and its extensions are granted live reality, while all the rest is relegated to a limbo of insignificance. Here the integrity of the self is purchased at the price of a determined denial of social reality, and the loss of social effectiveness. In youth both forms of alienation are often assayed, sometimes for lengthy periods.

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And for some whose further development is blocked, they become the basis for life-long adaptations—the self-alienation of the marketing personality, the social alienation of the perpetual drop-out. In terms of the polarities of Erikson, we can define the central developmental possibilities of youth as individuation vs. alienation.

Sexual development continues in important ways during youth. In modern Western societies, as in many others, the commencement of actual sexual relationships is generally deferred by middle-class adolescents until their late teens or early twenties: the modal age of first intercourse for American college males today is around twenty, for females about twenty-one. Thus, despite the enormous importance of adolescent sexuality and sexual development, actual sexual intercourse often awaits youth. In youth, there may occur a major shift from masturbation and sexual fantasy to interpersonal sexual behavior, including the gradual integration of sexual feelings with intimacy with a real person. And as sexual behavior with real people commences, one sees a further working-through, now in behavior, of vestigial fears and prohibitions whose origin lies in earlier childhood—specifically, of Oedipal feelings of sexual inferiority and of Oedipal prohibitions against sex with one's closest intimates. During youth, when these fears and prohibitions can be gradually worked through, they yield a capacity for genitality, that is, for mutually satisfying sexual relationships with another whom one loves.

The transition to genitality is closely related to a more general pattern of *interpersonal development.* I will term this the shift from *identicality* to mutuality. This development begins with adolescence* and continues through youth: it involves a progressive expansion of the early-adolescent assumption that the interpersonal world is divided into only two categories: first, me-and-those-who-are-identical-to-me (potential soulmates, doubles and hypothetical people who "automatically understand everything"),

* Obviously, interpersonal development, and specifically the development of relationships with peers, begins long before adolescence, starting with the "parallel play" observed at ages two to four and continuing through many stages to the preadolescent same-sex "chumship" described by Harry Stack Sullivan. But puberty in middle-class Western societies is accompanied by major cognitive changes that permit the early adolescent for the first time to develop hypothetical ideals of the possibilities of friendship and intimacy. The "search for a soulmate" of early adolescence is the first interpersonal stage built upon these new cognitive abilities.

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and second, all others. This conceptualization gradually yields to a capacity for close relationships with those on an approximate level of *parity* or similarity with the individual.

The phase of parity in turn gives way to a phase of *complementarity,* in which the individual can relate warmly to others who are different from him, valuing them for their dissimilarities from himself. Finally, the phase of complementarity may yield in youth to a phase of *mutuality,* in which issues of identicality, parity and complementarity are subsumed in an overriding concern with the other *as other.* Mutuality entails a simultaneous awareness of the ways in which others are identical to oneself, the ways in which they are similar and dissimilar, and the ways in which they are absolutely unique. Only in the stage of mutuality can the individual begin to conceive of others as separate and unique selves, and relate to them as such. And only with this stage can the concept of mankind assume a concrete significance as pointing to a human universe of unique and irreplaceable selves.

Relationships with elders may also undergo characteristic youthful changes. By the end of adolescence, the hero worship or demonology of the middle adolescent has generally given way to an attitude of more selective emulation and rejection of admired or disliked older persons. In youth, new kinds of relationships with elders become possible: psychological apprenticeships, then a more complex relationship of mentorship, then sponsorship, and eventually peership. Without attempting to describe each of these substages in detail, the overall transition can be described as one in which the older person becomes progressively more real and three-dimensional to the younger one, whose individuality is appreciated, validated and confirmed by the elder. The sponsor, for example, is one who supports and confirms in the youth that which is best in the youth, without exacting an excessive price in terms of submission, imitation, emulation or even gratitude.

Comparable changes continue to occur during youth with regard to *parents.* Adolescents commonly discover that their parents have feet of clay, and recognize their flaws with great acuity. Childish hero worship of parents gives way to a more complex and often negative view of them. But it is generally not until youth that the individual discovers his parents as themselves complex, three-di-

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mensional historical personages whose destinies are partly formed by their own wishes, conscious and unconscious, and by their historical situations. Similarly, it is only during youth that the questions of family tradition, family destiny, family fate, family culture and family curse arise with full force. In youth, the question of whether to live one's parents' life, or to what extent to do so, becomes a real and active question. In youth, one often sees what Ernst Prelinger has called a "telescoped re-enactment" of the life of a parent—a compulsive need to live out for oneself the destiny of a parent, as if to test its possibilities and limits, experience it from the inside, and (perhaps) free oneself of it. In the end, the youth may learn to see himself and his parents as multidimensional persons, to view them with compassion and understanding, to feel less threatened by their fate and failings, and to be able, if he chooses, to move beyond them.

In beginning by discussing affective and interpersonal changes in youth, I begin where our accounts of development are least precise and most tentative. Turning to more cognitive matters, we stand on somewhat firmer ground. Lawrence Kohlberg's work on *moral development,* especially on the attainment of the highest levels of moral reasoning, provides a paradigmatic description of developments that occur only in youth, if they occur at all.

Summarized over-simply, Kohlberg's theory distinguishes three general stages in the development of moral reasoning. The earliest or *pre-moral* stage involves relatively egocentric concepts of right and wrong as that which one can do without getting caught, or as that which leads to the greatest personal gratification. This stage is followed, usually during later childhood, by a stage of *conventional* morality, during which good and evil are identified with the concept of a "good boy" or "good girl," or with standards of the community and the concept of law and order. In this stage, morality is perceived as objective, as existing "out there."

The third and final major stage of moral development is *post-conventional.* It involves more abstract moral reasoning that may lead the individual into conflict with conventional morality. The first of two levels within the postconventional stage basically involves the assumption that concepts of right and wrong result from a *social contract*—an implicit agreement entered into by the mem-

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bers of the society for their own welfare, and therefore subject to amendment, change or revocation. The highest postconventional level is that in which the individual becomes devoted to *personal principles* that may transcend not only conventional morality but even the social contract. In this stage, certain general principles are now seen as personally binding although not necessarily "objectively" true. Such principles are apt to be stated at a very high level of generality: for example, the Golden Rule, the sanctity of life, the categorical imperative, the concept of justice, the promotion of human development. The individual at this stage may find himself in conflict with existing concepts of law and order, or even with the notion of an amendable social contract. He may, for example, consider even democratically-arrived-at laws unacceptable because they lead to consequences or enjoin behaviors that violate his own personal principles.

Kohlberg's research suggests that most contemporary Americans, young or old, do not pass beyond the conventional stage of moral reasoning. But some do, and they are most likely to be found today among those who are young and educated. Such young men and women may develop moral principles that can lead them to challenge the existing moral order and the existing society. And Kohlberg finds that the achievement of his highest level, the stage of personal principles, occurs in the twenties, if it occurs at all. Moral development of this type can thus be identified with youth, as can the special moral "regressions" that Kohlberg finds a frequent concomitant of moral development. Here the arbitrariness of distinguishing between sectors of development becomes clear, for the individual can begin to experience the tension between self and society only as he begins to question the absolutism of conventional moral judgments. Unless he has begun such questioning, it is doubtful whether we can correctly term him "a youth."

In no other sector of development do we have so complete, accurate and convincing a description of a "development line" that demonstrably characterizes youth. But in the area of *intellectual development,* William Perry has provided an invaluable description of the stages through which college students may pass. Perry's work emphasizes the complex transition from epistemological dualism to an awareness of multiplicity and to the realization of relativ-

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ism. Relativism in turn gives way to a more "existential" sense of truth, culminating in what Perry terms "commitment within relativism." Thus, in youth we expect to see a passage beyond simple views of Right and Wrong, Truth and Falsehood, Good and Evil to a more complex and relativistic view; and as youth proceeds, we look for the development of commitments within a universe that remains epistemologically relativistic. Once again, intellectual development is only analytically separable from a variety of other sectors—moral, self-society and interpersonal, to mention only three.

In his work on *cognitive development,* Jean Piaget has emphasized the importance of the transition from concrete to formal operations, which in middle-class Western children usually occurs at about the age of puberty. For Piaget the attainment of formal operations (whereby the concrete world of the real becomes a subset of the hypothetical world of the possible) is the highest cognitive stage possible. But in some youths, there seem to occur further stages of cognitive development that are not understandable with the concept of formal operations. Jerome Bruner has suggested that beyond the formal stage of thought there lies a further stage of "thinking about thinking." This ability to think about thinking involves a new level of consciousness—consciousness of consciousness, awareness of awareness, and a breaking-away of the phenomenological "I" from the contents of consciousness. This breaking-away of the phenomenological ego during youth permits phenomenological games, intellectual tricks, and kinds of creativity that are rarely possible in adolescence itself. It provides the cognitive underpinning for many of the characteristics and special disturbances of youth, for example, youth's hyperawareness of inner processes, the focus upon states of consciousness as objects to be controlled and altered, and the frightening disappearance of the phenomenological ego in an endless regress of awarenesses of awarenesses.

Having emphasized that these analytically separated "lines" of development are in fact linked in the individual's experience, it is equally important to add that they are never linked in perfect synchronicity. If we could precisely label one specific level within each developmental line as distinctively youthful, we would find that few people were "youthful" in all lines at the same time. In general, human development proceeds unevenly, with lags in some

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areas and precocities in others. One young woman may be at a truly adolescent level in her relationship with her parents, but at a much later level in moral development; a young man may be capable of extraordinary mutuality with his peers, but still be struggling intellectually with the dim awareness of relativism. Analysis of any one person in terms of specific sectors of development will generally show a simultaneous mixture of adolescent, youthful and adult features. The point, once again, is that the concept of youth here proposed is an ideal type, a model that may help understand real experience but can never fully describe or capture it.

What Youth Is Not

A final way to clarify the meaning of youth as a stage of life is to make clear what it is not. For one thing, youth is not the end of development. I have described the belief that it is—the conviction that beyond youth lie only stasis, decline, foreclosure and death—as a characteristically youthful way of viewing development, consistent with the observation that it is impossible truly to understand stages of development beyond one's own. On the contrary, youth is but a preface for further transformations that may (or may not) occur in later life. Many of these center around such issues as the relationship to work and to the next generation. In youth, the question of vocation is crucial, but the issue of work—of productivity, creativity, and the more general sense of fruitfulness that Erikson calls generativity—awaits adulthood. The youthful attainment of mutuality with peers and of peerhood with elders can lead on to further adult interpersonal developments by which one comes to be able to accept the dependency of others, as in parenthood. In later life, too, the relations between the generations are reversed, with the younger now assuming responsibility for the elder. Like all stages of life, youth is transitional. And although some lines of development, such as moral development, may be "completed" during youth, many others continue throughout adulthood.

It is also a mistake to identify youth with any one social group, role, class, organization, or position in society. Youth is a *psychological* stage; and those who are in this stage do not necessarily join together in identifiable groups, nor do they share a common

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social position. Not all college students, for example, are in this stage of life: some students are psychological adolescents, while others are young adults—essentially apprentices to the existing society. Nor can the experience of youth as a stage of life be identified with any one class, nation or other social grouping. Affluence and education can provide a freedom from economic need and an intellectual stimulation that may underlie and promote the transformations of youth. But there are poor and uneducated young men and women, from Abraham Lincoln to Malcolm X, who have had a youth, and rich, educated ones who have moved straightaway from adolescence to adulthood. And although the experience of youth is probably more likely to occur in the economically advanced nations, some of the factors that facilitate youth also exist in the less advanced nations, where comparable youthful issues and transformations are expressed in different cultural idioms.

Nor should youth be identified with the rejection of the status quo, or specifically with student radicalism. Indeed, anyone who has more or less definitively defined himself as a misanthrope or a revolutionary has moved beyond youthful probing into an "adult" commitment to a position vis-à-vis society. To repeat: what characterizes youth is not a definitive rejection of the existing "system," but an ambivalent tension over the relationship between self and society. This tension may take the form of avid efforts at self-reform that spring from acceptance of the status quo, coupled with a sense of one's own inadequacy vis-à-vis it. In youth the relationship between self and society is indeed problematical, but rejection of the existing society is not a necessary characteristic of youth.

Youth obviously cannot be equated with any particular age-range. In practice, most young Americans who enter this stage of life tend to be between the ages of eighteen and thirty. But they constitute a minority of the whole age-grade. Youth as a developmental stage is emergent; it is an "optional" stage, not a universal one. If we take Kohlberg's studies of the development of postconventional moral reasoning as a rough index of the "incidence" of youth, less than forty percent of middle-class (college-educated) men, and a smaller proportion of working-class men have developed beyond the conventional level by the age of twenty-four. Thus, "youths" constitute but a minority of their age group. But

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those who are in this stage of life today largely determine the public image of their generation.

Admirers and romanticizers of youth tend to identify youth with virtue, morality and mental health. But to do so is to overlook the special youthful possibilities for viciousness, immorality and psychopathology. Every time of human life, each level of development, has its characteristic vices and weaknesses, and youth is no exception. Youth is a stage, for example, when the potentials for zealotry and fanaticism, for reckless action in the name of the highest principles, for self-absorption, and for special arrogance are all at a peak. Furthermore, the fact that youth is a time of psychological change also inevitably means that it is a stage of constant recapitulation, reenactment and reworking of the past. This reworking can rarely occur without real regression, whereby the buried past is reexperienced as present and, one hopes, incorporated into it. Most youthful transformation occurs *through* brief or prolonged regression, which, however benignly it may eventually be resolved, constitutes part of the psychopathology of youth. And the special compulsions and inner states of youth—the euphoria of omnipotentiality and the dysphoria of estrangement, the hyperconsciousness of consciousness, the need for constant motion and the terror of stasis—may generate youthful pathologies with a special virulence and obstinacy. In one sense those who have the luxury of a youth may be said to be "more developed" than those who do not have (or do not take) this opportunity. But no level of development and no stage of life should be identified either with virtue or with health.

Finally, youth is not the same as the adoption of youthful causes, fashions, rhetoric or postures. Especially in a time like our own, when youthful behavior is watched with ambivalent fascination by adults, the positions of youth become part of the cultural stock-in-trade. There thus develops the phenomenon of *pseudo-youth*—preadolescents, adolescents and frustrated adults masquerade as youths, adopt youthful manners and disguise (even to themselves) their real concerns by the use of youthful rhetoric. Many a contemporary adolescent, whether of college or high school age, finds it convenient to displace and express his battles with his parents in a pseudo-youthful railing at the injustices, oppression

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and hypocrisy of the Establishment. And many an adult, unable to accept his years, may adopt pseudo-youthful postures to express the despairs of his adulthood.

To differentiate between "real" and pseudo youth is a tricky, subtle and unrewarding enterprise. For, as I have earlier emphasized, the concept of youth as here defined is an ideal type, an abstraction from the concrete experience of many different individuals. Furthermore, given the unevenness of human development and the persistence throughout life of active remnants of earlier developmental levels, conflicts and stages, no one can ever be said to be completely "in" one stage of life in all areas of behavior and at all times. No issue can ever be said to be finally "resolved"; no earlier conflict is completely "overcome." Any real person, even though on balance we may consider him a "youth," will also contain some persistent childishness, some not-outgrown adolescence, and some precocious adulthood in his makeup. All we can say is that, for some, adolescent themes and levels of development are *relatively* outgrown, while adult concerns have not yet assumed full prominence. It is such people whom one might term "youths."

The Implications of Youth

I have sketched with broad and careless strokes the rough outlines of a stage of life I believe to characterize a growing, although still small, set of young men and women. This sketch, although presented dogmatically, is clearly preliminary; it will doubtless require revision and correction after further study. Yet let us for the moment assume that, whatever the limitations of this outline, the concept of a postadolescent stage of life has some merit. What might be the implications of the emergence of youth?

To most Americans, the chief anxieties raised by youth are over social stability and historical continuity. In every past and present society, including our own, the great majority of men and women seem to be, in Kohlberg's terms, "conventional" in moral judgment, and, in Perry's terms, "dualistic" in their intellectual outlook. Such men and women accept with little question the existing moral codes of the community, just as they endorse their culture's traditional view of the world. It is arguable that both cultural continuity and social stability have traditionally rested on the moral

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and epistemological conventionality of most men and women, and on the secure transmission of these conventional views to the next generation.

What, then, would it mean if our particular era were producing millions of postconventional, nondualistic, postrelativistic youth? What would happen if millions of young men and women developed to the point that they "made up their own minds" about most value, ideological, social and philosophical questions, often rejecting the conventional and traditional answers? Would they not threaten the stability of their societies?

Today it seems clear that most youths are considered nuisances or worse by the established order, to which they have not finally pledged their allegiance. Indeed, many of the major stresses in contemporary American society spring from or are aggravated by those in this stage of life. One aspect of the deep polarization in our society may be characterized psychologically as a struggle between conventionals and postconventionals, between those who have not had a youth and those who have. The answer of the majority of the public seems clear: we already have too many "youths" in our society; youth as a developmental stage should be stamped out.

A more moderate answer to the questions I am raising is also possible. We might recognize the importance of having a *few* postconventional individuals (an occasional Socrates, Christ, Luther or Gandhi to provide society with new ideas and moral inspiration), but nonetheless establish a firm top limit on the proportion of postconventional, youth-scarred adults our society could tolerate. If social stability requires human inertia—that is, unreflective acceptance of most social, cultural and political norms—perhaps we should discourage "youth as a stage of life" in any but a select minority.

A third response, toward which I incline, seems to me more radical. To the argument from social stability and cultural continuity, one might reply by pointing to the enormous *in*stabilities and gross cultural *dis*continuities that characterize the modern world. Older forms of stability and continuity have *already* been lost in the postindustrial era. Today, it is simply impossible to return to a bygone age when massive inertia guaranteed social stability (if there really was such an age). The cake of custom crumbled long ago. The only hope is to learn to live without it.

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In searching for a way to do this, we might harken back to certain strands in socialist thought that see new forms of social organization possible for men and women who are more "evolved." I do not wish to equate my views on development with revolutionary socialism or anarchism, much less with a Rousseauistic faith in the goodness of the essential man. But if there is anything to the hypothesis that different historical conditions alter the nature of the life cycle, then men with different kinds of development may require or be capable of living in different kinds of social institutions. On the one hand, this means that merely throwing off institutional shackles, as envisioned by some socialist and anarchist thinkers, would not automatically change the nature of men, although it may be desirable on other grounds. "New men" cannot be created by institutional transformations alone, although institutional changes may, over the very long run, affect the possibilities for continuing development by changing the matrix in which development occurs.

But on the other hand, men and women who have attained higher developmental levels may be capable of different kinds of association and cooperation from those at lower levels. Relativism, for example, brings not only skepticism but also tolerance of the viewpoints of others, and a probable reduction in moralistic self-righteousness. Attaining the stage of personal principles in moral development in no way prevents the individual from conforming to a just social order, or even for that matter from obeying unreasonable traffic laws. Men and women who are capable of interpersonal mutuality are not for that reason worse citizens; on the contrary, their capacity to be concerned with others as unique individuals might even make them better citizens. Examples could be multiplied, but the general point is obvious: higher levels of development, including the emergence on a mass scale of "new" stages of life, may permit new forms of human cooperation and social organization.

It may be true that all past societies have been built upon the unquestioning inertia of the vast majority of their citizens. And this inertia may have provided the psychological ballast that prevented most revolutions from doing more than reinstating the *ancien régime* in new guise. But it does not follow that this need always continue to be true. If new developmental stages are emerg-

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ing that lead growing minorities to more autonomous positions vis-à-vis their societies, the result need not be anarchy or social chaos. The result might instead be the possibility of new forms of social organization based less upon unreflective acceptance of the status quo than upon thoughtful and self-conscious loyalty and cooperation. But whether or not these new forms can emerge depends not only upon the psychological factors I have discussed here, but even more upon political, social, economic and international conditions.

Waiting Woman

EDWARD KESSLER

On the way to work I find her
Stationed on the asylum lawn,
Predictable as her yellow chair
Or the moss corroding the broken
Stones of the walk, looking
As if her mind might happen back
Through the iron fence. The gate stays open,
But she would not intrude upon the world.

She will be there when I make
My way home. Perhaps, as yesterday,
She will be figuring out a leaf,
A collapsed magnolia at her feet,
Some polished green turned pointlessly
Brown, or watching the weather shift
Like cars that never find an end,
Up and down the incomprehensible streets.

✪ EDWARD KESSLER's book on Wallace Stevens will be published soon by Rutgers University Press.

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What Is a Painting?

MICHAEL POLANYI

THERE IS A STRANGE PAINTING, covering the vault of the church of Saint Ignazio in Rome. It is the work of the Jesuit Andrea Pozzo, done about the turn of the seventeenth century. The painting shows, among a number of figures, a set of columns that appear to continue the pilasters supporting the vault. But these subjects of the painting can be seen in their normal shape only if the viewer stands in the center of the aisle. If he moves away from that point even by a few yards, the columns appear to be curved and lying down at an angle to the structure of the church. If you walk around the center of the aisle, the painted columns keep moving around, always lying down away from your position.

In a paper published in *Journal de Psychologie normale et pathologique* in 1963, Mr. M. H. Pirenne offered an interesting explanation of these facts, and in a book entitled *Optics, Painting and Photography,* recently published by the Cambridge University Press, he has extended this argument further. I think his ideas have important consequences.

At first sight the Pozzo phenomenon may seem to present no problem to speak of. We know that a perspectival painting represents its subject from one central position; hence, when viewed at an angle to this direction, the painting must appear distorted. Pozzo himself gave this as the reason that his painting is distorted when seen at an angle to its perspectival axis.

But this explanation settles Pozzo's case at the cost of raising a much wider question. For it follows from it that all perspectival paintings must be distorted to a similar degree when viewed at an angle to their perspectival axis. And this does not happen. One can walk past a painting, for example, in a picture gallery, with-

✪ MICHAEL POLANYI's books include *The Logic of Liberty, The Study of Man, Personal Knowledge, The Tacit Dimension* and *Knowing and Being.*
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out the painting's being distorted as Pozzo's painting is. Indeed, the distortion should be much greater there than in the Pozzo case, since the deviations from the line of perspective caused by passing a picture must be greater than those evident when viewing the vault of a church from a few yards away from the center of the aisle.

This problem is, of course, well known in a general way. The fact that perspectival design continues to be seen virtually unchanged from directions at wide angles to its axis has been frequently noted. But the treatment of this problem seems to have been rather cursory, perhaps because no estimates were made of the size of the distortion to be expected.

However that may be—and I shall return to it—the Pozzo case confronts us with the full measure of this problem. It forces us to look for a powerful factor that protects ordinary paintings from being distorted, and this must be a factor that is absent in the Pozzo painting, thus leaving it defenseless against distortion when viewed at an angle. Pirenne suggests that the factor that protects ordinary perspectival paintings from distortion by angular vision consists in our subsidiary awareness of the fact that paintings are mostly based on a flat canvas. Our awareness of the canvas reduces, in Pirenne's view, the depth of a painting's perspectival design and thus protects the painting against the distorting effect of being viewed at an angle. According to this theory, the Pozzo painting is subject to distortion, because its perspective is not counteracted by an awareness of the ground on which it is painted.

But if this is so, we would expect the Pozzo painting to look different from an ordinary painting, even when both are viewed correctly along the axis of their perspectives. They do, in fact, look different, and different in a way that Pirenne's theory predicts. When viewed from its perspectival center, the Pozzo picture is deceptive; its columns appear to be a real continuation of the church's architecture: the picture is seen as fully three-dimensional. Ordinary pictures look different. They are not deceptive, not fully three-dimensional. We do not mistake a still life by Cézanne for real fruits and vegetables placed in a recess of the exhibition's wall, nor do we see Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* as two undressed

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women sitting in company of their fully dressed male companions on grassy grounds in a passage open to the air.

According to Pirenne, our subsidiary awareness of the canvas combines with the perspectival appearance and thus produces a normal painting, which does not show any illusory presence of the objects represented by it. The liability of a painting's being distorted by angular vision is thus linked to its deceptiveness, a subsidiary awareness of the canvas being responsible both for protecting a painting against angular distortion and for preventing it from producing a deception. In other words, the Pozzo vault shows angular distortion plus deceptive power owing to the fact that we are not aware of its ground, while in the case of a normal painting, our awareness of its canvas both protects it against angular distortion and deprives it of deceptive powers. This is Pirenne's theory.

But are we not relying here too heavily on the evidence of a single painting, the vault of Pozzo, with its peculiar hemicylindrical shape? Pirenne answers this by additional evidence from the case of anaglyphs. Anaglyphs combine two stereoscopic images with different colors, which, when viewed through a corresponding pair of colored glasses, present a fully three-dimensional image. When viewed from different angles, such a deceptive image shows strong deformation—just as is to be expected in Pirenne's theory.

We have actually independent evidence also for another element of this theory. There is evidence that, seen from an angle, the perspectival design of an ordinary painting is distorted if the distortion is not counteracted by the perception of the painting's flatness. We find that the photograph of a painting taken from an angle is heavily distorted, because the camera does not pick up the presence of the canvas, which otherwise would counteract distortion.

But let me return to the current explanations of the fact that the appearance of a painting is undisturbed by viewing it at an angle. E. H. Gombrich mentions the problem in his *Art and Illusion* (1962, pp. 234-253) several times and classes it with other cases in which we see a painting in a particular way because it thus

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makes sense to us. Such a tendency is said to be akin to the way we see an object constantly, although it is presented to us at different distances, angles and illuminations. One can try to regard Pirenne's theory in this light as affirming that a painting's appearance remains constant, when viewed at an angle, provided its perception includes the subsidiary awareness of its canvas, while otherwise it is distorted by viewing it sideways. We could thus link deceptiveness to angular distortion, while connecting lack of deceptiveness to angular stability. And so Pirenne's theory could be expressed in terms that were already current before, if in a vague manner.

But at this juncture, just when all seems neatly settled, new problems arise owing to the modern rejection of the traditional conception of painting. Remember the kind of statements that inaugurated modern painting toward the end of the last century? Whistler described his own paintings as the arrangement of colors and tones on canvas. In France, Maurice Denis declared some years later that a painting is "essentially a plane surface covered with paint in a certain arrangement." The twentieth century opened with a series of novel works in Italy and Switzerland, in France, Germany and Russia, all showing paintings that radically rejected any aim of resembling nature. Pirenne's theory affirming that we are invariably aware of the canvas might appear to side with this modern movement, which would identify all painting with brushstrokes on a canvas.

But this is not so. Pirenne speaks of our *subsidiary* awareness of the canvas and does so with reference to my writings, in which I sharply distinguish between subsidiary awareness and focal awareness of an object. This distinction—the distinction between a subsidiary and a focal awareness—changes the situation.

I shall demonstrate this by recalling Sir Kenneth Clark's experiment, made about twelve years ago, in viewing *Las Meninas* by Velázquez. Owing to its rough structure, *Las Meninas* must be viewed from a distance. Clark wanted to observe how, by approaching it from a distance to a closer point, one sees the painting dissolving into fragments. He hoped to see a gradual transition—but there was none. He wrote:

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"I would start from as far away as I could, when the illusion was complete, and come gradually nearer, until suddenly, what had been a hand, and a ribbon, and a piece of velvet dissolved into a fricassee of beautiful brushstrokes."*

Now if we are asked two questions: 1) which view showed a canvas plus brushstrokes? and 2) which view showed the painting? the answer would be that the view at close quarters showed a canvas plus brushstrokes and the view from a distance showed the painting. We can see only *one or the other* of these two sights, never the two at the same time. And this is indeed what Gombrich concludes from this kind of observation. He says that we see either a canvas and blobs *or* a painting, never the two at the same time (*Art and Illusion,* p. 237).

But the situation changes if we admit two different ways of seeing an object. Gestalt psychology has long since observed that to look at the several parts of a whole can destroy our view of the whole. Let me recall a case of this kind that resembles the experiences of Sir Kenneth Clark. When flying first started, pilots discovered the traces of ancient sites over which people had walked for centuries without noticing them. Back on the ground, the flyers themselves lost track of the ancient sites.

It would be nonsense to say that when, by moving away some distance, we come to see a collection of parts as one whole, we no longer see the parts. What happens is that we see the parts now in a new way, namely, *as parts* of a whole. To introduce my own terms, let me say that to look at the parts separately is to see them focally, while to see them together forming a whole is to be aware of them subsidiarily. And this is the structure that Pirenne ascribes to a normal representative painting. This is said to include a subsidiary awareness of the canvas. And this subsidiary awareness distinguishes the normal painting both from a focal awareness of the canvas plus brushstrokes, in which the painting falls apart, and from a total unawareness of the canvas, which produces a deceptive painting like the Pozzo ceiling.

We can illustrate this in a diagram.

* Sir Kenneth Clark, "Six Great Pictures," *The Sunday Times* (London), June 2, 1957. This quotation was drawn to my attention by E. H. Gombrich in *Art and Illusion.*

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focal awareness of:	subsidiary awareness of:	no awareness of:	Focally seen results:
–	paint blobs	canvas	Illusion
–	canvas + paint blobs	–	Normal representative painting
canvas + paint blobs	–	–	Meaningless fragments*

1) Starting from below we have the parts of the painting as seen focally. Viewed closely, the painting is dismembered into brushstrokes and canvas—into a meaningless aggregate of parts.

2) Passing on to the top level, we find the structure of a deceptive painting, like Pozzo's vault. Such a painting is full of meaning, indeed overfull of it. It displays the meaning of the paint viewed subsidiarily, untrammeled by any awareness of the canvas or of any other base supporting the paint. Hence arises its capacity to deceive, which may produce absurd results, while it suffers also from being defenseless against distortion by a side view.

3) Between these two levels—the lower one, deprived of meaning, and the upper one, overflowing with absurd and unstable meaning—we find the level of a normal painting. Here we have a subsidiary awareness of both canvas and paint, combining the quality of these two.

We can now see what went wrong in the controversy about the nature of a painting. To say that a painting is "essentially canvas plus brushstrokes" is wrong if you refer to a focal awareness of these two, but right if you refer to a subsidiary awareness of them. To say (with Gombrich) that one *either* sees canvas plus blobs *or* a painting misses the fact that in a painting we do see canvas plus blobs but subsidiarily, not focally. Such a painting includes both the perspectival depth of its paint and the flatness of its canvas, these two contradictories being seen as one joint quality, and this is in-

* Canvas plus paint seen focally could be an abstract painting, and a transition from representative painting to abstract painting might be formed by gradually expanding the part of flatness in the painting.

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deed the quality that is characteristic of a normal painting. This quality is perspectival, but its perspective is restrained by a suffusion of flatness. And it is this quality of depth-*cum*-flatness that keeps a normal painting from being deceptive and secures it against distortion when viewed from the side.

These observations broadly answer the question, What is a painting? But a closer look reveals an incongruity. We have seen that a painting's fragments, into which it is decomposed when seen at close quarters, are united into a coherent image when the viewer recedes to a distance, and I have compared this with the way an ancient site is discovered by rising above it in an airplane. I said that gestalt psychology accounts for this transformation when parts are united to form a whole. Rudolf Arnheim has developed this relation throughout his *Art and Visual Perception* (1954) by explaining the coherence of a painting in terms of gestalt psychology. But there is something peculiar—not mentioned by Arnheim—in the way gestalt formation takes place when forming a painting. This union is not a fusion of *complementary parts* to a whole, but a fusion of *contradictory features*. The flatness of a canvas is combined with a perspectival depth, which is the very opposite of flatness.

Such integration of incompatibles is not unknown to psychology. Binocular vision is based on the fusion of incompatibles. This action works even more strikingly in the use of stereoscopic photography. Stereoscopic pictures are taken about four inches apart. At a glance they look much the same, but actually they differ at every point. When we view them jointly, using one eye for each, they are fused into a single image, uniting their incompatible features into one strikingly novel sight. A deep three-dimensional appearance is produced by fusing two conflicting flatnesses.

This fusion produces a radical extension of our eyesight, but the integration of canvas with perspectival design goes much further in its radical innovation. Binocular integration adds wonderfully to our powers of perceiving what is there, but the integration of incompatibles in a painting reveals to us something

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beyond all that exists in nature or human affairs: for what we see is a flat surface having a deep perspective. This quality of flat depth, which is the hallmark of a normal painting, may be said to be transnatural.

It has been frequently noticed that the colors and tones available to the painter cannot equal the variety we meet in nature; but to possess a flat depth goes far beyond nature. We are facing here no mere deficiency of a painting, which reduces its imitation of nature, but its possession of a peculiar quality that is altogether lacking in nature. And thus we realize that the painter must aim from the very start at producing an image essentially different from nature.

This capacity to fuse incompatible features of an artifact into radically novel qualities has been expanded by modern painting. I have mentioned before the view, repeatedly expressed since the end of the last century, that a painting was essentially a canvas with brushstrokes arranged on it. This view was mistaken, but it did express the urge of the time for going always to rock bottom. In painting this was done by reducing simulation and increasing thereby the part played by flatness. Cubism and expressionism, for example, went a long way toward flatness by reducing simulation, and abstractionism achieved total flatness by foregoing all representation. My theory of the integration of incompatibles admits of all such variations, which have opened the way to modern art throughout its various branches.

But before developing further these ideas of the transnatural, let me enlarge the basis of my argument by including other kinds of representative art. We shall see that evidence from poetry and drama will support my conception of painting. Take drama first. The actor on the stage resembles the painter in trying to simulate something, while this simulation is kept firmly short of deception. In playing Hamlet, the actor must simulate killing Polonius and being killed by Laertes, but if any of these actions were to give the impression that someone had been actually killed on the stage, this would disrupt the play.

The actor's simulation is kept from turning into a deception by

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an opposing force that is intrinsic to his art. Opposition to simulation, which in the case of a painting consists in its flatness, consists in a play in the apparatus of stagecraft. The playwright, the director, the designers and the actors producing a play jointly restrain the range of simulation. A painting's self-contradictory flat depth has its counterpart here in equally paradoxical stage murders and other such stage scenes. Art appears to consist, for painting as for drama, in representing a subject within an artificial framework that contradicts its representative aspects, and I think we find the same structure in all representative arts.

This view of representative art was anticipated by I. A. Richards with respect to poetry. In *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924), he wrote this of the meter in poetry:

> Through its very appearance of artificiality meter produces in the highest degree the "frame" effect, isolating the poetic experience from the accidents and irrelevancies of everyday experience.

But meter is only one artificiality of a poem among many others. Rhyme, expressive sounds and distinctive grammatical construction, strange connotation of words and, above all, metaphor are other fixtures of the poetic frame. They all function as subsidiaries, which, together with such content of the poem as can be put into prose, form the meaning of the poem. Take Shakespeare's Sonnet XVIII ("Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"). This poem of supreme power says little more in prose than: "You are beautiful, but you will fade and die except that you will be remembered in my immortal verse." The power and beauty of the poem lies in a subsidiary framework embracing a simple idea.

We can then define representative art as comprising images, actions or statements within an incompatible artificial framework. Paintings representing objects are thus placed firmly in the same class as plays representing action and poems making statements. They all are works of art, which, by the fusion of their content with an incompatible frame, have a quality wholly detached both from nature and from man's personal affairs.

There seems then nothing tangible left that a work of art could tell us. And this is not far from the truth. The factual information content of art is slight, its main purpose being to evoke our par-

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ticipation in its utterance. And again, it is for poetry that this action of the arts has been first identified. I. A. Richards has contrasted the vagueness and incoherence of our own experiences with the severely circumscribed statements of a poem. And T. S. Eliot spoke likewise of the ordering powers of poetry: ". . . the ordinary man's experience," he wrote, "is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are already forming new wholes."*

From our lives ever meandering, and from things we pass by, poems and plays and paintings call up vague memories and cast them into structures firmly woven and well organized. And as the artist draws on his own rambling experience for subjects to be shaped by his art, so do we, his public, turn to his works in order that their aspect may make sense of our own fugitive experiences.

By means of its artificial framework, which is sharply incompatible with its subject, a work of art takes us into an experience beyond the realm both of nature and of practical affairs, and our understanding and acceptance of art consists in letting it thus carry us into its own transnatural domain. Art does not inform us about its subject, but makes us live in it, as its maker first lived in it—sometimes many centuries before.

This kind of participation, however, does not explain the passion, the breathtaking effect that a poem, a play or a painting can evoke. Some responses occurring in other domains may suggest an explanation. Closest would be the comparison with music, but this would lead us away from the representative arts to the abstract kinds of art, which are off my subject. Let us take rather the triumph of scientific discovery. Announcing his discovery that the square of planetary orbital periods was proportional to the cube of the corresponding solar distances, Johannes Kepler wrote in 1619:

So now, since eighteen months ago the dawn, three months ago the proper light of day, and indeed a very few days ago the most marvellous

* Quoted by Philip Wheelright in *Metaphor and Reality* (1963).

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contemplation has shone forth—nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury. . . .

This passion resembles that evoked by a great work of art, but there is a difference: the emotions of discovery are not transmitted to the student; the latter learns of the proportionality of cubes and squares in the planetary system without being deeply moved by these matters.

The difference seems due to the fact that the feelings evoked by a work of art even in its viewer are existential rather than intellectual. Kepler himself did undergo a triumphant transformation when his discovery changed the image of the universe, but this experience had to remain mainly his own. Perhaps it is in popular emotions that we might find an analogy to the way one is carried away by a work of art. Look how a patriotic citizen of a country—or even one who merely feels at home in it—can be moved by the unfurling of the nation's flag. All the incoherent and unspecifiable experiences that make up a person's national memories are mobilized by the sight of a national flag unfurled to its salute by a large crowd. Thus, a closely circumscribed structure, the simple pattern of the flag, can draw from a man's diffuse life space an intensely concentrated emotion. Replace the flag by a work of representative art, and you see the same mechanism at work. From diffuse experiences of life the clear utterances of art draw a passionate response. Art does this first in the mind of its maker and then in the mind of its public.

One might think that to convey a matter drawn from experience is to transmit a factual communication; but this is not so. Once an experience of ours is transfused into an incompatible artifact—be it in a poem, in a play or in a painting—our experience is turned into a matter unprecedented in nature or the affairs of men. And, when such transnatural matters are evoked in us by art, this event tells us nothing that can be true or false; it does not convey a factual communication.

This does not mean that the effect of representative art lies altogether outside our relation to nature or to human affairs. Works of art may imply certain facts, and these may appear con-

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vincing or misleading. Art may even deliberately express ideas, and these may be true or false. But the truth of such ideas does not qualify them as a true work of art, any more than their possible falsity—although it may be objectionable—would disqualify their utterance as a work of art.

All this may be fairly obvious in respect to poetry and drama, but not quite so obvious for painting. So let me make it clear once more that it does apply also to painting, even in all its traditional forms, which aimed at simulation. The normal painting of all times belongs to the same class as poetry and drama, for it possesses an artificial frame that contradicts its subject and yet is so closely fused with this subject that the union of the two acquires a quality of its own, a quality unexampled in nature and the affairs of men. In this artificial estrangement of its subject lies the power of all painting to represent matters drawn from experience in terms that transcend all natural experience. And therein lies equally the power of *all* representative art.

A few words about the imagination. Our imagination is mostly known for roaming at random, but it is actually our principal guide to reality. Perception works within our imagination, and when there is a difficulty in making out what it is that we see, we send out thrusts of our imagination to explore what that thing may be. And, of course, as it is capable of finding truth, the imagination is capable also of error: it can produce illusions. Most of the time our imagination seems to work instantly, but its scanning may take a long time. And so, as perception can work by stages, so can illusion. There are grades of perception and grades of illusion: stages of perception lead to the recognition of objects that are really before us, while stages of illusion lead to the sight of things that are not there.

Since the representative arts tell us of things that are not there, such arts have been classed as illusions. And the illusions attributed to such art were then graded according to degrees of illusion. But this is a mistake. The arts do not exhibit things that *could be* really there and yet *are not* there; they exhibit things of a kind that cannot exist, either in nature or among men.

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I have said that both perception and illusion are works of the imagination. The making of a painting, a play or a poem is also a work of the imagination, but in a very different way. We have met with this difference before, when comparing the integration of parts to a whole, by which we recognize facts of nature, with the integration of incompatible elements, by which a novel thing, unknown to nature, is brought into existence. The assembling of pieces expected to belong naturally together produces either a perception or an illusion, while the integration of artistic elements designed to be incompatible produces transnatural things like paintings, plays and poetry. Such is the work of an *artistic* imagination.

Modern art has extended the integration of incompatibles to ever new kinds of art. The unlimited inventiveness of our technology is matched by the inventiveness of our arts. We have learned also to see the coherence and value of arts from primeval beginnings to the artistic experiments of today. Such is the work of our modern imagination.

Once such powers of the artistic imagination are fully realized, the widespread classing of paintings as illusions becomes clearly misleading. A painting lacks a place on the scale of illusions, in the same way as the square root of minus one lacks a place among real numbers. The square root of minus one is called an *imaginary number* and not an *illusory number*, because it does not pretend to be something that it is not.

It follows that Dr. Johnson, who warned against succumbing to the illusion of a play, and Coleridge, who advocated the suspension of our disbelief in artistic illusion, were both mistaken. Since no such illusion exists, teachings for dealing with it are pointless.

Thus I agree with Professor Richard Wollheim when he objected to the way Gombrich spoke of illusions in normal paintings. I would say that, when Gombrich writes about illusion, he should be understood as referring to the imitative element in a painting and not to a painting as a whole. Otherwise, the conceptual framework used by Professor Wollheim in his several papers differs so widely from the conceptions introduced by Pirenne and

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developed by me, that I cannot tell whether Professor Wollheim has anticipated any other of the ideas I have put forward and to what extent I may be dissenting from his views.* I agree, of course, also in substance with Mr. H. Osborne's rejection of a complete illusion as being the perfect impression of a work of art,† but I cannot accept his view that our contemplation of art should be based on a limited illusion which he calls "near illusion."

The "integration of incompatibles" is reminiscent of A. Koestler's "bi-sociation." But I prefer to speak of integration, as this links my remarks to my own analysis of intellectual achievements, all the way back to 1946.‡

I think that the part illusion plays in painting was first clarified by Pirenne in 1963, when he suggested that a painting's imitative content is reduced by a fusion with a subsidiary awareness of the canvas. To this theory I have now added the view that works of art are generally formed through integration of two incompatible elements, one of these being an attempted communication and the other, an artistic structure that contradicts the communication. The harmonious compound formed by these two elements has qualities found neither in nature nor in human affairs, and hence it can communicate no information about real facts. But it can draw on our unorganized memories and embody them in its own structure, evoking thereby deep emotions in us. The passions that the artist has spent in creating his work thus generate their counterpart in us who follow him.

This is how artistic structures, being essentially detached from nature and human affairs, can grip us more firmly than our own memories can do.

* Richard Wollheim, "Art and Illusion," *The British Journal of Aesthetics,* Vol. 3, No. 1, 1963; *On Drawing an Object* (1964); *Art and Its Objects* (1968).

† H. Osborne, "On Artistic Illusion," *The British Journal of Aesthetics,* Vol. 9, Nos. 2 and 3, 1969.

‡ *Science, Faith and Society* (1946).

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REAPPRAISALS

Charles Dickens (1812-1870)

HARRY LEVIN

"I never saw such a baby," exclaims the doctor in *Nicholas Nickleby*. There never was such a plum pudding, or whatever other object may have been served up, as there is when Dickens dishes it out. Nothing was ever so fine a specimen of its kind as those nonpareils which populate his fiction. The formula is slightly ambiguous; it could mean, of course, that they never had really existed. But rather it seems to affirm that their existence has been unique, that they have a certain quiddity or essence which reveals them as peculiarly themselves. Many of them likewise have attained a typicality, so that their odd names stand out as labels for attitudes: Pickwickian, Pecksniffian, Podsnappian. That there never was such a novelist as Dickens became evident at the outset of his career, when he accepted and gloried in the epithet of "the Inimitable Boz." It is not less evident a hundred years after his death. He has been widely imitated nonetheless, and by—along with lesser talents—Dostoevski, Kafka, Shaw and Brecht.

It might be said that the critical position of Dickens has undergone two major changes, and that the first occurred when he died on June 9, 1870, midway through the composition of his fifteenth novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. There never was a writer who, during his lifetime, maintained so vital a contact with his readers. Since the novels came out serially, month by month and sometimes week by week, and since he wrote against monthly or weekly deadlines, an enormous and continuous feedback set the rhythms of his life. Like contributors to the *New Yorker*, he adapted the climate of the story to the appropriate seasons of the year. Each installment was in effect a one-man magazine, and its three or four chapters catered to the assorted interests of all the family with romance and satire, pathos and caricature, not to mention editorializing on current issues. Let us not forget that he was first of all a reporter, whose ear for the varieties of speech had been stenographically trained in court and Parliament.

But journalistic enterprise, which could probe the consequences of the New Poor Law or expose the scandal of the Yorkshire schools, was merely the starting point. Sloppy, the mangle-boy in *Our Mutual Friend*, has a small share of his creator's gifts: "He do the police in several voices." (We have recently learned that this pithy sentence served as working title for another evocation of London street-cries, T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land*.) Mimetic genius, never content with bald reproduction, puts its own stamp on the objects of its mimicry. Dickens' "sharp perception of character and oddity" was self-proclaimed in a letter written at twenty, asking the manager of Covent Garden for a part in a play. That histrionic flair found implicit compensation throughout his writing. More explicitly, like Mr. Wopsle in *Hamlet*, he constantly involved his friends in amateur theatricals. Ultimately he consummated his love for the theater by his twelve-year affair

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with Ellen Ternan, an actress half his age. Through public readings, which ended by exhausting him, he played directly to his audience.

Thus the first change came when, ceasing to be a contemporary, he became a classic. A set of Dickens, despite the un-Victorian irony of his long-concealed private life, was accorded a special sort of domestic status, like a family Bible illustrated by Gustave Doré. His affinity with children was corroborated by the place he held amid their earliest serious reading. Just as Greek adolescents learned from Homer, so Dickens furnished generations of Anglo-Americans with their first articulated models of the world. Never mind if those models were heavily charged with more pity and terror than experience was likely to bring. The exaggerations were necessary, in order to make a full impact, and salutary, in arousing patterns of response. The historical point that we must note, which marks the second change in Dickens' position, is that his works can less and less be reckoned—by one of his favorite phrases—as "household words." Indeed it has been a generation since a professor could take for granted that his students had read half of them before coming to college.

This is a simple corollary to the obvious fact that the television generation has meanwhile come of age; indeed its senior members now are crossing that hazardous dividing line at thirty. It is not my purpose to discuss rival media, or to broach the problems of popular culture—although it may be pertinent to recall how masterfully Dickens controlled them through the literary instruments of his day. If his books have lost the consecration of the nursery and the schoolroom, then secularization brings certain advantages. They can be freshly rediscovered as books. To the intellectuals of the Nineteen-Twenties—in Bloomsbury, for example—Dickens seemed much too middlebrow to be taken seriously. Consequently, most critics benignly neglected him. Significantly, it was in 1940 that the staunch and farsighted George Orwell published his pioneering essay in revaluation. Shifting the interpretation from social toward psychological ground, Edmund Wilson contributed his penetrating biographical essay, "The Two Scrooges," during the following year. (Some sort of cycle is rounded when we remember that 1941 was also the year that saw the demise of James Joyce.)

At the same time an Oxford don, Humphry House, in publishing his compact monograph, *The Dickens World,* welcomed our subject into the field of academic scholarship. Theretofore, with the predictable exception of one massive study in German, it had been studied chiefly by the hobbyists, collectors and antiquarians who have kept *The Dickensian* going for seventy years. Professional attention is now bearing such belated fruits as the compendious Pilgrim Edition of Dickens' letters and the reediting of his maltreated texts. Doctoral dissertations are multiplying; scholarly and critical publications are making as much of Dickens as of Melville or Faulkner; and geiger counters are finding every rift of Noddy Boffin's dustheap richly loaded with symbolic ore. At all events, we have come a long way since Henry James was allowed to dismiss the book in question as superficial. When he cavalierly asserted that it would be "an offense against humanity to place Mr. Dickens among the greatest novelists," James made clear why he himself—for all his charm and sensibility—does not belong in that class.

The Dickens who goes on casting his spell today is manifestly different from the author who so engrossed his contemporaries, or from that other author who exerted so wistful an appeal over the last generation of the nineteenth century and the first generation of the twentieth. To take the latter first, because he barely existed, this was the Dickens of *The Old Curiosity Shop.* One of his weakest novels, it has at least the strength to move out of those premises after a chapter or two (reversing Stendhal's *Charterhouse of Parma,* which does not arrive at the announced location until the final page). Little Nell and her grandfather, dispossessed from the antiques, face

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some harsh realities in the Midlands and conclude their pilgrimage among the Gothic antiquities of a rustic church and graveyard. Mr. House informs us that the original London antique shop was torn down long ago; yet a tourist trap continues to operate in its name, associating Dickens with the quaint and picturesque past. In his time he hated the feudal past and addressed himself to the radical present.

A Child's History of England is peppered with value judgments bearing out such views. Both of his historical novels, *Barnaby Rudge* and *A Tale of Two Cities,* are headlong confrontations with the ambivalent nightmare of revolution. The Dickensians gave their warmest allegiance to his first novel, *Pickwick Papers*—if we may call it a novel, when it calls itself a miscellany like *The Spectator.* This providential work, which brought him fame and fortune at twenty-five, opportunely appeared in the pivotal year when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, 1837. But it is set a decade earlier, and it habitually harks back via the Regency to the eighteenth century. Moreover, it expresses the nostalgia of the cockney for the countryside. Dickens was well aware that the highroad ran in two directions. The "Yoho" of the stagecoach would soon be supplanted by the less melodious noise of the railroad, whose herald he would become. He would become the laureate of chimney pots and areaways. And Mr. Pickwick's rural excursions would lead back to much grimmer places, lawcourt and prison.

Dickens is himself responsible for his association with the cult of Christmas, which he shamelessly exploited. Yet even his *Christmas Stories* have their ghostly aspect. If they have a common moral, it is that Christmas comes but once a year. He may well have felt some temperamental kinship when he edited the memoirs of the sad clown, Grimaldi. Riotous as Dickens' humor can be, it is seldom far from heartache. There was much in him of Mark Tapley, that puritanical jester, who is so jolly by constitution that there can be "no credit in it" unless he sustains the jollity under the most trying conditions. Accordingly, he accompanies Martin Chuzzlewit through the severest of trials, actually the source of Dickens' greatest undeception, a visit to the United States—where he found public opinion so oppressive that he declared he could never have written his novels there. If we associate good cheer with Dickens, then we must recognize that he was whistling in the dark. Equally insistent was the impulse of *Pickwick*'s Fat Boy: "I wants to make your flesh creep."

It is not for nothing that *Oliver Twist* was subtitled *The Parish Boy's Protest.* Oliver's protesting gesture against the workhouse appeals as strongly to the sense of hunger as Dickens' holiday dinners appeal to the appetite. The visceral reaction he sought and gained has been accurately registered by William Saroyan: "I read *Oliver Twist* and said, 'What the hell kind of place is that?' " Where such earlier books called for the reform of particular social abuses, the later books are more general—and increasingly subversive—in their indictment of society as a whole. Government bureaucracy, as satirized in the Circumlocution Office of *Little Dorrit,* is perhaps an inevitable target. But the critique goes much deeper in *Bleak House,* when it assails the most fundamental of British institutions, the law. "Money cannot buy everything" may be the naïve lesson of the book whose full title brings it out: *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son.* But *Hard Times* vies with Marx and Engels in its frontal attack upon business, laissez-faire economics, the industrial system itself.

The uncharacteristic austerity of *Hard Times* may help to explain why it is the only work of Dickens that F. R. Leavis admits to his private canon of great English novels. Even Dr. Leavis perceives that the grimness of Coketown is counterbalanced, to some extent, by Mr. Sleary's circus. Yet, although "people mutht be amuthed," this amusement is more pathetic than comic. Dickens' tract-like reportage on the striking workers can hardly withstand comparison with the close observation of Elizabeth Gaskell's Manchester novels. Nor is his individualistic proletarian, Stephen Blackpool, any more convincing than his last

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holdout against parochial welfare, Betty Higden in *Our Mutual Friend.* There, in Dickens' last completed novel, his institutional imagination has outdone itself, with the sharpness of Swift's reversal in the Fourth Book of *Gulliver's Travels.* For now, in place of the organizing conception that usually related his dramatis personae to one another, the overshadowing landmark is a monument to human disorganization, the debris of civilization itself, the dustheap. *Alice's Restaurant* has lately renewed the metaphor of organized society as a dump.

Although Dickens worked for various philanthropic causes, he had no political program for solving the issues that he so graphically presented. If Cuffy and Duffy were voted into office, they would probably do no better than Coodle and Doodle—or, for that matter, the M. P. from Eatanswill. Dickens' courtroom recollection combined with his innate theatricality to produce scenes of comedy and suspense. Yet, always more of an advocate than a judge, when he tries his central case he never gets to court. The fog that winds its way down Chancery Lane is legal obfuscation, the "Wiglomeration" of *Bleak House.* The fictional entanglements are artfully contrived to underline the judicial ones. Sooner or later all of the characters stand interlinked by the bonds of interest—as several of them are by coincidental kinship—in a chain that extends from the proud estate at Chesney Wold to the fetid slum, Tom-All-Alone's. A ray of sunshine, glinting unexpectedly from the cross on the dome of Saint Paul's, conveys a cinematic suggestion that men might somehow live by other values.

Critical discussion has more than made up for Dickens' secrecy in veiling the double trauma that did so much to shape his outlook. His father's imprisonment for debt had humiliated the twelve-year-old son still further by sending him to work in a miserable blacking factory. The episode has been fictionalized in *David Copperfield,* where the youth is compelled to paste labels on wine bottles in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse. Blacking bottles turn up thematically, almost like King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorandum. We first encounter Sam Weller when he is performing his menial duties by blacking boots at the inn. As for the theme of paternal durance, shades of the prison house fall somewhere in nearly every volume. Even Mr. Pickwick is condemned to the Fleet. The two historical novels reach their respective climaxes with the storming of Newgate and the Bastille. Through the person of William Dorrit, Dickens restaged his prodigal parent's sojourn in the Marshalsea. Often his fictional children reverse their family roles like Jenny Wren, who treats her drunken father as if he were a child.

Hence to the mooted question of child labor Dickens brought a peculiar awareness that few Victorian reformers could match. Moreover, his imagination, at its most impressionable stage, had been molded by sudden exposure to poverty and by first-hand acquaintance with many of London's saddest streets. Well might Master Humphrey shake his head over "the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants." If they then appear to be precocious, they have earned the right. No other major writer has focused so intently on childhood, let alone unhappy childhood. There are more than thirty schools in Dickens' books, each of them a different kind of social microcosm. The deaths of children are his moral touchstones. That of Little Nell may seem bathetic to our taste; yet Dickens, with his penchant for happy endings, was commendably firm in holding out against readers who sought a reprieve for her. It had to end that way because he had lived through it with the death of his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth.

"Tis the eye of childhood," we learn from *Macbeth,* "that fears a painted devil." The formulation is apt in suggesting on the one hand the narrative viewpoint of Dickens, the childlike nature of his sensibilities, and on the other the bugbears and grotesques, the nightmares that turn out to be all too real—such as the faces of Fagin and Monks, sneering at Oliver

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through the window of his not-quite-safe haven with Mr. Brownlow. There was never such a golden lad as Steerforth because he is glimpsed through the admiring eyes of his junior schoolmate, David Copperfield. David also visualizes the Murdstones larger than life, and many of Dickens' villains are no more than intimidating elders viewed from terrified adolescence—Mr. Gradgrind, for instance, as introduced while expounding his utilitarian philosophy to Mr. M'Choakumchild's school. Orphans, waifs, street urchins, wards in chancery come closest to the center of consciousness. This is demonstrated by the narratives that Dickens wrote in the first person: David's, Pip's in *Great Expectations,* and Esther's half of *Bleak House.*

The utilitarian demand for "facts, facts, facts" has thus been transmuted by fantasy. Dickens never, for all his concern with reality, professed himself a realist. Rather he might have promised, as Jemmy Trotter did to Mr. Pickwick, "a romance of real life." *Bleak House* was to reveal "the romantic side of familiar things." George Gissing, himself a dedicated naturalist, recognized in Dickens a "mythologist." Dickens tells us how he was fascinated, in his London boyhood, by the words "MOOR EEFFOC" on a swinging glass door. Before he thought of turning the letters around, they seemed an invitation to some adventure out of *The Arabian Nights.* Like Balzac, like Baudelaire in Paris, he poetized the modern metropolis. Every shop could be as interesting as the Old Curiosity Shop, not least the marine supply store of Sol Gills. That is why Dickens' stories have the quality of modernized fairy tales. They reenact the Christmas pantomime of the babes in the wood, with capitalism playing the part of the wicked witch. The age-old morality play of Everychild is brought up to date.

In the preface to *Oliver Twist* Dickens frankly confessed his moralistic intention: "to show . . . the principle of Good winning through every adverse circumstance, and triumphing at last." No wonder Oliver comes through so very abstractly, so little touched by adversity that he speaks a language he could never have picked up under the circumstances. Little Nell, too, is a principle of good; and, since she fares less happily, it follows that the principle of evil triumphs in *The Old Curiosity Shop.* Evil is incarnate in the exuberant monster Quilp, whose dwarfish figure seems modeled on Shakespeare's Richard III, and whose malevolence carries him far beyond mere self-interest or plausible motivation. Sometimes the forces of darkness seem so powerful, and the virtuous figures so frail, that we must agree with Graham Greene and consider Dickens a Manichaean. There are, however, countervailing forces of benevolence, avuncular philanthropists and professional benefactors like the Cheeryble brothers. Normally their pity allays the terror; flight leads to rescue, exile to return; and the orphan finds a surrogate for his lost parentage.

The allegorical conflicts are fought out against changing odds. As the perspective broadens and deepens, it tends to overshadow the individuals caught up in it. Mr. Dombey may be blamed for his pride, Martin Chuzzlewit punished for his selfishness. But the network of human relations becomes so complex, the alternatives so difficult to choose, that it is the condition of England which seems to be—as they say in Lancashire—"aw a muddle." The initial faith in philanthropy is displaced by the mordant radicalism that emerged with *Hard Times.* Habitually Dickens' last installments are grand finales, where lovers are united, old scores settled, and prizes handed out. But Dickens planned to close *Great Expectations* with an unhappy ending; expectations had given way to disappointments; only the intervention of Bulwer-Lytton blurred the equivocal conclusion. *Our Mutual Friend,* although it crosses class barriers to unite its lovers, finally hears them condemned by "the voice of society." It may not be accidental that *Edwin Drood,* where the ghoulish strain is pushed farthest, never saw completion.

We cannot talk about Dickens without acknowledging his proneness to melodrama and sentimentality. Melodrama is drama in

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which we do not believe; sentimentality is emotion that we do not share. Hence, instead of identifying with a situation, we tend to be alienated from it. But alienation suggests a Brechtian clue to some of Dickens' most characteristic effects. One unsympathetic critic, Virginia Woolf, charged that "whenever plot burns low he throws on another character." Plot is minimal in Mrs. Woolf's own fiction, whereas Dickens constructed his plots with mounting elaboration, beginning from the periodical essay and ending with a murder mystery. Now, insofar as Inspector Bucket is the forerunner of Sherlock Holmes and Sam Spade, it can be observed that the modern novel has been relegating that vein of interest to the detective thriller. Serious novelists have concentrated mainly on characterization. Dickens was downgraded by E. M. Forster's well-known distinction between round and flat characters. But those simplistic metaphors were already superseded by the fourth-dimensional fiction of Tolstoi or Proust, which comes closer to the plane of Dickens than to that of Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Forster.

Admittedly, Dickens has something to answer for, which his imitators could reduce to clichés, such as the rough diamonds of Bret Harte or the good-natured goons of John Steinbeck. His characters pursue, or rather overtake, that mellow tradition of English eccentrics which stems from My Uncle Toby and Parsons Adams and Primrose. What makes them most extraordinary —for we cannot expect them to be plumbed by the introspection that Proust reserved for his ego—is their variety and plenitude. No less than three hundred and sixty identifiable personages have been counted in *Pickwick Papers* alone. Taxidermists or bassoon players constitute a respectable, but rather specialized and limited, segment of the population. Who but Dickens would have thought of portraying Mr. Venus in his shop or Matthew Bagnet at home? Purposes of the story require a surgeon in *Bleak House,* Mr. Bayham Badger. Dickens enthusiastically throws in portrayals not only of Mrs. Badger but, through portraits on the wall, of her two late former husbands, Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy and Professor Dingo of European reputation.

Working on so vast a scale, Dickens frequently had to project a character through a few telling impressions. But such tics were keys to personality, like the clammy handshake of Uriah Heep. Playing by ear, he provided many of his spokesmen with verbal leitmotivs, such as Sam's Wellerisms or the *mots de caractère* of the Micawbers. Some of them speak an idiolect, a dialect of their own, notably Sairey Gamp. All of them derive their vividness from the fact that Dickens conceived them as dramatic roles, and some of them seem to be conscious of this fact: Dick Swiveller, whose speeches are medleys of tavern songs, romantic doggerel and smart-aleck slang. Consciously the Boffins act out a play for the moral benefit of Bella Wilfer. Inevitably, in moving so quickly from book to book, Dickens indulged in a considerable amount of typecasting: such little mothers as Agnes Wickfield and Esther Summerson, such redeemable wastrels as Sidney Carton and Eugene Wrayburn. Yet here the variations are meaningful, and the successive versions bring out refinements.

Little Dorrit marks some improvement over Little Nell, while Little Emily belongs to a wholly different species. Dickens' fondness for the diminutive is most revelatory when he is depicting those human growths which have been stunted by the big city, the Smallweeds and their ilk. Those who would consign his creatures to Mrs. Jarley's exhibit of waxworks should reconsider the psychological insight embodied in the scarred malice of Rosa Dartle, the tormented lesbianism of Miss Wade, the smoldering tension of Bradley Headstone, the drug-induced schizophrenia of John Jasper. Although Dickens' method does not give us their thoughts, it makes us understand their behavior. Nor, in his maturity, is he so facile in linking external features to virtue and vice. Fagin, the evil Jew, is offset by the good Jew, Riah. The straight protagonist shows a marked development, starting from scratch with Oliver. *Nicholas Nickleby,* even to its alliterative title, fol-

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lows the easygoing picaresque pattern inherited from *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle.* So does Martin Chuzzlewit, although he has graver faults to be cured by his journey.

With *David Copperfield* the picaresque form has grown into a *Bildungsroman,* an apprenticeship to life which is especially memorable because it is rooted so deeply in autobiographical reminiscence. Returning to this mode in *Great Expectations,* Dickens all but perfected it, although his terminal revisions somewhat marred that perfection. Although David's sentimental education has its ups and downs, the direction is generally upward. Pip's social climb is both more tragic and more ironic. Behind his narration we seem to hear other voices, which hint that he has been pursuing false values and that his rise in the world is headed for a fall. The recognition that he owes his fortune to the convict Magwitch, that his benefactor has been a malefactor, cuts through all the ethical lines that have previously been drawn and confirms the socialistic suspicion that property is theft. Similarly, the heritage in *Our Mutual Friend* is the insidious dustheap. The incognito role of the mutual friend Harmon, not unlike that of Clennam in *Little Dorrit,* is to explore the mysteries and palliate the inequities of Baghdad on the Thames.

Such was the role that Dickens assigned to himself. Those novels in which he confronted the theme of revolution directly, if retrospectively, although not altogether successful, must have taught him how to spread out the panoramic vistas of *Bleak House, Hard Times, Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend.* The consciousness of suffering and folly imparted by these testamentary works would be intolerable, were it not for the wild flow of high spirits, the boundless energy and matchless gusto. Was Dickens, in the long run, an optimist or a pessimist? Like most of us, he was more or less manic-depressive. His gaze oscillated, with nervous volatility, from the Christmas tree to the Tyburn gibbet. It is understandable and enviable that our comfortable parents and grandparents should have loved him for reflecting all their images of quaintness, cheerfulness and reassurance. We may be struck by his visions of crime and violence, trials and prisons, pollution and protest, smug officialdom and desperate deprivation, mob scenes and picket lines, as we enter the second century of his posthumous fame.

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Bad Dreams for Carnap

RICHARD STERN

> *As I understand it, a hypostatization or substantiation or reification consists in mistaking as things entities which are not things.*
> R. Carnap, *Meaning and Necessity*

Youngish men stiffen in a stroll
Mice make out in corners

Imprecision in stratocumulus
Forgetting of narrative
General suspicion of treason . . .

In odd months,
reaching for orderly arrangement,
competing with the period's strength,
Sniffed riot, derangement,
Sought peace in quarrels,
Blue solutions, ochre tubes.

Spring drained primary colors,
Left . . . itself.
"Wir haben's gesehen."
"Went thataway."

Slept in the park,
Took two
and a half weeks
in the mountains
painted an elm on Martha's
Vineyard,
Then, tubes dried, brushes stiff, canvas teary,
Packed up country angers
And took off for the Urbane Disturbance.

RICHARD STERN's sixth book of fiction, *1968*, was recently published. His novels include *Stitch*, *Golk* and *In Any Case*.

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SIGHTINGS

Puppets: From *Z* to *Zabriskie Point*

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

For the serious filmgoer, this is a bad time. If he can find anything not obviously trash (a skin flick, a youth valentine, the latest Godardicy), it will likely prove a specious cliché tarted up with zooms and flash pans or edited on the chopping block. *Z* and *M*A*S*H*—the season's most prestigious hits—typify this genre.

Thrillingly packaged with fast intercutting and bouzouki music, *Z* also excites audiences because of its timely subject. However, although its villains are Greek generals responsible for the recent *coup*, they might as well be Western gunmen faced down by Gary Cooper (as Charles Brooks points out in the May *Commentary*). Trying to redeem an old melodramatic formula through allusion to politics, *Z* proves utterly devious. Its plot records an emotionally satisfying victory for the "good guys" and then tacks on an epilogue to remind us that *actually* the villains are still in power. Yet this, too, is undercut when the fade-out tells us what the letter Z means: revolutionary fervor cannot die. Unsurprisingly, this film is so popular that a dubbed version had to be rushed into production—for even the less literate want to share the contradictory pleasures of suffering the Greek tragedy at secondhand (thus bearing witness painlessly) and of assuring themselves that it will pass (while being helped to forget how little our government has done toward that end). *Z* is thrilling all right, but not for its suspense.

Pauline Kael maintains that *M*A*S*H* is thrilling because it "talks dirty." And so it does, about normally sacrosanct topics like Duty and God. It also talks dirty about War, by not talking about war at all even though it transpires in the midst of one. The mad scapegraces of *M*A*S*H* plot practical jokes and shack up with each other over the bleeding bodies of soldiers they are supposed to heal. Many critics, therefore, have taken the film as "black comedy," a demonstration that war is brutal and absurd. Instead, *M*A*S*H* is no more concerned about war than are its characters; the comic antics are authentic, whereas, in effect, the bleeding soldiers are props. One might as easily argue that *Some Like It Hot* was meant to expose the gangland murders and sexual ambiguities with which it comically surrounded Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon (whose opposite numbers in *M*A*S*H* are Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould). Each film asks us to laugh at aggression and opportunism. But whereas Hollywood's formulas haven't changed, the cultural climate has: today opportunism and aggression are deemed revolutionary, so long as they are openly displayed, because everyone is culpable, although less candid. Only if you take that as an article of faith can you find *M*A*S*H* anything more than a fitfully amusing piece of college humor, performed and directed with an insouciance appropriate to its modest budget.

Dismayed by the season's "best" films

✪ CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS, associate professor of English at Williams College, has been awarded a $15,000 Senior Fellowship by the National Humanities Endowment for research for a book to be entitled *Mastering the Film*.

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(Costa-Gavras' *Z* won an Academy Award for best foreign film; a process reversed when Robert Altman's *M*A*S*H* won the *Palme D'Or* at Cannes), I decided to devote this column to the work of more esteemed filmmakers—Federico Fellini, François Truffaut, Ingmar Bergman and Michelangelo Antonioni—each of whom recently opened a new film in New York. Four works misbegotten by masters create for the serious filmgoer not merely a "bad time" but something of a cinematic crisis.

In Fellini's case, the crisis seems largely personal, although several of his remarks might make one think otherwise. To an interviewer from the New York *Times,* he asserted that his *Satyricon* lacks meaning in the conventional sense of the term; when pressed for elaboration, he hid behind the film's appeal to youth, who presumably share his hatred of words. Such comments help us to understand why *Fellini Satyricon* is popular; one must look elsewhere to learn why it fails.

From the beginning, Fellini's work has revealed a complex attitude toward his favorite subjects: fantasy, spectacle and theater. His first film (*Variety Lights*), which he coauthored and codirected, tells of a provincial girl who takes up with a tacky vaudeville troupe. Because she unscrupulously exploits its leading comedian to further her career, she inspires a contempt that throws our sympathy to the vaudevillians, who would otherwise seem only ludicrous. The resulting balance between satire and sympathy characterizes Fellini at his best.

This balance underlies his greatest films: *The White Sheik,* a comedy about *fumetti* (live-action comic strips), and *I Vitelloni,* about the fantasies of some small-town loafers. In each case, Fellini mocks the phony dreams that seduce his simpletons, while at the same time providing poignant evidence that their barren lives might make tinsel seem gold.

But between *I Vitelloni* and his next feature a shift occurred. With *La Strada,* Fellini begins to imagine the star-struck dupe as a divine innocent and the theatrical antagonist as a downright villain. This melodramatic perspective suits a parable like *La Strada,* but it wrecks *Il Bidone* and almost wrecks *The Nights of Cabiria.* In *La Dolce Vita,* Fellini sees in glamor nothing more than corruption. His new moralism, however, is oddly indistinguishable from prurience. Passing over the problematic *8½,* we find Fellini's prurience gone wild, so that in *Juliet of the Spirits,* the theatricalism that was formerly his subject becomes a lurid method. From the empty circus of *Juliet,* it was but a short step to the freak show of *Fellini Satyricon.*

Or, as Fellini would have it, to the dream. In an interview with Alberto Moravia, he said that his film was designed to have "the enigmatic transparency, the indecipherable clarity of dreams." Instead, Fellini has produced almost the opposite: a film the general meaning of which is clear while the details (sometimes literally) are fogbound.

Only the conception can be understood; to Fellini, ancient Rome equals orgies, cruelties and sacrilege: in short, *La Dolce Vita* pushed back two thousand years. But *Fellini Satyricon* lacks even the minimal verisimilitude of its prototype. As a result, we rarely know why any one of the characters goes anywhere or why he acts as he does when he arrives. All we comprehend is that his action is meant to be disreputable. Surely a zeal for thematic clarity lies behind Fellini's few additions to his source in Petronius. Thus a nymphomaniac tied to a cart and wheeled about in search of assuagement tells us that Roman hedonism is self-punishing, just as the scene in a hermaphrodite's cave shows us that Roman religion is futile.

When a sequence seems designed to make a somewhat different point, Fellini blurs the distinction. So he makes the Villa of the Suicides a placid, elegant place where a patrician kills himself, presumably to seek a better world (compare Steiner in *La Dolce Vita*); but he stages the suicide in a way that makes it scarcely less bloody than what it is meant to counterpoint. Similarly, when the hero Encolpius tries to have his virility restored in The Garden of Delights, Fellini employs the same

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species of painted harridans and deformed servants who populate less delectable spheres.

Nothing appears redundant to Fellini if it can inspire revulsion. The printed script shows that one of the few scenes he elaborated in production was the visit to the hermaphrodite, to which he added a Lourdes-worth of cripples. Perhaps we need to see an actor's hand chopped off in the early sequence of Vernacchio's play to learn how indifferent a Roman audience was to suffering. But why must a lamb's throat be cut before Encolpius marries Lichas, and why must its blood be carried in a bowl by a deformed dwarf, as if we didn't already get the point that it is kinky for one male to wed another?

Fellini is in a sweat to show us that Rome is terrible, although that doesn't keep him from exploiting its vices. How foreign this is to Petronius, who documents his fellow Romans with the neutral high spirits of intelligence—exactly as Fellini documented *his* Romans in earlier films. Now Fellini has become a sort of Savonarola, but at least that ancestor had a real world to inveigh against. Fellini, on the other hand, is heavily moralistic about a figment of his imagination. Although misunderstanding the implication, Fellini delivered the definitive critique of *Satyricon* when he reported that his historical researches were undertaken to help him forget the actual Rome and that the real inspiration for his dream of ancient malefaction was the cinema.

But whereas cinema usually permits a convincing re-creation of reality and externalization of motives, Fellini makes it difficult for one to believe what is going on. Why, for example, does a platform piled high with immobile people pass by an open window in the art gallery sequence? Why are Trimalchio's guests seen in phalanx formation in some gigantic pool? (Are they too poor to bathe at home? If so, how could so snobbish a host have invited them? Are they there for group sex? If so, why don't they turn toward each other?) Why do they hop up and down when Trimalchio enters? Why does the ghetto crumble after Ascyltus leaves with Giton? Why is a monstrous fish hauled on Lichas' barge? Why is Encolpius beaten to restore his potency? Why does anything happen in this film? Because Fellini wanted the effect.

Yet effects are consistently bungled. Through much of the film, as in the early montage of a red-light district, things go by so fast that we must be assiduous if we want to perceive them. When Lichas is decapitated, Fellini ruins the powerful image of his head sinking into the sea by preceding it with the fall of an obvious dummy. Encolpius begins the film by declaiming at such a pitch that we suspect him of being crazy. And what are we to think of Ascyltus, who delivers his first speech while crawling on all fours toward or away from the camera? The actors babble in different languages, and Fellini dubs them asynchronously. At one time, he attributed this seeming error to his desire for Brechtian distance, but elsewhere he gave a less ingenuous reason for the effect: *Satyricon* was made with relatively little money.

Heavy-handed in meaning, simultaneously garish and obscure in detail, Fellini's dream is only self-referring. If it succeeds at all in reaching the audience, credit must go to the designers, scene painters, costumers and make-up men. Characteristic techniques appear—from lavish parades to constant panning—but, of Fellini's talent, all that remains is a casting director's instinct for faces. Formerly the faces belonged to people. Now they are masks, grotesquely painted and randomly hung in a carpentered space utterly devoid of human relevance.

In some ways, Truffaut's new film is no less vulnerable to criticism. Like *Fellini Satyricon, Mississippi Mermaid* raids its creator's previous work. Its theme and heroine wanly reflect prototypes in *Jules and Jim;* a principal scene, in which the hero undresses his lover while she pretends to sleep, comes from *The Soft Skin;* the final locale is borrowed from *Shoot the Piano Player,* and its snowfalls from *Fahrenheit 451;* the very footage from the

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hero's dream in a hospital seems to have been reproduced from the latter film.

Also, like *Fellini Satyricon,* Truffaut's film violates its source. But Fellini desecrated a classic; Truffaut doesn't desecrate enough, doesn't subvert his trashy detective story as he formerly subverted pulp novels to produce the tragicomic masterpiece, *Shoot the Piano Player,* and that underrated morality play, *The Bride Wore Black.*

On its face, this new plot is no more preposterous than the others. A rich French planter engages a mail-order bride and finds, to his delight, that she is lovelier than her photograph. Smitten with the girl, he gives her access to his bank account, only to have her rob him and flee. After discovering that she had also helped murder his original fiancée, he hires a detective to track her down; but when he does so himself, he is forced to admit that his hunt was inspired not by vengeance but by love. Because he loves her, he kills the detective who now threatens their future. Nonetheless, the couple doesn't get on well, and she tries to eliminate him with rat poison. When he reveals that he knows of her intentions, love, formerly repressed but now energized by guilt, wells up in her; and the two establish a relationship, mingling joy and pain, that, in Truffaut's view, typifies all romance.

Truffaut is very deliberate about turning his thriller into a love story. Late in the film, his couple leaves a cinema where they had just seen the Nicholas Ray Western, *Johnny Guitar* (a *Cahiers du Cinéma* classic; *Mississippi Mermaid* is full of such private references, *comme il* Truf*faut*). "You're right," the girl says, "it's not a film about horses." "Yes," he replies, "it's a film about people and feelings." To which she responds, "They [the film's stars] were both wonderful."

Unfortunately, in addition to being physically unbelievable in their roles, Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Paul Belmondo are not wonderful, and so cannot transform Truffaut's cops-and-robbers story into a study of people and feelings. Belmondo can climb balconies, as he does in a long, irrelevant scene that is merely in the film to let him perform his specialty; but he cannot convey the depth of obsessive love. Miss Deneuve cannot convey anything, although she is beautiful and has lovely breasts (which Truffaut halts the film twice to display). We can imagine a man desiring her, but she is too boring to inspire such maniacal fidelity.

That Truffaut threw his film away on two vapid stars suggests a hypersensitivity to cinematic conventions, which produces on the one hand his serious parodies endowing old forms with life, and on the other his tendency to confuse life with movies. *Shoot the Piano Player,* for example, can use a Humphrey Bogart mannerism to expose its hero's willed isolation; *Mississippi Mermaid* treats movie mannerisms as inherently meaningful. Dedicated to Jean Renoir, it begins by illustrating the history of Belmondo's island home through a film clip from *La Marseillaise,* as if Renoir's film were indeed a document and not a fiction. Later, when Truffaut masks the sides of his screen during an important love scene between his principals, we are reminded—superfluously in so incredible a story—that, after all, we are only watching a film.

This effect is heightened by Truffaut's emphasis not on the intricacies of his characters—that is, on what makes fiction seem relevant to life—but on the hoary conventions and coincidences of its plot. Yet his film is obviously not designed as a thriller; at many points it does turn stereotypes into interesting people. After Belmondo kills the detective, for example, Deneuve, who had consistently dominated her husband by either offering or withholding sex, loses herself and insists that he take her without disrobing. Later, when he awakens from postcoital sleep, he is disturbed to find her in the kitchen, eating oranges. Or we have the lovely scene at Aix in which Belmondo explains the poignancy of having revealed his dream in a want ad. Consigned to real actors, this love story might have worked. Had the girl's dormant emotions been suggested earlier, we might have believed the release of love by guilt.

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Unlike Fellini's, Truffaut's theme is a good one. Except for his principals, each of his characters is lifelike, which can be said for none of Fellini's. Consider, in the Truffaut film, the murdered girl's sister, a hard-nosed Frenchwoman with darting eyes. She pridefully refuses to let Belmondo pay the entire fee when both consult the detective. As Belmondo begins to sign his check, the camera cuts to her face while it trembles between frugality and suspicion. Finally she bursts out with her belief that this is no time for him to be gallant. The camera then draws back for a medium shot as both persons begin to write. Still distracted by conflicting emotions, she has difficulty getting her pen to work.

Matching such triumphs of staging are the editing of certain sequences. When Belmondo discovers that Deneuve has fled, he drives frantically in search of his banker. The camera frames his head and shoulders while his automobile negotiates a corniche, and we hear on the sound track the conversation he will later have at the bank. This departure from realism enlivens a scene that would have been routine if actually dramatized; it is psychologically right that Belmondo's anxiety elide the time between starting out and arriving at his destination; and asynchronous dramatization makes more comic the final dialogue: "How much did I have in the bank?" "28,000,000 francs." "How much did Madame withdraw?" "27,850,000. I will need *your* authorization to close the account."

Fellini's film turns a sour grimace of content into a lurid smile of execution, self-regarding and self-important. By comparison, Truffaut tells a nearly meaningful story with a set of inadequate dolls. But if his primitive puppets are hardly more intense than Fellini's baroque masks, they at least intimate some general truth.

General truths are Ingmar Bergman's stock-in-trade. Other directors surpass him in mastery of form or produce individual films that are richer in both thought and feeling, but no one else has created an *oeuvre* unified by a comprehensive view of life. Occasionally portentous, sometimes naïvely solemn, Bergman's seriousness nevertheless demands our respect. Unlike Fellini, he could never be guilty of sensationalism, nor could he, like Truffaut, waste his artistry on trifles. (Who but Bergman can be grimly meaningful even in farce?) Although he has produced more bad films than any director of comparable stature, he has also produced more great ones (*The Naked Night, Persona, Shame, Winter Light*), and more fine ones (*Smiles of a Summer Night, Wild Strawberries, The Magician*).

For these reasons, and because he seemed with *Persona* to have entered his greatest period, the failure of his latest film is dispiriting. Whenever I see a Bergman opus like *The Passion of Anna,* I am reminded of an old skit in which Nancy Walker played a beleaguered ballet dancer, among whose many torments was a boyfriend with a solution looking for a problem. Similarly, Bergman formulates answers and then casts about for characters capable of putting the right question. In the new film, we can locate the exact moment at which these characters fail.

The Passion of Anna begins with a ravishing shot of sheep crossing a meadow and then cuts to a terra-cotta roof being worked on by the hero, Andreas Winkelman (Max von Sydow). In voice-over, he introduces himself, while we discover him through action. Persuaded by the eloquent realism with which his chores are shot that this is a happy workman, we are slightly disturbed when the brilliant sunset he stops to watch ominously clouds over. But the sound of sheep bells and the sight of his heavy instep on a ladder rung renew our sense that we are watching a man in his element. Then a cement bucket falls. He picks it up. It falls again. He leaves it there. Although comically, the image of perfect attunement is shattered. Subsequently, it is shattered again by his fruitless contact with an old peddler Johan, and by Anna, who intrudes on his resumed labor. She asks to use his telephone and, although he mimes his shame, he listens in on her conversation. Tearfully, she begs the man she called to give her some of the money left by her late husband. Apparently the man refuses,

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and when the call is finished she breaks down. Recovering herself, she takes leave of Andreas, but we see how deep an impression she has made. Then, when we feel we have the hero and the plot in focus, a clapstick is struck, and we leave both to hear Max von Sydow discuss his role. "It is very difficult for an actor," he says, "to express a man who is expressionless."

When Bergman stops his story to interview his star, we immediately recall that uneasiness about art is a characteristic theme, which can be traced from his first original script (*Prison,* 1948), through the troubled apologia of *The Magician* (1958), to a magnificent climax in *Persona* (1966). But *Persona* dramatizes Bergman's self-doubt; in *The Passion of Anna* Bergman's doubt serves rather to explain his failure to dramatize. An actor should be able to express expressionlessness or, at least, to try, just as a writer (Bergman) should try to create, not assert, his characters. In *The Passion of Anna* Bergman has not devised enough scenes to fill in the outline of Andreas Winkelman, so he and Max von Sydow must sit around discussing him.

The film is full of expedients replacing drama: there are interviews with three other principal actors, much voice-over narration, and the kind of "key lines" that make one smile at Bergman's incorrigible rhetoric. Worse, all these are unnecessary, for the plot is inherently rich.

Andreas was driven to his island retreat by legal difficulties and a failed marriage. Anna's appearance makes him come out of himself when he finds a letter, written to her by her husband, which shows that she too married badly. But when he tries to return the letter, and thus becomes involved with her friends, he discovers her passionate denial of the truth. Anna's friends aren't well-married either, and Andreas drifts into a casual affair with the wife, Eva. Shortly afterwards, however, he takes up with Anna, although they too have problems.

A subplot triggers the conclusion. On the island, animals are being mysteriously tortured or killed, and Johan, although innocent, is punished for the crimes. When Johan tells Andreas the latter is his only friend, Andreas seems disgusted at his own moral pretensions and releases his disgust by attacking Anna. A brutal fight ensues. She acknowledges his charge of false romanticism, but they can never again come together. So the film ends with him, standing alone, decomposing through an optical effect, as narration tells us that he is her second victim.

Unfortunately, key connections in the plot are missing. We never learn why Andreas committed the crimes that sent him into hiding or what bearing they have on his character. We never understand why Eva comes to him for comfort or why (if?) their affair caused him to live with Anna. Some symbolic connection may be inferred between plot and subplot—the humans are sometimes compared to animals and both are presumably tortured by an unidentifiable force—but the distinctions are too great to make the inference seem valid. And if we accept it, what is the function of Johan's ordeal? It illustrates human cruelty, the waywardness of human justice, but what do those matters have to do with the film's featured wickedness: the ironic moral bullying of Anna's romanticism? Is Bergman saying nothing more than that the world in which Johan suffers can't support a view like Anna's? If so, he is both redundant (the film is full of such suffering) and excessive (Johan's experience is too painful to prove a point so obvious).

Because of these vague connections, the ending—although photographically powerful—seems pretentious. Surely we can't expect the couple to stay together after so roundly exposing each other, but why must they part in so operatic a fashion? And in what sense has Andreas been her victim? Bergman does not even show us enough of their life together to dramatize causality, if indeed there is any warrant for it.

He doesn't take the time because he is too busy alluding to other characteristic themes. In a brilliant dinner party sequence —awash in tones of gold and conviviality— Eva suddenly brings up the question of whether she believes in God, who appears

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here much as Hitchcock appears in one of *his* films—as a trademark. Later, her husband gives Andreas a lecture on the falsities of photography and on the viewer's responsibility for what he sees: matters that fascinate Bergman and relate to the actors' interviews but that have little to do with the plot. We are constantly reminded of Anna's duplicity through intercuts of her letter, a device that is artificially intrusive. Similarly, we discover the cause of Andreas' marital failure by an intercut sequence in which some woman—presumably his wife—accuses him, after intercourse, of having cancer of the soul. When Bergman cuts from this to Andreas, who says he's thinking of cancer, to which Anna replies, "I'm thinking of lies," the characters become puppets tangled up in Bergman's blatant strings.

Like *Fellini Satyricon* and *Mississippi Mermaid, The Passion of Anna* seems ultimately more a pastiche than an independent film. Bergman's work is self-referring —like Fellini's and Truffaut's—and therefore we expect a degree of repetition. But virtually everything in this film derives from an earlier—and better—appearance: the island setting and Anna's dream (both from *Shame*), some minor details, such as a moment when the couple watches a scene from Vietnam on TV (just as Elisabeth Vogler did in *Persona*), and even dialogue: Eva asks Andreas, "What is this deadly poison that daily corrodes the best in us, leaving only the shell?" just as twenty years earlier an unhappily married woman in *Prison* asked the man from whom she sought relief, "Did you ever think how life eats us away bit by bit?"

Such echoes wouldn't disturb us were the film more internally coherent, less of an omnium-gatherum. Still, much of what is gathered is first-rate. Chief among these is the superb color photography of Sven Nykvist, which makes *The Passion of Anna* a masterpiece in that regard. Moments in the film are immensely powerful: a dog appears suddenly in close-up dangling from a crude noose, its pathetic whimper an unanswerable indictment; after sleeping with Eva, Andreas moves aimlessly about his house, lies down in the middle distance, and howls like a wounded animal; exasperated by her romanticism, Andreas beats Anna so mercilessly that we almost echo her screams. Such moments, despite the story's fragmentation, create a reality more potent than Truffaut's or Fellini's. They coexist, however, with moments of rhetoric or abstraction with which they remain unintegrated. In *Persona,* Bergman created one of the cinema's few masterpieces in an abstract mode (the mode, *mutatis mutandis,* of writers like Kafka and Beckett). Then in *Shame* he made almost as great a film with realism (employing a modicum of abstraction only to extend his implications). *The Passion of Anna* lives uncomfortably between the two modes, borrowing promiscuously from Bergman's other films, and depending on Sven Nykvist's color to disguise the seams. As a result, it doesn't work; yet, if only because of the photography (this is Bergman's second film in color), it bears witness to the most astonishingly fruitful career in films. For that, one must be thankful.

By common consent, *Zabriskie Point* gives us scarcely anything to be thankful for. Of the four films featured here, only *Fellini Satyricon* is clearly inferior, but even it avoids some of the absurdities that earned Antonioni such contemptuous reviews. Why then do I give Antonioni pride of place? Because, despite manifold weaknesses, *Zabriskie Point* represents a radical attempt at revitalization. Whereas the other three directors, with varying results, imitate or parody themselves, Antonioni opts for transformation—a choice that is, at once, more promising for him and the medium.

In every sense, his latest film is a work-in-progress. This is literally true, not only because MGM excised a line of dialogue after it was greeted with derisory howls at the premiere, or because, in an attempt to boost sales, it added a rock-hymn to the ending, but because Antonioni himself seems to have been uncertain what form the film should take. Scripts were written, rewritten, discarded; the film was edited to excessive or deficient length and then

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reedited, uniquely for Antonioni, with outside help. He decided to release it, then hesitated, and had to be coaxed into going ahead by his producers. For a long while it looked as if the history of *Zabriskie Point* must eclipse the film.

But *Zabriskie Point* is a work-in-progress in a deeper sense. Heretofore, Antonioni's theme has been the running-down of modern culture. In contrast, *Zabriskie Point* contemplates the possibility of revival, and this shift in theme necessitated a shift in technique. Antonioni's previous films are almost documentary, showing his characters enacting dissolution, and asking that the viewer's eye fathom its meaning and cause. Now he employs a less realistic technique, more suitable to an optative vision. Unsurprisingly, he has not mastered the new mode, and *Zabriskie Point* succeeds only in suggesting what a satisfactory work in his new manner might look like.

Alone among the four directors, Antonioni's films have been wholly realistic. With the exception of *Red Desert,* none includes dreams, fantasies or suppositions. Significantly, the dream in *Red Desert* indicts dreaming. Showing Giuliana's false romanticizing of nature helps us to understand why she cannot adjust to the industrial world, for the dream's mood must be firmly outgrown for her to begin reintegration. In contrast, *Zabriskie Point* has two dream sequences; each is central and both are affirmed by the director.

Zabriskie Point is structured in three parts. In part one, we meet the hero and heroine amid a cartoon-like montage of American society. Part two dramatizes their encounter in the desert, culminating in their vision of a new society, and part three shows each character reentering the world —the hero at the cost of life, the heroine at the cost of hope. In her despair, she has a second dream, but this time it is of destruction.

Of the three parts, only the first and a bit of the last seem acceptable, but even they have been violently criticized. Part one has been accused of caricaturing national faults that are overly familiar. Yet that, I think, was intentional and appropriate. Given the movement from reality to dream, reality must be broadly sketched to make the shift in style not too jarring and to excite in the audience a distaste as unqualified as the hero's. Once that is allowed, we can see how economical and witty, if not subtle or probing, are the film's first moments.

Especially good is the opening *cinéma vérité* sequence of a student protest meeting. Antonioni deliberately edits image and sound so as to baffle our perception, much as Fellini does in the red-light district scene from *Satyricon.* But, whereas Fellini's method titillates, Antonioni's describes: the point about such a meeting *is* its confusion—some of the students talk about burning the school down, while a girl sweetly asks if any of them wants coffee. Fed up with such chaos, Mark, the hero, walks out, announcing that he's willing to die for the cause, but not out of boredom. A friend tries to excuse him, explaining that meetings aren't his "trip," whereupon a hot-eyed radical retorts, "If he wants to be a revolutionary, he has to learn to work with other people."

This line wittily deflates the group. And there are many such incisive touches: a custodian sitting within a fortress of TV monitors, when all there is to see are people coming out of elevators; a gun salesman who advises the hero (pretending to want arms in anticipation of black riots), "Law says you can protect your house. If he dies in the yard, drag him inside"; a lavish office building, its mica-studded walls gleaming like Ali Baba's cave, where Rod Taylor, a real-estate executive, sits before an immense picture window outside of which an American flag flaps powerfully in the breeze. Antonioni picks off as many targets as time allows, even fleetingly, as when a short-haired lady executive in a gray-flannel suit responds with a smile of distaste to a TV commercial's celebration of kitchens ("just the perfect place to cook for the man of the house"). There is even a nice inside joke: among the many billboards and signs that Mark sees is one reading, "MGM Auto Sales."

Part three begins when Mark decides to

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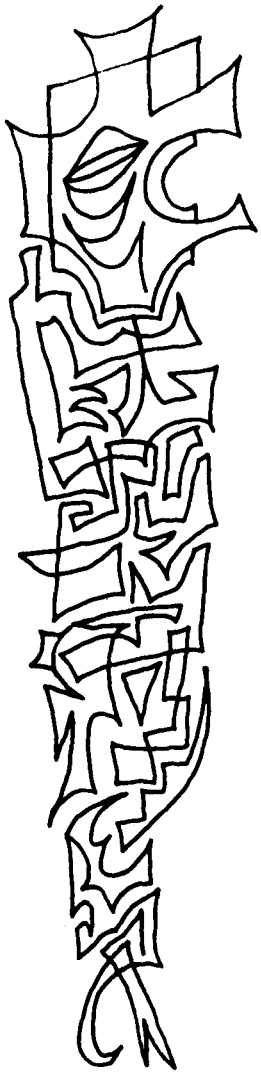

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return a private airplane he had stolen from the Los Angeles airport. When he lands, police surround him as if he were a prehistoric beast—which his plane resembles, with its weird colorings and stenciled slogans. The latter almost literally cause his death: before he lands, the control-tower men express indignation at "all those jokes." Shortly afterwards, the girl, Daria, learns on the radio of his death. Arriving at a posh desert house where she is to meet Taylor, she retaliates against all it represents by blowing it up in her mind—again and again—in a scene that is technically brilliant and emotionally powerful. Here is the film's one moment of characteristic complexity, as we watch everything go—books as well as TV set, food as well as refrigerator—and can scarcely sort out our responses, for the apocalypse is beautiful, although terrifying, and impotent in the midst of its force.

In such moments of serious caricature, *Zabriskie Point* is incisive. Unfortunately, like Bergman in *The Passion of Anna,* Antonioni hasn't created a coherent style for his film and cannot sustain the hard-edged caricature through the long middle section. Part two is stranded between notation and presentation.

Curiously, *Zabriskie Point* is the most conventionally plotted of Antonioni's later films. Even more than *Blow-Up,* which is, on some level, a murder mystery, *Zabriskie Point* seeks narrative suspense. Yet (like *Fellini Satyricon*) it never clarifies its characters' motives, so that suspense becomes mystification. To the extent that motivation *is* established, dialogue accomplishes the task (in strict contrast to Antonioni's other films). The second curiosity about *Zabriskie Point,* by the most notoriously nonverbal of major directors (Antonioni's heroes embellish their plane with the motto "NO WORDS"), is its heavy reliance on rhetoric. And what rhetoric! Only through his fey "I wanna get off the ground," do we understand Mark's theft, just as we are meant to understand his return because he says, "I need to take risks." Sans dialogue, everything seems arbitrary. Why does Mark fall for Daria (Pauline Kael is right to quip, "His Cessna fell for her Buick")? Why does she go to Rod Taylor and what is the nature of their relationship? Why do the cops kill Mark—when he is clearly unarmed—with such brutal precipitance?

In addition, the central part, which is meant to show a possible antidote to the first, is totally unappealing. Chief culprit is the dialogue, but eloquence would grate in the mouths of Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin. In a famous short story, "The Real Thing," Henry James showed that if you want to re-create aristocrats, for models, you need servants; the artist reorders life, he doesn't simply use it. Antonioni forgot this basic truth for the one time in his career. Fearing that he did not understand the hippie or flower-child mentality, he laboriously searched for actual examples of the breeds. What he found, unfortunately, were a pretty-boy hippie with silent screen mannerisms and an overblown flower-child. That Antonioni should have not only hired such blanks but hung his film on their putative vitality shows how dangerously unsure he was from the outset.

But *Zabriskie Point* probably would not have been much better with other actors and a new script. Nothing could have helped once Antonioni made the mistake of trying to capture America. Following old instincts for social reality, he ignored the fact that vision doesn't work through what James called "density of specification," and so opened himself to the charge of simple-mindedness. In this respect, *Blow-Up* was right to take place in "London," whose abstraction is established by the masked troupe that opens the film, by the studious avoidance of topical reference, and by the stylization that turns a rock 'n' roll audience into an impossibly catatonic mob. If Antonioni had not tried to render America, even in shorthand, but had created a stylized equivalent for it, his film would not raise expectations that its second and third parts—even if better acted and written—are unable to satisfy.

Zabriskie Point is a failure; still, just as one would have to be deaf to like it, one would have to be blind to despise it. Antonioni has an eye of genius, although he

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falters by trying to see into the future as well as the present. At the very least, however, since it contains the first of Antonioni's love affairs that doesn't perish of attrition, *Zabriskie Point* excites interest in the *director's* future. It is interesting that his next work may be a two-part film—in which he joins Fellini in a project that Bergman dropped—called *Love Duet*.

I began discussing these films as examples of a crisis. I want to end by saying what it is:

In an interview I had with Antonioni, he said that lying was so easy in films; and when I asked him what "lying" meant, he added:

> To give an interpretation that we know is untrue to life. Because at the moment it is more interesting or amusing to put something in, to forget the real sense of what we are doing in our amusement with the medium.

Amusement with the medium, encouraged by sophistication in its use, lies behind what is most deplorable in contemporary films. When fancy editing is confused with insight, and photography with characterization, then film, as an art, *has* reached a crisis. In varying degrees, even directors as independent as Fellini, Truffaut, Bergman and Antonioni cannot remain unaffected by the new bad taste. With enormous pressures on them to make money (consider the trouble Fellini had in financing *Satyricon*) and temptation to keep doing so once they have, even giants can be affected by lesser men—particularly when they form an audience.

Trained by critics who, having recently understood film technique, now confuse it with content, an audience, mostly young (and thus immature in thought and feeling) is being prepared to value films sheerly for their surface. Between this audience and the original film audience, which was thrilled simply to see a train enter a railroad station, there is no advance in aesthetic maturity. Instead, there is a decline, because the primitive audience knew it was watching a gadget and never mistook its appetite for taste.

In our present confusion of values, the first casualty is character. Anyone nowadays can invoke authorities, from Freud to Susan Sontag, against "that old-fashioned nineteenth-century idea of personality." Certainly, great films have sometimes questioned this idea (*Persona* being perhaps the greatest of them), or dispensed with it (one thinks, for example, of Bresson's *A Condemned Man Escaped*, whose hero is only the temporary manifestation of suprapersonal force). But when honorable skepticism or minority belief becomes fashion, the phony gets legitimized along with the truly experimental. There is a vast difference between a film like *Persona*, which questions the human, and *Fellini Satyricon*, which travesties it, just as there is a smaller but crucial difference, between the deliberate disintegration of personality in Bergman's *Persona* and his lazy failure to create it in *The Passion of Anna*. Filling in the hole with color does not conceal its depth.

Appropriately, each of the four films discussed was shot in color. Major films are seldom made now in black and white. When sound first came in, it did not heighten but rather reduced verisimilitude, and critics like Rudolf Arnheim were right to complain that indiscriminate use of the new dimension would ironically freeze film at the level of theater, depriving it of self-realization. How much more dangerous is the present moment when a panoply of techniques exists alongside an audience begging to be worked over by them. No wonder that MGM tried to sell *Zabriskie Point* as this year's *2001*. The wonder instead is that Antonioni could come so close to making a film whose actors might as well have been machines and whose principal virtues inhere only in the images. Few living directors possess both the technique and human understanding to make films that can compete with plays and novels as imitations (however stylized) of what it is like to be alive. If these men turn away from the person to worship the camera, confusing means with ends, they will not only reduce cinema but bring us all that much closer to the condition of characters in their latest films: that of puppets.

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The Failure of American Medicine

MICHAEL G. MICHAELSON

If one may say of the revolutionary period that it runs wild, one would have to say of the present that it runs badly.
Søren Kierkegaard, *The Present Age*

It is the fashion now, remarkably even the Republican fashion, to speak darkly of the present and the future of what was, in happier days, called American medicine. In this era of integrative complexity it is rather our "health care system" or, more properly and still more fashionably, our "nonsystem" that is under scrutiny. More than three years has passed since political scientists Anne and Herman Somers concluded in *Medicare and the Hospitals* that the system of health services delivery in this country is largely a figure of speech, and in those years that central fact and its sequelae have been further documented with uncomfortable regularity and stark precision. This is, by the majority of available standards, an unhealthy nation; the United States ranks behind every major industrialized nation in the world in the two health statistics considered the most accurate indices of medical progress, infant mortality (nineteenth in the world) and mean life expectancy at birth (sixteenth in the world—66.6 years for males in this country as opposed to 71.3 years in Sweden); our doctors and our patients are isolated from and mistrust one another; diseases that ought to have been eradicated years and even decades ago remain formidable threats; millions of Americans live in needless pain or die preventable deaths; health care is fragmented, inefficient, inequitable, inhumane and, too often, of questionable quality.*

It is in the sphere of financing, however, that our medical "malpractice" descends from the merely unintelligent to—certainly in the moral context and perhaps even in the Constitutional one—the criminal. This is the single remaining industrialized country in the West in which citizens must buy their health, purchase it on the open market as they must any other commodity or luxury. And it is very, very expensive. Medical costs are presently rising at more than double the rate of the cost of living; physicians' fees, which were increasing at a rate of about three percent a year up until 1965, have since the introduction of Medicare and Medicaid been rising six percent a year; the average expense of one day's stay in a hospital, not including the cost of physicians' care and special diagnostic and

MICHAEL G. MICHAELSON, a medical student and a graduate student in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, is senior editor of *Itis*, a quarterly journal of Philadelphia health affairs, and has reported on medical issues for the *Saturday Review* and the *Nation*. He is at present working on a study of the American health-care system.

* The multiple failures of American medicine have yet to be comprehensively documented in a single volume. Valuable but incomplete perspectives may be found in Roul Tunley, *The American Health Scandal*, Harper & Row, 1966; Raymond S. Duff and August B. Hollingshead, *Sickness and Society*, Harper & Row, 1968; Barney G. Glaser and Anselm L. Strauss, *Time for Dying*, Aldine, 1968; Selig Greenberg, *The Troubled Calling*, Macmillan, 1965; John H. Knowles (ed.), *Views of Medical Education and Medical Care*, Harvard University Press, 1968.

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treatment procedures, rose from $44 in 1965 to $70 in 1968 and will, according to most estimates, exceed $100 before 1973 (indeed the $100 figure is modest even today for some of the better voluntary and university-affiliated institutions, and the cost of a day in a modern intensive care unit—where increasing numbers of Americans are dying in technological bliss and superb electrolyte balance—ranges between $200 and $300, again exclusive of physicians' fees).

Medicare has done very little to alleviate, and Medicaid and voluntary insurance schemes a great deal to aggravate, the fiscal crisis in medicine. To the social worker's and bureaucrat's familiar category of "indigence" has been added the newer and potentially more threatening concept of "medical indigence," the inability to meet the cost of life-sustaining medical care. And as the cost of that care spirals, the ranks of the medically indigent, already large, promise to explode exponentially. In the decade of the 1970s a majority, perhaps three quarters, of the American population will find good health care a heavy, and in some cases a disastrous, financial burden. This is the hard fact that appears presently to disturb Richard Nixon, and reasonably. It is *his* America, the America of the middle class and the middle road, that has begun and shall continue to suffer. It is his "majority" that must bear this burden, perhaps for a while in characteristic "silence"; but inevitably it will respond—must respond—with its voices and its votes.

It is otherwise for the poor, for the black. For them the failure of American medicine is not news, is no discovery, no sudden (in Mr. Nixon's words) "massive crisis." There is, and always has been in this country, an Other America of sickness as vicious as Michael Harrington's of poverty. In the liberal sixties (after the ubiquitous fashion), the relationship between poverty and illness was doggedly documented, relentlessly correlated, and factor-analyzed almost beyond recognition. The findings forced no reexamination of any intelligent hypothesis: Yes, the poor get sick more often and more seriously than the nonpoor; they die younger, have fewer preventive services, far less access to medical knowledge and personnel; there is racism in our hospitals and doctors' offices; decisions literally of life and death are made daily on the basis of a single socioeconomic distinction—can he afford it?

Yes, we know that now. *Poverty and Health: A Sociological Analysis* (Harvard University Press, $12.50) summarizes our knowledge, and admirably. But it fails on the whole to move beyond summary, and so it fails. There is little theoretical effort here, little to suggest that sociology is more than collecting numbers, categorizing them, and wishing that there were more numbers, more precisely gathered. Most of the "analysis" is restricted to consideration of some aspect of what Talcott Parsons twenty years ago called the "Sick Role," and of how it may differ for the poor, the less educated, the black. The authors do not manage to advance Parsons very far; nor, if they had, would it have mattered very much. The important issues in medical sociology in 1970 are not the issues of 1950.

Professors John Kosa, Aaron Antonovsky and Irving Kenneth Zola have edited the volume capably, but traditionally, and to be traditional in the field of health care today is, sadly perhaps but in fact, to be irresponsible. Their stance of dispassionate objectivity has overwhelmed them, in a sense blinded them to what is best both in sociology and in medicine, to what is most human. "We are angry and we do care," the authors insist in the Preface. "But our professionalism is not supposed to add to the chorus of rage, much as we hope it will add to an effective pressure on the society. The problems are complex; if we have simply elucidated this complexity and enhanced our understanding, this will have been more of a service than ranting." What precisely constitutes "ranting" is, of course, subject to question, as is the authors' contention that the "elucidation" of complexity enhances anything or helps anybody. And "professionalism"? In sociology, as in medicine, it surpasses money as the root of all evil; it is technological excellence, methodological circumspection, a comfort

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to the practitioners of the "discipline," a cruel deception in the eyes of those whom the discipline, the profession, is supposed to serve. Kierkegaard had only contempt for these elucidators of complexity. "Everyone knows a great deal," he wrote in 1846, "we all know which way we ought to go and all the different ways we can go, but nobody is willing to move."

Still this joint venture of thirteen scholars exhaustively documents the consequences of inaction, the endless goose eggs on the scorecard of (in Kierkegaard's phrase) our society's "chimerical efforts" first to ignore and then to eliminate the problems of disease and poverty and their invariable interrelation. Except for a few simplistic statements ("Poverty . . . cannot be accounted for by one cause; rather it must be regarded as the product of a great many factors of diverse origin and impact") and a few that are incredibly naïve for a Harvard social scientist (". . . the war on poverty . . . is at work at a major restructuring of American society . . . and the establishment of an ideal structure . . ."), John Kosa's first chapter provides some useful historical perspectives on "The Nature of Poverty" in this country. He extends the Weberian approach in a valuable criticism of the Protestant ethic and organized philanthropy as characteristic American responses to "our poor"—irrational, incidental and parochial, but "ingenious ways of making poverty less disturbing to the middle-class conscience." Kosa next collaborates with Leon Robertson on a survey of "Social Aspects of Health and Illness" in which they attempt to find "the place of morbid episodes in the social interaction pattern." They have some traditional sociological fun placing the patient and his "primary" and "secondary" groups into "inhibitory," "nurturance" and "manipulative" systems, but they make little progress toward their dual goal of conceptual clarification and a useful theoretical framework for the remainder of the book.

The major documentary chapters follow. All the statistics are here, on mortality and morbidity and disability and race and class, all the "correlates" and "differentials" and "models" that are supposed to unravel "systematically" the "matrix" of "relevant variables" in all their "multidimensionality." These sociologists are in excellent bibliographic form (there are, overall, fifty-two pages of notes, some six hundred references, along with a lengthy examination of "The Reliability of the Data"); and in each chapter an author concludes at least once that although the evidence linking poverty and ill-health is (to borrow Marc Fried's phrase) "unambiguous and powerful," still (if David Mechanic will forgive me) "from the research point of view . . . many uncertainties remain. The data which would allow a clear resolution of important theoretical and practical issues are often either unavailable or are in a form unsuitable to answer the questions." It is difficult not to explode when confronted with sterile, classificatory writing like Mechanic's, not to suggest precisely and anatomically what he can do with his Unitary Theory of Illness Behavior and his ten varying patterns of responses to symptoms. But it is not necessary to add to the "chorus of rage" that most of these authors have so professionally avoided; it is not necessary to "rant" in order to criticize this volume responsibly. For it fails even to be what its subtitle promises: it is sociological only in the most limited, data-summarizing sense; and its analysis is largely pretense.

Only two chapters are valuable contributions to the literature. Julius A. Roth's "The Treatment of the Sick" is the best, a rapid succession of insights, compassionately orchestrated. Sometimes he is too polite (for example, he describes various manifestations of physicians' attitudes toward ward patients without calling racism and socioeconomic prejudice by their real names); and more than once he leaves an important truth before grappling with its significance. But he is the one scholar represented who seems to have lived in the system he has studied, to have felt it, to have brought back and nurtured the desperate hope that somehow it can—and must—be made to work.

Dr. John D. Stoeckle's essay on "The Future of Health Care" is a fine history both

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of the American approach to providing medicine for the poor, and the lately revitalized concept of the Neighborhood Health Center (organized in Pittsburgh in 1916). His drawing together of the historical threads is not entirely satisfying, but in the course of his argument he raises a question that is critical for an understanding of this collection and its fatal flaw: "Should the organization of health services for the poor be something apart from the organization of health services for everyone?" *Poverty and Health* sums all the diminutive noes gathered by diligent social scientists in the past decade, and answers No yet again.

Neither, however, should there be (indeed, *can* there be) a book merely about how poor Americans get sick and what happens to them when they do. The nonsystem of American health care must be studied in its entirety, for the poor provide us only with a special and more visible case of its contradictions. Certainly the poor are less healthy than we are; but we are *all* much less healthy than we might be. Certainly the poor cannot afford to pay for their health; but why should any of us have to *pay* for what even the American Medical Association admits is a basic human right? Certainly the poor are treated like animals or machines by health professionals in this country; but, to a significant if lesser degree, we are all dehumanized and reduced to a state of childlike dependence and ignorance when we enter a hospital or a doctor's office. Certainly health professionals in this country are not accountable to the poor; but then they're not accountable to anyone. In the United States every patient, and not merely every poor patient, is a nigger.

Such is the "pathology," in Julius B. Richmond's unoriginal but apt metaphor, of American medicine. His sparse monograph, *Currents in American Medicine: A Developmental View of Medical Care and Education* (Harvard University Press, $5.50), is an attempt to reconstruct in its unfolding the etiology, the pathogenesis, of failure. Dr. Richmond, Chairman of the Department of Pediatrics and Dean of the College of Medicine at Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, New York, clearly understands the clinical value of a "good history," its therapeutic potential. Beginning with an intelligent reappraisal of the Flexner Report on medical education of 1910, Richmond traces the unprecedented consolidation of power in the hands of medicine's trade guild, the A.M.A.;* he gives proper emphasis to the tremendous impact of research, government and the university on medical care since World War II, especially as it has been reflected in the rise of the urban medical complex as the central unit in health care for millions of Americans; and he outlines the beginnings of a "consumer revolution" in health care, even if he does not satisfactorily understand it. Throughout, *Currents in American Medicine* is lucid and literate, and, despite its brevity, the best published account of the problems that must be resolved if this country's now empty rhetoric of good health as a human right is to be realized.

Dr. Richmond's crucial weakness, however, is in this area of resolution, of realization, of—as the medical jargon has it—"management protocol." He condemns the inexcusably narrow self-interest of the American Medical Association, and even reprints a pathetically well-intentioned letter of his, written in 1965, in which he urges that the American Association of Medical Colleges assume a position of leadership in matters of public health policy. But he fails to state clearly what he (and, in my opinion, every physician of intelligence and social sensitivity) clearly must believe: that the A.M.A. as a political force in this country must be discredited and, if possible, destroyed; that a new "counter-organization" of health professionals and

* It might be noted here that this author, as others have done before him, records that prior to 1920 the A.M.A. was a progressive force in medical education and care. Readers unfamiliar with the history of the Association will find Richmond's summary of its early reforming efforts interesting, and may be referred to James G. Burrow's *AMA: Voice of American Medicine* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1963), an uncritical account, or Richard Harris' *A Sacred Trust* (New American Library, 1966), a critical one, for additional information.

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workers and "consumers" (rather than merely physicians) must be formed to help structure a new system of health care that will be responsible and responsive to all of the people.

Perhaps because Dr. Richmond has been so close to the "unique problems" of the poor—as Director of Project Head Start, and Director of the Office of Health Affairs of the Office of Economic Opportunity, from 1965 to 1967—he is aware that in no sense are they unique problems. He knows that the fragmentation and dehumanization and the exorbitant costs of health care "also apply to the more affluent," and, conversely, that the Neighborhood Health Center program (O.E.O.) "was designed for the poor, but its implications for health services for the general population are apparent." His vision, on this score, is broader and more acute than that of Kosa and his collaborators. But it remains limited, because Richmond refuses to take the necessary risks, refuses to skate over the thin ice from the edge of which Kierkegaard knew so many of us turn back with a regretful sigh. His therapeutic regimen is too weak, too guarded: Form some sort of Presidential Council of Health Advisors, Dr. Richmond suggests; or perhaps a new Board of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences will exert some leadership. (Kierkegaard again: "Committee after committee is formed, so long, that is to say, as there are still people who passionately want to be what they ought to be: but in the end the whole age becomes a committee.")

With these kinds of "solutions," Richmond circumnavigates the painful central questions that he himself has at least partially perceived. The most basic one is definitional: What precisely *is* a physician in this country today, and what must he become? Although Richmond speaks briefly and vaguely of "the matter of redistributing personnel and redefining their functions," he refuses to see that the very *concept* of a physician in our society—what and who he is, and how he functions—is obsolete. In the wake of radical technological and societal change, our idea of "doctor" remains rooted in the nineteenth-century model. Today's physician is perhaps the last remaining archetypal American—a self-sufficient, independent rugged individual after the frontier model, with illusions of omniscience and (not only as he controls his patient but also as he controls the allocation of health resources on a national level) a life-style of omnipotence. It is impossible to understand the pathology of American medical education and care without first understanding the essential obsolescence of the American physician. And it is only on the basis of this understanding that the fundamental restructuring of American medicine, the "bold and inventive planning" that Dr. Richmond advocates, can amount to anything more than the "patchwork approach" that he documents so well and so correctly condemns.

The obsolescence of the American physician today is manifold, a product of his archaic education, his inappropriate orientation to disease and to people, the economic (fee-for-service) and societal (one-to-one) framework of the "physician-patient relationship," the traditional notion of a patient-centered rather than a community-centered responsibility. But the most dangerous aspect of that obsolescence is its established pattern of *physician primacy* in medical care. For centuries the doctor has been considered, and has considered himself, the absolutely central figure in patient care, all-knowing and all-powerful. Despite the fact that advances in medical technology have significantly complicated the physician-patient relationship, doctors have retained their monopoly of control over patient care to the exclusion of nurses, technicians, administrators and "paramedical" personnel, without which the practitioner of modern medicine cannot function. Despite brilliant advances in techniques of communication, physicians have jealously preserved their monopoly over health education and information, primarily, it is clear, to maintain economic and status advantages. And, most important, despite the easy professional rhetoric of service, our medical care mechanism is run by and for the physician rather than by and for the patient, and the practitioner is in no way

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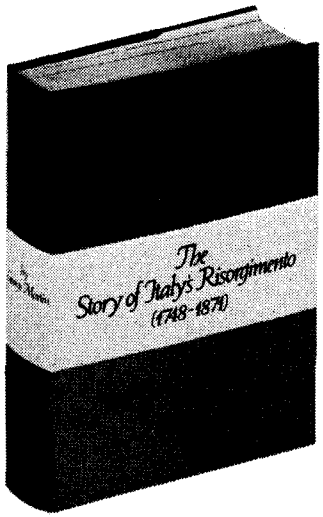

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*Wilson Professor of European History, University of Rochester

†Verdi: His Music, Life and Times. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1963

The Red Shirt and The Cross of Savoy, The Story of Italy's Risorgimento (1748-1871), 782 pp. Maps, Photographs $15.00

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accountable to the people that he "serves."*

The accountability of the health care system will be the overriding issue in American medicine in this decade. *Some* kind of National Health Insurance is inevitable—whether it is modeled after the suggestions of Nelson Rockefeller or Walter Reuther or Edward Kennedy or even the A.M.A.'s "Medicredit" scheme. The pressure from middle America, as Mr. Nixon already senses, will mount and will demand satisfaction. But unless a financing scheme is coupled with a drastic restructuring of American medicine—including a radical redefinition of what a physician is and how he functions and relates to the community and the health of its people—the pathology of the health care system as it exists will be exacerbated. Fragmentation, depersonalization, social and racial inequity, an emphasis on the treatment rather than the prevention of disease, escalating expenses —all manifestations of the fact that the providers of medical care have never been accountable to the consumers of that care —will combine to insure that we remain an unhealthy nation.

What might the mechanism of such accountability be? Dr. Richmond devotes a quarter of his book to The Consumer Revolution in medical care, but he misses an essential point. The bumper crop of health legislation passed by the Eighty-ninth and subsequent Congresses was less the manifestation of revolutionary sentiment (the author's contention) than a clumsy attempt by the federal government and "organized medicine" at prophylactic pacification. Any variety of National Health Insurance that freezes individual or corporate capitalism as the fiscal basis of medical care, and retains a rigid professional hierarchy as its social basis, will be nothing more.*

Yet the consumers of health care are revolting in this country, not in the legislatures but, perhaps more meaningfully, in the hospitals and in the streets. Community groups in major American cities are demanding the right to control the health institutions in their neighborhoods precisely as they have demanded the right to control their schools. Health workers, technicians and "para-professionals" have been mobilized through unionization drives (such as that of Local 1199 of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.), professionalization drives (such as that of Psychiatric Aides Associations) and the rather sudden realization that they are not only consumers of health care and citizens of the community that supports the hospital and that the hospital is supposed to serve, but also integral members of the country's health care team—a team that certainly *includes* physicians, but that need no longer, and must no longer, be exclusively controlled by physicians.

And increasing numbers of professionals—especially recent graduates and health science students—are at least beginning to reassess critically the role they play in the provision of health care. The Medical Committee For Human Rights and the Student Health Organization, for example, have helped the Black Panther Party and other (white as well as black) community groups finance and staff neighborhood Peoples' Free Clinics in a number of American cities. These and other groups (notably and most articulately the Health Policy Advisory Center in New York) have supported such actions as a sit-in (by the Young Lords, a militant Puerto Rican group) at Metropolitan Hospital in Manhattan, a demand

* The traditional muckraking "antidoctor" books (for example, Martin L. Gross, *The Doctors,* Random House, 1966) have focused upon this problem, but obliquely. The medical profession's penchant for concealing improperly handled and iatrogenic (physician-caused) illness is real and not unimportant; but the authors who have attacked the profession on these grounds have missed the forest for a few (relatively) inconsequential trees. The accountability of the physician must extend beyond the *micro*scopic concern for the particular patient to the *macro*scopic concern for the entire community of patients and (even more important) potential patients.

* As the absurdity of the solo, entrepreneurial, fee-for-service mechanism becomes increasingly apparent, the prospect arises that medicine may shift to the model of corporate capitalism. *Fortune* (January, 1970) devoted five articles to the tantalizing subject. Such a corporate approach would certainly be more efficient; but there is little reason to expect that such efficiency would (in unprecedented fashion) significantly benefit the consumer rather than the stockholder.

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by community forces that the new administrator of Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx be a Puerto Rican, and the disruption of services at the Gouverneur Health Center by the Health Revolutionary Unitary Movement, which is demanding a larger community share in the clinic's operations.

Such is potentially the stuff of a real revolution in health care; and yet to this important "current" in American medicine neither Dr. Richmond nor Professors Kosa, Antonovsky and Zola devote a word. It is this current—the issue of accountability, of self-determination in health care, of redefining the role of a physician so that he becomes an advocate of the community and of its right to good health—that will occupy the "medical sociologist" of the seventies. And it is likely that the pattern observed in this area will closely parallel that which the sociologist of the last decade observed in medical economics: abuses will be uncovered first where they are most naked —among the poor and nonwhite—and at last where they are more subtle, but as sinister, among all of us. Perhaps then we will be able to fight together, as we need to, and to restructure, and to redefine. Perhaps then, as we've done too seldom in the past (in medicine as elsewhere), we will recognize the poor as the mirror of our pathology, our inadequacy, our desperation and our hope.

Two Spiritual Innovators

GANDHI'S TRUTH: On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. *By Erik H. Erikson. Norton. $10.*

Reviewed by ROBERT JAY LIFTON

In one of the few first sentences I know that says exactly what a book is going to do, Erik Erikson tells us that his "describes a Westerner's and a psychoanalyst's search for the historical presence of Mahatma Gandhi and for the meaning of what he called Truth." "Historical presence" turns out to mean something close to psychohistorical essence; and "Truth," Gandhi's and Erikson's, turns out to be a way of knowing and a form of action rather than a body of dogma. To read Erikson on Gandhi is to experience the presence of two great innovators, as one of the most ingenious spiritual militants since Christ is re-created by the most original psychological mind since Freud. We should not expect the meeting of the two to be easy, or devoid of ambiguities, but we can expect it to be profound and enlightening, and we are not for a moment disappointed.

In his earlier psychobiography, *Young Man Luther,* Erikson, who still refers to himself as a Freudian, drew upon the master in order to take several steps away from him. While influenced by *Moses and Monotheism,* Erikson did not press Luther into the historical model Freud used for Moses, that of the decisive prehistorical encounter between the primeval father and his rebellious sons (as originally evolved in *Totem and Taboo*); nor did he follow the Freudian model of the psychopathology of the leader (as in the Freud-Bullitt study of Wilson). Rather, Erikson created a new model of the great man *in* history. In so doing he might well have been the first psychoanalyst to take seriously the historical side of the equation. He thus immersed himself and his readers in the array of early sixteenth-century influences confronting the Young Luther in his desperate struggle "to lift his individual patienthood to the level of the universal one, and to try to solve for all what he could not solve for himself alone." This approach, in both method and spirit, decisively rejected earlier psychoanalytic reductionism. Indeed, one of Erikson's great messages has been that it is possible to avoid eliminating history in the name of its psychoanalytic study.

To his work on Gandhi Erikson brought a decade of additional experience in the exciting, if tenuous, intellectual project of psychohistory he had done so much to inaugurate. And this time he had witnesses—surviving Gandhian disciples, friends and

ROBERT JAY LIFTON, professor of psychiatry at Yale University, is author of *History and Human Survival* and the forthcoming *Boundaries: Psychological Man in Revolution.*

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Review of National Literatures

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HEGEL IN COMPARATIVE LITERATURE
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adversaries whom he could interview, and with whom he could exchange impressions of the Mahatma and his "truth force" or *Satyagraha*.

Erikson's further mastery of his great-man approach enables him to extend the use of his subjectivity. Not only does he tell us something of the impact Gandhi made upon the young Erikson (he had done the same with Luther), but he also describes in some detail his own and his wife's encounter with India. Those who are inclined to take him literally in his reference to this encounter as "a brief travelogue" would be better advised to pay attention to what he speaks of as "a promise of hidden method" contained within that travelogue. For the method often *is* hidden. Erikson's own emphasis upon his "strong esthetic impressions" and the style of his mind and his prose—allusive yet condensed, digressive yet focused—could lead some to underestimate his intellectual discipline. And central to that discipline is his continuous concern with the self of the investigator. For that self, as many of us working in psychohistory have come to realize, is the investigator's research instrument, and it must be scrutinized as it records and recasts that which it encounters. Erikson's "travelogue," then, is a necessary prelude to his further journey into the Gandhian realm of *Satyagraha* and the post-Freudian realm of psychohistory.

The author's injection of himself into the book reaches its most fascinating extreme in his by now famous "letter" directed to "Mahatmaji." Halfway through the book Erikson stops the narrative and tells off the Mahatma on a number of matters. Now the terms of the encounter between these friendly titans are spelled out. It is not a question of psychoanalysis versus *Satyagraha* but of the ethically concerned psychoanalyst's discovery of "the presence of a kind of untruth in the very protestation of truth; of something unclean when all the words spelled out an unreal purity; and above all, of displaced violence where nonviolence was the professed issue."

Erikson has in mind such things as Gandhi's destructive ambivalences, his "hidden sadism," and his "violently" anti-sexual passions—manifested not only in his combination of celibacy and "testing" of celibacy (the much-publicized experiments of old age, in which he had young women sleep close to him) but also in his brutal treatment of his wife and sons. So important to Erikson is this issue of "untruth" that its exposure, in the midst of a highly sympathetic biography, becomes necessary to the integrity of the effort. Perhaps the biographer asks too much of his protagonist; great men seem to have deficiencies of equivalent stature. One wishes that Gandhi had been given an opportunity to reply—or, better still, that the two men could have engaged in a continuing dialogue. Erikson's effort to approach just such a dialogue between biographer and dead subject, in which the insight of each illuminates that of the other, infuses this particular chapter, and in fact the whole book, with a quality both powerful and strange.

For this book is a very serious matter to its author. With it Erikson wishes to do nothing less than rescue Gandhi's vision of militant nonviolence for use today and in the future. And to do that he must dissect out those self-destructive components that he believes to be more a product of Gandhi's personal conflicts than of any general principle inherent in the method. Ultimately he seeks an integration of Gandhian *Satyagraha* with Freudian psychoanalysis in a "universal 'therapeutics'" that would be "committed to the Hippocratic principle that one can test truth . . . only by action which avoids harm—or better, by action which maximizes mutuality and minimizes the violence caused by unilateral coercion or threat." Erikson has been criticized for confusing therapy and politics, but I think he is quite aware of the difference between them. What he seeks to evolve is an ethic based upon the principles of mutuality and self-analysis held in common by psychoanalysis and *Satyagraha*. To suggest such an ethic for political programs is, of course, to be utopian—in the way that Gandhi and King, or for that matter Marx and Freud, were utopian.

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Yet there is a different kind of problem involved—that of the terms of the self-analysis. For if psychoanalysis and *Satyagraha* could truly merge, both would undoubtedly be transformed in the process. The result might be profoundly liberating—even world-preserving—but it would probably take a form no longer either Freudian or Gandhian. For Erikson to confront Gandhi's deficiencies in more or less classical psychoanalytic language is a perfectly valid thing for a person of his intellectual tradition to do, and much is accomplished in the confrontation. But if future psychohistorical confrontations are to avoid merely shifting from one system of self-analysis to another, they may find it necessary to anticipate the new combinations they grope toward by moving further away from the classical psychoanalytic idiom.

A case in point is Erikson's sensitive recording of his meetings with a number of Gandhi's disciples. We learn a great deal about Gandhi's paradoxical genius for liberating his followers from narrow prior commitments and infusing their lives with lasting significance, yet at times taking over their emotions in a way that placed them in a new kind of lifelong bondage. To all this Gandhi brought "aggressive candor," along with "his own surgical way of severing family bonds [when they interfered with full involvement in his movement] with a deft cut, leaving an optimum chance for later healing."

In examining this process Erikson makes effective use of the father-son model to move back and forth between Gandhi's relationships in his movement and in his family: "On the verge of becoming the father of his nation, he did not . . . forget his sons, although the way in which he did remember them was not without tragic undertones and consequences." Similarly, Erikson applies related psychoanalytic models taken from therapy, those of transference and countertransference—attitudes and images experienced originally in relationship to one's parents carried over (in this case) by followers to their leader or by the leader to his followers. But these models run the danger, especially in hands less sensitive than Erikson's, of prejudging these relationships and placing them within a context different from their own. At stake here, of course, is the general applicability of a number of psychoanalytic concepts to historical questions. Erikson's applications of such concepts are always illuminating, and always carried out with a special gift for rendering old principles newly vivid. Yet I think he would agree that psychohistory itself requires constant innovation of a kind that may come into increasing conflict with prevailing ideas in both disciplines.

Erikson demonstrates just this kind of innovation in his compelling account of the coming together of a great man and a historical turning point. He makes much of Gandhi's observation that "God never occurs to you in person but always in action," and goes on to discuss the way in which a leader creatively "reenacts" on a larger stage significant aspects of his own past. Erikson distinguishes this form of reenactment from Freud's principle of "repetition compulsion," a principle that has considerable clinical value but that can become highly misleading when used to subsume vast historical events.

Inevitably, questions have been raised about Erikson's choice of the particular event (or Event) he focuses upon, the Ahmedabad strike of March, 1918, the occasion for Gandhi's first fast in India; and about some of his interpretations of Gandhi's contradictory behavior, as in the case of the "recruiting mad" phase during World War I in which Gandhi spent most of his time trying to convince Indians to form an army to defend the British Crown. Nor can one deny that in some ways Erikson was more "inside of" Luther, whose personal and cultural style was bound to be more familiar to him, than he could be with Gandhi. What is really remarkable is the extent to which he succeeds in bringing this alien-familiar, teasing irritant of a saint—this ultimately beautiful man—back to life.

Erikson writes revealingly about anticolonial revolutions, which, he believes, "transvaluate [their condition of near

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The Works of Stephen Crane

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Volume V

Edited by Fredson Bowers, *University of Virginia. Introduction by* J. C. Levenson, *University of Virginia.*

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The idea that dominates this book is that of the professional craftsman, at work in a variety of poetic forms in response to the demands and occasions of his age. Lydgate's poetry, set against this background, is found to be of unexpectedly high quality, and, further, to be invaluable as a large and representative corpus of work which takes us into the very cellars of the medieval mind. Mr. Pearsall argues that in some ways, then, the reading of Lydgate can be seen as the essential preface to the reading of Chaucer.

Wenceslaus Hollar
Delineator of His Time

By Katherine S. Van Eerde, *Muhlenberg College*
ix, 122 pp. (tnt.), frontis., illus., bibliog. essay, index. (The Folger Shakespeare Library) $15.00

This study of the vast work of Wenceslaus Hollar, a famous seventeenth-century artist, presents a fresh interpretation of the man himself and the social, physical, and political aspects of his adopted country England. Hollar traveled extensively on the Continent and in England, and after being exiled from Bohemia, he chose England as his home. New surroundings sharpened his vision, and his engravings and drawings of the land and its people provided an irreplaceable view of seventeenth-century England. Facts about Hollar have been scarce, but this study skillfully uses the artist's works to fill out the framework of what is known to give us a refreshing and authoritative account of his life and work.

University Press of Virginia **Charlottesville**

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identitylessness] so that identity elements . . . which at the time seemed more or less accidental, ornamental, or expendable by-products of history, are turned into insignia of such pervasive dominance that to neglect them would be a sin in the face of existence." This kind of "transvaluation" has to do with questions of man and his nature that extend far beyond the issue of colonialism or of blacks in America. There is something of importance in every sentence Erikson writes; his casual aside is likely to be worth more than the entire book of many a colleague.

His psychoanalytic wisdom finds full expression in his final exploration of "The Leverage of Truth." He evolves the concept of the "religious actualist," whose power brings about "greater and higher unity among men" in a way that each can more effectively experience "truth in action" (or actuality) through "combining what is given in his individual development and in his historical time." The religious actualist's "truth force" can then be identified: "to be ready to die for what is true now means to grasp the only chance to have lived fully."

Erikson's discussion of *Satyagraha* is as ingenious as it is sympathetic. Central to the method is Gandhi's "sure sense that he could and would take care of the consequences" of his actions, as embodied in his pledge to himself: "I will not kill anyone for any cause whatsoever, but be killed by him if resistance of his will renders my being killed necessary." But Erikson also stresses Gandhi's simultaneous insistence that, in order to make this choice, one must "cease to fear"; that "the ability to strike must be present when the power of the soul is demonstrated." And he takes his analysis further by invoking Konrad Lorenz' ethological studies to point out that *Satyagraha* has in it "the suggestion of a pacific confrontation" that is grounded not only in man's religiosity but also in his "instinctive pacific behavior." *Satyagraha* becomes a constructive convention, or ritualization, which can effectively contain aggression and prevent violence—comparable to the shrilling maneuvers of seagulls, and to the ritualized warfare of New Guinea tribes in which annihilation is avoided by means of a tradition of ending the war with the first few casualties. In the end *Satyagraha* remains in some ways mysterious, as must any great idea. But I doubt that it has ever been more brilliantly explored.

As Erikson's discussion moves freely from Gandhi to Israel to Black Power, and then to Lenin and Fanon, we become aware that he is presenting to us a new vision of nonviolent manliness and womanliness. Gandhi and Freud are brought together mainly to deepen that vision, as it is expressed in the kind of human encounter that "transforms both partners" and is therefore a form of truth in action. We put the book down wondering about the future of militant nonviolence, or, more accurately, about the future of man in relation to violence and its alternatives. Erikson makes some observations about new psychological relationships to our terrifying technology, but to do justice to that issue would require another book. All that *this* book does is expand our grasp of some of the ultimate questions of our time, and of ways in which two very different spiritual movements might come together on man's behalf.

Charismatic leaders of Gandhi's stature do not seem to be very much in evidence these days. No one can say, of course, that they will not reappear. But there is reason to believe that we shall have to devote a sizable portion of our psychohistorical work to studying the *shared* experiences of lesser people exposed to particular influences and events. In this exploration of shared themes, as in the further development of the great-man approach, I believe that there will be a continuing dialectic between psychoanalytic tradition and the need to break away from the ahistorical residuum of that tradition. We can be no more certain of the future of psychohistory than of that of militant nonviolence. But we can be sure that man's cultural state has been enriched by this heroically imaginative effort of a great psychological innovator to further our practice of both.

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Vico: The Anti-Descartes

GIAMBATTISTA VICO: An International Symposium. *Giorgio Tagliacozzo, editor; Hayden V. White, coeditor. Johns Hopkins Press. $12.*

Reviewed by ROBERT NISBET

Sir Herbert Read, one of the contributors to this splendid volume, tells us that "Vico is probably the most unacknowledged source of ideas in the history of philosophy." These are strong words, but from a scholar qualified by knowledge of intellectual history to utter them. And, I would agree, about a mind as entitled as any in Western history to be their beneficiary. Vico is perhaps the classic instance of the writer who is well known but not known well. There must be few, if any—among those who know Western thought in any detail at all—who are not acquainted with Vico's name and with the fact that his *The New Science,* published in 1725, deals with problems of history and with patterns of intellectual and cultural change. And in recent years, as the third centenary of Vico's birth approached, a rising number of scholars have concerned themselves with analysis and interpretation of Vico's writings, as well as with concrete influences that may be seen to have radiated from the writings during the past two centuries. Even so, there is immense disproportion between Vico's stature as a thinker and the contemporary knowledge of his work.

This superbly edited, beautifully printed symposium should go a long way toward bringing Vico his proper due. Three centuries (he was born in Naples in 1668 and died there in 1744) are much too long a time for one of the most original minds of modern history to wait for the kind of recognition that has gone to dozens of lesser minds in our histories. Sir Isaiah Berlin, another one of the book's two score contributors and, along with Max H. Fisch and Elio Gianturco, a consulting editor, writes: "No one understood the full originality of Vico in his lifetime or for nearly a century after his death, not even those few who actually read him; . . ."

How do we account for the inability of Western minds to comprehend, to assess the thrust of, Vico's remarkable studies of historical change, of the sources and contexts of the efflorescences of ideas and the arts in human history, and of the configurations in which history reveals itself? There are, I think, two main reasons for this long-lived inability, and both are amply treated in this volume. The first is the tenacious hold of Cartesianism on the Western mind; the second is the equally tenacious hold of the unilinear idea of progress.

It was Vico's fate to hurl himself against both of these intellectual forces just at the time each was gaining its fullest measure of influence in the West. To a striking degree, Descartes was the principal object of Vico's intellectual dislikes. For, as Sir Isaiah Berlin shows us in his brilliant treatment of Vico's concept of knowledge, Descartes (and even more, Descartes's followers during the century or two after his *Discourse* appeared in 1637) woefully confused two very different types of knowledge. On the one hand, there is *verum,* the kind of knowledge at which the geometrist arrives on the basis of his own contrived and declared axioms; on the other, there is *certum,* which is knowledge of how things actually operate in space and time, the kind of knowledge that Francis Bacon (whom Vico admired immensely) had called for in contrast to the logico-deductive propositions of the schoolmen and others who contented themselves with rendering the implicit into the explicit. Admittedly, both kinds of knowledge are important, but Bacon and, after him, Vico were well aware of the fatal consequences that must befall all efforts to reach *certum* through the arts or techniques of *verum.*

Unhappily, a great deal of moral philosophy and, then, of the social sciences that were forming in the late eighteenth century were based precisely on this confusion, this extension of *verum* into *certum.* Hence

ROBERT NISBET, *professor of sociology at the University of California at Riverside, has written chiefly in the areas of social theory and the history of ideas. Among his recent books is Social Change and History: Aspects of the Western Theory of Development.*

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By Joseph Logsdon, Lehigh University
(Contributions in American History, No. 10)

The first biography of this important politician, scholar, journalist, and critic. White was a prominent Republican when that party represented the interests of the most vital and progressive forces in American life. From the Lincoln-Douglas debates to the anti-imperialist crusade, White observed and participated in the major movements of his day. As editor-in-chief of the Chicago Tribune, White rallied radicals in a long anti-slavery campaign and he led the attack on Andrew Johnson. This work also examines the rise and fall of radical republicanism, as well as the disillusionment of nineteenth-century laissez-faire liberals; both are reassessed in light of the last decade's revision of late nineteenth-century history.

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the enormous vogue of Cartesianism through which, as it seemed, the study of history and of human behavior could be made easy for all willing to follow the simple Cartesian rules of common sense and rigorous deduction. Hence too, however, the neglect of, the inability to understand for the most part, a philosopher like Vico, the whole point of whose work, with respect to the study of human history, was the falsity of this Cartesian approach.

There was also, closely linked indeed, as we know, to Cartesianism, the whole, irresistible assemblage of assumptions, intuitions and grand propositions that we know as the Western idea of progress. From the time Pascal, Fontenelle and others in the seventeenth century secularized the Augustinian epic, grafting onto it Cartesian assumptions of the immutability of nature everywhere and at all times, this idea dominated Western approaches to the study of history and of social change. The idea of a single march of mankind—with all multiplicities of time and circumstance fused into the single time-order of the West, with slow, gradual and continuous change the essence, with progress through cumulative development the principal conclusion—became by the end of the seventeenth century the master idea of the West. Which, though amid a growing number of challenges in this century, it still is.

Vico's studies of history convinced him that unilinear, cumulative development or progress is as false a pattern for the understanding of how things actually change in human history as Cartesianism is for our understanding of the empirical complexities of nature and society. Occasionally, as with respect to Turgot, Hume and Goethe —all of whom, it is clear from studies contained in this symposium, had made at least indirect contact with Vico's revolutionary views—Vichian influence shines through. We see it in Hume's *Essays,* in Turgot's economics and also in his too little-known *Researches into the Causes of the Progress and Decline of the Sciences and the Arts* (a far more original work than his better-known *Two Discourses on Universal History*), and we see it in Goethe, if only in the published conversations with Eckermann. In the mid-nineteenth century Michelet first made Vico's name a resplendent one, but even then (*especially* then) the doctrines of developmental continuity, unilinear organization of history, and the logico-deductive method in the social sciences were too powerful. One could read this Neapolitan genius, but what precisely did one do with him and with ideas, insights and conclusions that flew into the very face of the kind of knowledge that was being set forth by Comte, Hegel, Marx, Darwin, Spencer and others of vast renown in the century? The answer was, nothing.

Only today, it would seem, when doctrines of developmentalism, continuity and immanence in the study of social change and history are beginning to come under the attack they have long deserved, is the time perhaps at last propitious for careful study of Vico. Errors and foibles there assuredly are in *The New Science* and his other works. And I would be doing signal disservice if I left the impression that Vico was concerned solely with matters today falling into history and the social sciences. As the forty-one almost uniformly distinguished essays in this volume make evident, Vico was a man of many interests—mathematical, aesthetic, ontological, as well as historical and sociological. Yet I am convinced that his greatest contribution lies in history and sociology; and, within these disciplines, in his concepts of time, circumstance, pluralism, event and others.

It is easy, on first reading, to conclude that in Vico we have chiefly a revival of the Greek cyclical view of change: an anticipation of what we find in Spengler, Toynbee, Sorokin and others in our day. To some extent, as H. Stuart Hughes shows us in his essay on Vico's relation to social theory and social history, this conclusion is a correct one. But if one takes the Vichian theory of *ricorsi* in somewhat more resilient terms, in broader context, we get a good deal more, I think. Above all, we get a *method:* one as useful, generally speaking, today as it was when Vico himself reached his astonishingly original conclu-

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sions about the recurrent patterns of event and change that are to be seen in human history. I know very well some of the difficulties, even occasional absurdities, to be found in Vico's several works. But the social sciences would be substantially farther along in their work today had Vico, and also Turgot and Hume, been the exemplars, instead of Descartes and his followers, at the time when the social sciences were forming in the West.

From Jerusalem to Joyce

THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW. *By George K. Anderson. Brown University Press. $12.*

Reviewed by FRANCIS LEE UTLEY

The Jew still wanders, although he has found precarious rest in Israel, where at last he leaves the merchant stereotype, takes up soldiery, agriculture and football, and begins to betray the common lusts of humanity. George Anderson has caught most of the history of his ubiquitous legend. Christ, carrying the cross, rested on the doorstep of an establishment man, who rudely urged him on. In true folkloristic fashion the man was paid back in his own coin, when Jesus replied, "I shall go, but you will walk until I come again!" Thus Jahweh cursed the inhospitable Sodomites, and Zeus the rude neighbors of Philemon and Baucis.

By the twentieth century this simple legend has become a variegated pattern of human wishes and antagonisms. In Lion Feuchtwanger's *Jew Süss* (1925), for instance, the Jew is famous enough and attractive enough for a fraudulent adviser to the minister Süss to claim his name. In Edmund Fleg's *Jésus* (1933) there is a Gospel according to the Wandering Jew, Ahasuerus, who plays several biblical roles in reconciliation: a disciple of Christ, the paralytic cured by his Master, the young man who fled naked when his cloak was seized by a Roman soldier at the arrest of Christ in the Garden. Yet this same man, a jealous fiancé of the Veronica whose handkerchief wiped the face of the suffering Jesus and became a famous relic, cursed his erstwhile leader and wandered forever, until he became a spokesman for disarmament and the League of Nations. In Pär Lagerkvist's *Death of Ahasuerus* (1960) his wandering has brought him deep insight, and he sees himself like Christ hounded by God, a repudiator, a blasphemer, a rebel, a brother of Christ. In Isaac Asimov's *The Caves of Steel* (1955), not cited by Anderson, the Jew gets lost like all of us in New York's expressways, and prophetically wanders there forever. In Michel de Ghelderode's *Fastes d'Enfer* (1929) he is Simon Laquedeem, auxiliary bishop of Lapideopolis, leader of the forces of evil in our modern inferno, and a far cry from the romanticized humanitarian wanderer of the nineteenth century, exemplified, for instance, by the benevolent socialist of Eugène Sue's *Le Juif Errant* (1844-45). We have learned in this century that the straight line of progress, the evolution of the good, can sometimes be shattered by catastrophe; that, indeed, the liberal and the humanitarian may even be surmised to be the cause of evil. In the whirligig of the shifting times Ahasuerus is plainly always available as hero, villain, *nebbish, deus ex machina,* philosopher and sage, existentialist and bogeyman.

What of his name? The two most common are Ahasuerus and Cartaphilus. The second of these is the first to appear, in Roger of Wendover's *Chronicle* under the the date 1228, where the name recalls the beloved disciple Saint John, who also plays a part in a legend about the Second Coming. The first, Ahasuerus, appears in the *Kurze Beschreibung* of 1602, an anonymous pamphlet that begins the early modern tradition with both historical forgery and political anti-Semitism (unlovely variants of the Renaissance's critical movement for history and substitution of the secular for the religious). Ahasuerus is an ironic choice for the butt of Christian hatred; he was the Persian villain to the Jews in *Es-*

FRANCIS LEE UTLEY teaches English at Ohio State University, and is author of *The Crooked Rib* and *Bear, Man, and God.*

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ther. In the Mediterranean the Jew is called Boutedieu, Buttadeus or Botadeo ("God beater") or by a blessed phonetic change Votadeo ("devoted to God"). William Dunbar picked up this name as Puttidew, and applied it as an insult to Walter Kennedy in a Middle Scots flyting of the early sixteenth century. Isaac or Simon Laquedeem seems likewise to be of hazy significance: "insulter of God" or "atheist."

Anderson tells his complex story well, from Moslem and Jewish analogues to the present, through the intellectual shifts of Middle Ages, Renaissance, Enlightenment and the last two packed centuries. The Jew's story merges with that of Malchus of the Bible who lost his ear to Saint Peter's sword, with those of the classical Sisyphus, Wild Huntsman, Flying Dutchman and Peter Rugg. He goes to the Arctic, to Paris, to Monte Carlo, to medieval Germany, to Asia Minor, to Charleston, South Carolina. He witnesses world history in all its forms like the ballad hero of "I Was Born Ten Thousand Years Ago"; he knows the Caesars and the heroes of the French Revolution, Lucrezia Borgia, Tamerlane, the Marquis de Sade, Don Juan, Rousseau, Columbus, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, and Ponce de León.

Although Anderson denies that Leopold Bloom is the Wandering Jew, most of us see Bloomsday as an eternity and the Joycean Semitic Ulysses as the perfect symbol of ecumenical understanding, "comic unfeared father" who is the butt of the Citizen's jokes as he talks of peace, perennially cursed and revered as Lord Mayor of Dublin, a man who has seen all things and known all things, who like Portnoy reaches the heights and the depths, who is both the eternal Jew and all of us. He has trodden the dangerous path of assimilation and lost the identity of race. Today, in revulsion against that "New" Criticism, which sought everything within the work of art and protected us against politics, we search for "thematic clusters" and extraliterary "relevance." May we therefore see Anderson's as a highly successful treatment of a theme in history and in metahistory, a theme that reminds us of the dangers of bigotry as we bathe ourselves in the soft waters of compassion, a theme that demonstrates both redemptive history and damnation? Blandness is as bad as blindness; may Ahasuerus preserve us from both!

"Sun, Rain, Wind and Nature"

AMERICA THE VANISHING: Rural Life and the Price of Progress. *Edited by Samuel R. Ogden. Illustrated with nineteenth-century engravings and twentieth-century photographs by David Plowden. The Stephen Greene Press. $6.95.*

CAPE COD AND THE OFFSHORE ISLANDS. *By Walter Teller, with an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.*

Reviewed by HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

"A nostalgic memorial to what was, and a disapproving commentary on what is." In these words Samuel R. Ogden states the theme of his anthology, which begins with the fresh delight and surprise of such discoverers and interpreters as Bartram, Audubon and Parkman, and closes with the irony, reproach and questioning of Barry Commoner, E. B. White, Rachel Carson and Joseph Wood Krutch.

The nostalgia evoked by nature writing and reminiscences of growing up in a simpler, homelier America is overshadowed by the quickened sense of good times wasted, a golden age tarnished, and not only nature but humanity distorted in the present day of materialism and blind technological goals. As Mr. Ogden suggests, his choices are polemical in their sequence.

But they are splendid reading, and one turns back to them for a review in facing the question of where we go from here. The divisions of the book are these: The Unspoiled Land, Years of Spacious Living, Going Back to the Soil, The Price of Progress and Looking for a Silver Lining.

From the outlook of 1662, Thomas Mor-

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, coeditor of the *Vineyard Gazette* since 1920, is the author of *Country Editor, The New England Story, The Port, Thoreau of Walden* and *The Road.*

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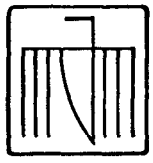

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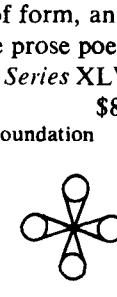

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ton wrote: ". . . if this Land be not rich, then is the whole world poore." Hawthorne, almost two centuries later: "For a few summer weeks it is good to live as if this world were heaven." In Concord one could live so, although iron tracks ran close to Walden Pond. Henry Thoreau, watching the trains, wrote that commerce was "unexpectedly confident and serene, alert, adventurous and unwearied."

After another century Hal Borland, devoted to the land, protested the noonday of the machine: ". . . we have eased want but not destroyed the wanting." Edwin Way Teale, traversing a nightmare region in his journey north with spring: "In all the accursed land we saw only one wild songbird among the millions migrating north." And E. B. White, visiting Walden: "On the eastern side of the pond, where the highway borders it, the State has built dressing rooms for swimmers, a float with diving towers, drinking fountains of porcelain, and rowboats for hire."

At last the threat of the ultimate, set down by Barry Commoner: ". . . I believe that continued pollution of the earth, if unchecked, will eventually destroy the fitness of this planet as a place for human life . . . ." The same portent glowers from the modern photographs by David Plowden.

Mr. Teller, not ignoring the altered world, shares a sensitive awareness of things not lost; he finds on Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and other islands "pockets of things let alone" and, with relaxed observation, he suggests old trails that may yet be rejoined and followed into more seasons of sun, rain, wind and nature. He is a writer of excellence in the tradition of those others, but with a divided subject matter.

Where Thoreau found Cape Cod woodland extensive, Mr. Teller says that it now only looks so. "Today, however, almost any road that leads into what seems uninhabited woodland will almost certainly show the way to a network of new little sandy streets and very small one-story houses." A swamp must be reached by a blacktopped way, "a couple of new and monstrous motels" interfere with a windswept vista, "Orleans has four shopping plazas built in chain-store colonial style." Up against such interruptions and contradictions, how does Mr. Teller make out?

He makes out surprisingly well in his following of Thoreau's footsteps on a changed Cape Cod, showing that not all commentary on what now is, need be discouraging. In Truro he found "high plains, splendid wild startling scenes." "Here, among a whole series of hills, the most cleanly outlined series I ever saw, rose a fast-climbing high and treeless hill covered foot-to-foot with evergreen partridge berry, or was it some other creeping plant? In any case, count it a grand sight of these travels."

The hour is late, but some hope lies in reports such as these—hope, and perhaps even a glint of prophecy.

Many photographs by Josephine Von Miklos support the optimistic side of Mr. Teller's commentary.

Prelude to Harmony

REASON AWAKE: Science for Man. *By René Dubos. Columbia University Press. $6.95.*

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

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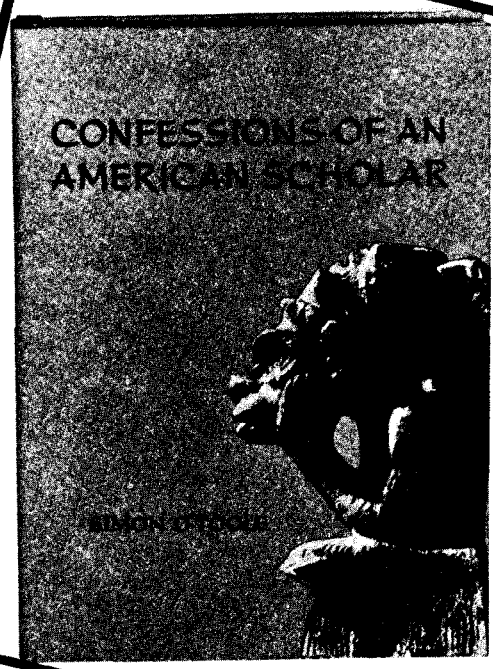

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continuing use and reuse of materials. This economy is effected by and expressed in living communities, each made up of a variety of organisms with a variety of interplaying functions. Although populations may fluctuate, they are relatively stable, being limited by the capacity of environment.

That René Dubos appreciates the importance of this model is clear from his brief editorial in *Science* for 14 September, 1969, on the social responsibility of science. In it he points out that humanity must somehow change from its present exploitive pattern to the kind of economy exemplified in organic evolution.

The Foreword to *Reason Awake,* written while the volume was in press, develops this idea, ending thus: "When man truly enters the age of science he will abandon his crude and destructive efforts to conquer nature. He will instead learn to insert himself into the environment in such a manner that his ways of life and technologies make him once more in harmony with nature."

In a sense the book itself is a prelude to its foreword, being an examination of the role of science and the responsibilities of scientists in the modern world. It is fortunate indeed that a man of the author's eminence in experimental science has lent his talents to a field that has long depended upon the voices of concerned laymen and students of ecology. As the author points out, there are fashions in science.

Ecology, despite its unquestioned appeal to students, has until very recently been something of an academic stepchild. Its findings do not lend themselves readily to experimental control, mathematical formulation, or the uses of commerce. On the other hand, applications of the experimental sciences abound in the market place—a fact that does no damage to their popular prestige or their financial support. As the author reminds us, the early faith of men such as Bacon and Franklin in the Utopian promise of science has evolved into the self-serving plea that any new discovery, no matter how esoteric, must ultimately yield practical benefit.

Yet Dr. Dubos is at pains to show that much of technology not only could have developed without the aid and comfort of science, but actually did. At any rate, whatever benefits may come from ecology will have to be expressed by changes in human values and behavior, not over the counter.

The word "scientist" is relatively new. The early men of science, we are reminded, considered themselves to be natural philosophers. It is worth recalling that the early faculties had a four-way classification of knowledge. That involving man was moral, all else natural. Speculative, experimental and predictive knowledge was philosophy; descriptive and recorded knowledge was history.

Thus there were: Moral and Natural Philosophy, Moral and Natural History. Moral Philosophy and Moral History, dealing with man, were considered to be above and beyond the purview of Science. The relative precision of Natural Philosophy, compared with the descriptive approach of Natural History, gave it an aura of being more "scientific" than biology and geology as then understood. Although these traditional categories are now broken up into specialties, their divisiveness and something of their relative position in the academic hierarchy have persisted.

If one were obliged to give a concise description of *Reason Awake,* he would have to call it a brilliant demonstration of the fact that if knowledge is to serve mankind, the barriers between these classical fields must be broken down. To this end we are shown the disastrous effects of rampant technology, the relative neglect of knowledge dealing with man, and the failure, due to jargon, of communication. Especially appealing is the author's insistence that basic scientific knowledge can be expressed in plain language.

His own too modest disclaimer of knowledge in fields outside his own is disproved by his grasp of their essentials. No review can do justice to the author's humane understanding, wide reading and lucid style. Although much of his professional career, happily for us, has been in the United States, his book exemplifies the traditional clarity of the French mind at its best.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

If K. R. Minogue ["On the Fashionable Idea of National Guilt," Spring, 1970] had been content to argue that there can be no such thing as national guilt, since guilt is a human attribute and nations are not human, most of us would probably concede the point—if only because it would hardly seem worth debating. He insists, however, on a "conclusive demonstration"—and then plods resolutely from false premises to unwarranted conclusions.

He starts by asserting: "In order to extend the guilt for any massacres in Vietnam to 'America or Americans' the soldiers in Vietnam must be seen as having been determined or conditioned by 'factors' in American society." Why? Would there have been no guilt if we had hired foreign mercenaries, who had never seen America, to commit our massacres?

I have felt increasingly guilty for the last twenty years—not for any of the silly reasons that Minogue suggests, but simply because I am aware that I, and most of my fellow Americans, have been originating, executing or supporting policies that make massacres, and worse, inevitable. (My Lai is merely a convenient and dramatic symbol.)

Minogue lives in a very simple world, where morality involves only a few clear-cut decisions between absolute good and absolute evil. In real life, those who make evil inevitable must share responsibility with those who do the dirty work. In America, all those who pay taxes that make war possible, who elect Presidents who make war without necessity, who elect representatives who demand war, and who belong to organizations that endorse war share responsibility to varying degrees for the results of war. Anyone who does not protest is an accomplice.

WILLIAM PALMER TAYLOR
Hamilton, Ohio

I'm afraid that I do not find in Mr. Minogue's argument the conclusiveness he claims for it, and I wonder whether he would really dispute the (logical) legitimacy of the following view, even if he himself does not perceive America in anything like the same way: I live in a country whose elected leaders consistently and characteristically commit various kinds of its national resources to actions I find morally appalling. It is a country where many millions of people consistently and characteristically make moral choices (in their political relations to their government and in their social relations with each other) of which I generally disapprove. It makes sense to me, then, to speak of the nation's moral failure or guilt even though not every American participates in that guilt. (Some men are in jail.) There are of course differences in moral response among the national citizenry. A small minority seem to me innocent; among the others there are differing degrees of guilt and complicity—of failed responsibility.

The same judgment might well be made (is made) about America by citizens of other countries. For an American, however, the additional question asserts itself, whether he personally is involved in his country's guilt. It is a real question; he is not involved *a priori*. I for one pay taxes which buy guns with which other Americans are enabled to kill immorally people of other countries; I refrain from acts of civil disobedience or revolt which would directly interfere with the prosecution of the war and for which I would go to jail. These failures of responsibility are, I hope, at odds with the thrust (or drift) of some of my other activities; but one does not need to make a monolithic moral judgment upon oneself before experiencing guilt. No American, I think, who believes the war in Vietnam to be morally wrong but declines to oppose it resolutely through tax refusal or in other active ways will escape the experience of guilt altogether. Although compulsive breast-beating may well be neurotic, breast-beating and felt guilt are not the same thing. The guilt does not logically entail all of the postures that have sometimes arisen with it. The guilt itself stems from an awareness of the effects of one's own practical allegiance; Mr. Minogue to the contrary, there is nothing vicarious about it. It is true that the experience I am describing holds out many

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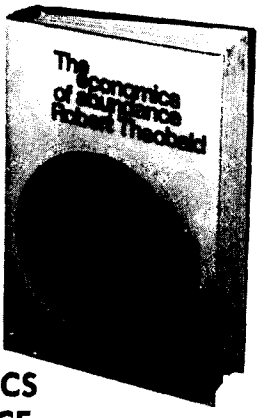

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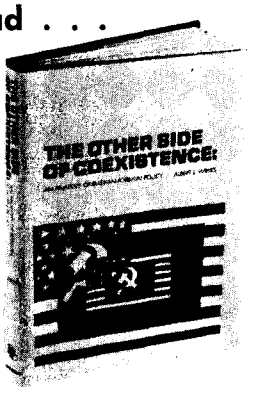

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possibilities for self-indulgence; but to his assertion that one luxuriates in the experience, all I can muster by way of response is an incredulous stare.

DAVID WEBER
Cornell University

MR. MINOGUE replies: Messrs. Taylor and Weber are clearly intelligent exponents of the state of mind I criticized in my article on National Guilt. Mr. Taylor's view that American policy is "to commit massacres," and Mr. Weber's that American leaders "consistently and characteristically" commit morally appalling actions seem to me to indicate the kind of distortion of reality that is everywhere found *in this contemporary intellectual mood.*

I can best say that horror at suffering (in Vietnam or anywhere else) is essentially distinct from moral or political guilt. The first is a rational sentiment provoking the question: "What (in our complicated circumstances) can be done about it?" The answer may be: a lot, or a little—often a little, since we are not gods, and the source of human brutality lies not in "systems" but in millions of individual human wills which "we" cannot control. Guilt, on the other hand, has no necessary connection with suffering at all. It may lead to a variety of mental responses, many of them irrational, and some likely to make things even worse. Purging one's guilt is often different from behaving sensibly. Guilt is a self-preoccupied emotion, and how far it may take a man from a direct and simple understanding of visceral realities may be seen in Mr. Taylor's statement: "My Lai is merely a convenient and dramatic symbol."

In any case, no individual citizen is responsible for the actions of his government (or, for that matter, his ancestors). Electors do not choose policies, but governors, and the responsibility for political actions rests solely with those governors. The state—any state—is not a moral unity in the sense required to disseminate guilt to each of its individual members for each of the acts performed. The contrary view has been widely espoused in recent times, usually in the hope that it might help to civilize political behavior. Experience suggests, however, that it is not only false, but also pernicious: it frays the fabric of civil life without producing the results it promises. Its currency is obviously to be accounted for by the regrettable effects upon current politics exercised by the memory of Nazi Germany.

Indeed, this memory is so powerful that it seems to have generated a powerful current of

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opinion in the United States which seeks a kind of moral self-abasement in the dotty belief that America's leaders and the Nazi movement are fundamentally on the same level. The imposture of the Hiroshima pilot was an excellent example of this disposition; and the current use (and often misuse) of the term "genocide" is both a vehicle of this feeling and a further example of the pseudotechnicalities I criticized in my article. Much the best example of this moral torment—incredulous stares and all—is the obviously sincere and genuine feeling of guilt over Vietnam which exercises so many intelligent Americans. But the entire Indo-Chinese situation is a fearfully complicated mess in which the Americans have behaved unwisely, imprudently, sometimes unpleasantly, although seldom dishonorably; and the reaction of American critics shows a deplorable failure to see the Vietnamese *as Vietnamese* (often bent on killing one another) rather than as symbols "standing for" suffering humanity.

* * *

Congratulations on, and to, your NINE YOUNG POETS [AS: Summer, 1970]. More!

GEORGE RICHARDS
Orono, Maine

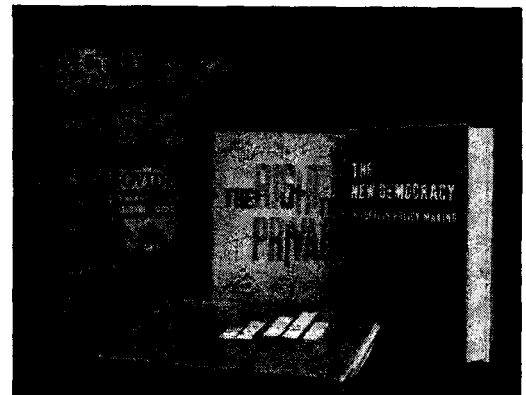
* * *

Readers of my article, "Equal Education and the Law" [AS: Spring, 1970], may be interested to know that the *Hargrave* case (now entitled *Hargrave* v. *Kirk*) was decided on May 8, 1970, by a three-judge federal court in Florida in favor of the parents and students who comprised the plaintiffs. The court thus struck down the Florida statute limiting the right of Florida counties to impose no more than 10 mills of tax for educational purposes.

The opinion of Judge David W. Dyer stated: ". . . What apparently is arcane to the defendants is lucid to us—that the [Millage Rollback] Act prevents the poor counties from providing from their own taxes the same support for public education which the wealthy counties are able to provide . . .

"What rational basis can be found for the distinctions that are inherent in the Act? . . . What interest has the State of Florida in preventing its poorer counties from providing as good an education for their children as its richer counties? We have searched in vain for some legitimate state end for the discriminatory treatment imposed by the Act. . .

"While the state undoubtedly has a valid interest in preserving the fiscal integrity of



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HERSHEL SHANKS
Washington, D. C.

* * *

There are several serious problems with Charles Thomas Samuels' recent article, "Hitchcock" [AS: Spring, 1970]:

1. He calls Hitchcock "the most primitive of major directors." I think he means that Hitchcock uses the primitive element of terror and that his films have no other objective than that of scaring people.

First of all, it is important to understand that Hitchcock works in genres, that is, he uses the convention of the suspense thriller, chase film or sex mystery as a means of artistic expression. For example, it can be quite successfully argued that on one level (the journey as a search for identity and renewal of life) *North By Northwest* works as subtly and as complexly as Homer's *Odyssey* (which, I might add, was as popular with audiences in its day). Or that the terror sequences in *The Birds* (the successive bird attacks which become more brutal as they get closer to home) represent as profoundly as any nightmare scene in any Bergman film the different levels of a character's consciousness. At any rate, Hitchcock's central character undergoes a physical transformation (her clothes are almost torn off her by birds) that reflects a deeper emotional and spiritual journey.

In fact, Hitchcock most often uses convention (terror, suspense) to describe the various states in the male-female relationships that underlie almost all his films. One only need think of the director's subjective use of point-of-view shots to express suspensefully the levels of a character's perception in *Rebecca, Suspicion, Rear Window* and *Marnie* and their importance in documenting or establishing relationships (for example, it's extremely important that Stewart in *Rear Window* feels closest to Grace Kelly only when she enters the world of his perceptions—in a tense shot through his window Stewart sees her in danger

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in the apartment of a murderer across the way. The wedding ring that she finds and puts on her finger symbolizes their spiritual and emotional union).

2. Mr. Samuels also implies, by the word "primitive," that Hitchcock's films lack meaning, that "intellectual emptiness and spurious realism are preconditions for his effects," and that his "meanings are his effects." Although he praises some of Hitchcock's effects, Mr. Samuels insists that there is no meaning behind them. In other words, Hitchcock's films have form but no content. This serious charge provides the basis of Mr. Samuels' attack on Hitchcock's artistic integrity.

A famous scholar once said about his colleagues, "there are those who divide things in two; and there are those who don't." Aside from betraying his own preference, our scholar sets up the problem nicely: there are those who distinguish between form and content; and there are those who don't. Mr. Samuels does. I don't. But I think that in the case of Hitchcock this aesthetic issue is more than just a matter of belief or opinion. In *Psycho,* every cut that Hitchcock makes has thematic meaning. For example, when Janet Leigh and Tony Perkins discuss their "private traps" in the claustrophobic motel parlor, Hitchcock's framing, camera angles, and cutting express the growing tension in their relationship: a tension which works as counterpoint to the seeming sympathetic and harmonious dialogue. When Perkins talks about his mother, for instance, Hitchcock changes the set-up to a low-angle close-up of Perkins which contains a stuffed bird in the background (an extremely complex composition: Bates's mother is stuffed, in more ways than one; the bird reflects the paralysis that afflicts Perkins; it represents his desire to preserve the past). There is a great deal of meaning in the shot. In a sense I agree with Mr. Samuels: Hitchcock's effects are his meanings and his meanings, his effects. Hitchcock has a unity of vision, stylistic and thematic if we must divide things in two, and that unity is an integral part of his greatness.

3. It is extremely dangerous, especially when writing about Hitchcock, to confuse Hitchcock, the personality, with Hitchcock, the director. What Hitchcock says about his films is interesting, but his comments are not necessarily conclusive statements about what's going on in his films. It makes sense, however, to support a well-documented argument with a quotation from Hitchcock. Unfortunately, Mr. Samuels

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occasionally quotes from Hitchcock's interviews to prove points, not illustrate them.

4. Unsolicited opinion: Nicholas Ray is as good a filmmaker as Bergman and Antonioni. In fact, Truffaut would probably claim that Ray was better than either and might even prefer *Johnny Guitar* to *Mississippi Mermaid.*

5. Samuels' most devastating argument proves that Hitchcock "is not seriously interested in moral problems." Samuels further claims that whenever Hitchcock raises moral problems or dilemmas, he evades them, refuses to treat them seriously, and thus, I presume, seriously compromises his artistic integrity. Samuels uses *I Confess* as a test case: "About a Canadian priest who receives a murderer in confession and thus cannot reveal the crime even when he himself is falsely accused, *I Confess* begins with a moral dilemma. But whereas a serious artist would use the thriller situation to intensify the moral dilemma, Hitchcock does the reverse." Samuels continues to say that Hitchcock's interest in suspense and melodrama (his use of these elements for pure effect, not meaning) "gradually effaces all moral bonds between the protagonists" and that the murderer Keller's tormenting of the priest and eventual murder of his own wife neutralize "the priest's obligations in the interest of a powerful conclusion for the plot."

Contrary to what Mr. Samuels suggests, the original moral dilemma stands throughout the film. The priest remains locked in a state of moral paralysis; he cannot act because he is a priest: the seal of confession demands his silence. On purely religious grounds then Mr. Samuels wanders from the point when he talks about the suspense in *I Confess* hinging upon whether the priest will confess or talk. *I Confess* is not a suspense film—the characterization, plot mechanics and moral/religious code within which its characters operate will not permit it. The only suspense in the film (and the only instance of suspenseful editing) occurs in the conflict of the secular (police) with the religious (Logan). For example, when the priest leaves his church to walk about town, the police set out to look for him. Hitchcock crosscuts here to set up the suspense: will the police catch him? Again, during the trial sequence, the suspense turns not on whether the priest will talk but upon whether the jury will find him guilty or not.

Hitchcock's repeated reference to Christ and the cross (the high-angle shot through a cross of the priest on his walk) throughout the film suggests the real dilemma that *I Confess* poses: will the priest, like Christ, die for another's sins? When the jury foreman reads the verdict, Hitchcock's framing reinforces rather than resolves the complexity of this dilemma. The low-angle shot of the foreman includes a courtroom cross (symbol of the priest's moral crucifixion by secular authorities). At that moment, the jury finds the priest morally guilty (the affair with Ruth which supposedly provides his motive) but physically innocent of the crime (because of lack of evidence).

The complexity of the decision intensifies the original dilemma: the priest's silence has confused all secular distinctions between right and wrong. What concerns Hitchcock in *I Confess* is not a simple melodramatic system of morality ("the priest is good and the murderer isn't") but the complexity of the conflict between two distinct moral systems (secular and religious) and the paralysis that results from this conflict.

Hitchcock eventually does resolve the original moral dilemma of the film in its final scene. Trapped in the large ballroom of a Quebec hotel, the murderer indirectly confesses his crime to the police. When the priest approaches him, the murderer threatens to shoot him and

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is fatally wounded by the police. The tracking camera and point-of-view shots as the priest approaches and faces the murderer suggest (the visual movement shows a gradual spatial reconciliation between the two) the resolution of the two moral systems.

In short, much of what Mr. Samuels has to say about Hitchcock seems to me to be nonsense. I find fault with almost every one of his arguments and disagree with all of his opinions. I only hope that some of my outrage will cause him to reconsider what he has said about Hitchcock, to revise his estimate of the director's abilities, and to discover the beauty in many of Hitchcock's films.

JOHN BELTON
Cambridge, Massachusetts

MR. SAMUELS replies: I don't understand why Mr. Belton takes my attempt to define Hitchcock's artistic excellence as an "attack on Hitchcock's artistic integrity." I also don't understand how he can compare an entertainment like *North by Northwest* to an epic like the *Odyssey* or a hack like Nicholas Ray to a serious artist like Bergman or Antonioni. I do, however, understand that he has made several factual errors. Examples:

1. Cary Grant doesn't "search for identity": he is chased by crooks who mistake him for someone else. He's not trying to "renew" life; he's trying not to be killed.

2. Having one's clothes torn off isn't a "physical transformation." The birds don't get more brutal "as they get closer to home." Midway in the film—and off-camera at that—they do their worst damage to a minor character.

3. Grace Kelly's wedding ring "symbolizes" that she has evidence that Stewart had been looking for, since it belonged to the murderer's victim.

4. If the priest in *I Confess* had talked, the jury wouldn't have acquitted him merely for lack of evidence. It is thus confusing cause and effect to say that suspense hinges on the jury's verdict.

5. "Hitchcock's meanings are his effects" doesn't translate into "Hitchcock's films have form but no content," as in one sentence Mr. Belton almost seems to recognize.

In conclusion, let me set down what I take to be critical axioms. Mr. Belton hoped that his "outrage" would uplift me; I present the following in the same spirit.

1. Facts must be accurately perceived to be accurately interpreted.

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2. Theme and subject aren't equivalent: a shot suggesting that Tony Perkins' mother is stuffed discomforts us about events; it has no discursive significance.

3. There are many roads to artistic achievement and many types of art; it is the critic's job to make distinctions.

4. Love doesn't transform Brigitte Bardot into Eleanor Roosevelt unless it suspects its own motives.

* * *

In his scholarly treatise on the ethics of cricket, "The Rite of Summer" [AS: Summer, 1970], Mr. T. S. Matthews appears to have perpetrated what we on this side of the Atlantic would term a "boner." He attributes to a Canadian journalist the authorship of the shrewd counsel, "Never give a sucker an even break." Am I in error in having credited this pithy admonition to the late, lamented philosopher, W. C. Fields?

MELVILLE CANE
New York, New York

In his article, T. S. Matthews attempts an analysis of the faith in which my father instructed me as soon as I was able to walk. He lovingly trained me in all the elements of the cult: the treatment of the bat with linseed oil, the whitening of the leg-pads and boots, the subtle difference between bowling and throwing, and so on. Later, when I was about twelve, he turned me over to ordained ministers of the faith (known as pros) who introduced me to the profounder mysteries: taking guard, making an off-drive, a late-cut or a hook to square-leg. I have now been in America for seven years and the impossibility of practicing my faith has led to a considerable dryness of spirit.

I feel compelled, therefore, to take Mr. Matthews up on a few points, not merely because he is a barbarian, or because he lacks respect (although his skepticism is plain), but because, while he has an engaging style (which must have endeared him to the readers of *Time*), Mr. Matthews' scholarship is sloppy (which should not endear him to the readers of the SCHOLAR).

First, then, on the question of winning or losing. Mr. Matthews has an excellent point when he says that cricket is less a game than a situation, at least as manifested in its most important festivals ("Tests"). But if it is not a game, then the question of winning or losing becomes irrelevant, and if Mr. Matthews had observed closely enough he would have seen that the most frequent outcome of a "Test" is a *draw,* that is, that in which neither side wins.

Secondly, I must protest vehemently against Mr. Matthews' unmistakably heretical interpretation of the "appeal." Such careless scholarship could have dire results for him as long as he remains resident in England. He could be blackballed from his club, snubbed in the pub or even stoned in the streets of Kennington (the London home of The Oval, a cricket ground almost as hallowed as Lord's—which nobody *ever* calls Lord's Ground, just Lord's). First, there is the question of the *form* of the appeal. ZAT, says Mr. Matthews. But there are so many variants (UZZAT, OW-WOZZEE, OW-WUZZAT, or just HAAAAAH!) and ZAT itself is merely a variant. Mr. Matthews makes no attempt to dig deeper and find the *basic* form of the appeal, which is: HOW'S THAT? This is a ritual question which *must* be asked of the umpire (or priest) by one of the fielding participants before one of the batting participants can be made to act out his ceremonial withdrawal when caught by the wicket-keeper or l.b.w.

But the question of appeals is more complex still, for different situations demand appeals from different people. The whole fielding side would *not* (as Mr. Matthews suggests) make an appeal for l.b.w., since nine out of eleven of them are in no position to see whether or not the batsman's legs are directly in front of the wicket. Only the bowler and wicket-keeper can see this and are normally the only ones to appeal. On the other hand, the whole fielding team may appeal for a catch behind the wicket since the sound of the ball snicking the edge of the bat is quite clear. Furthermore, there is, at least in orthodox tradition, *no* "holy yell of triumph" when a batsman is clean bowled or caught by a fielder other than the wicket-keeper. This tendency to nonconformism may have appeared since I left England, but I cannot imagine it being considered anything but the worst form, bordering on blatant sacrilege. We may need an Inquisition yet; and I'm sure a Tory government would be glad to sponsor it.

JOHN E. GALE
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

MR. MATTHEWS replies: Whoever first said, "Never give a sucker an even break," it certainly was not—nor did I intend to suggest that it was—Sir Beverley Baxter, the Canadian journalist whom I mentioned without naming him. The author may well have been W. C. Fields, or was it Tubal-cain?

As for Mr. Gale, I wish he had gone on for at least another page.

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